P. o. angl.
464

P. o. angl.
464

B. L. angl.
pag. 211.

Angl.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

EDMUND WALLER.

FROM

MR. FENTON's QUARTO EDITION, 1729.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Cooke's Edition.

When *Waller*, kindling with celeſtial rage,
View'd the bright Harley of that wond'ring age,
His pleaſing pain he taught the lute to breathe;
The Graces ſung, and wove his myrtle wreath.
His Muſe, by Nature form'd to pleaſe the fair,
Or ſing of heroes with majeſtic air,
To melting ſtrains attun'd her voice, and ſtrove
To waken all the tender pow'rs of love.
The florid and ſublime, the grave and gay,
From *Waller's* beams imbibe a purer ray.
Maker and model of melodious verſe!
Accept theſe votive honours at thy hearſe.

Fenton.

EMBELLISHED WITH SUPERB ENGRAVINGS.

London:
Printed for C. COOKE, No. 17, Paternoſter-Row;
And ſold by all the Bookſellers in
Great Britain and
Ireland.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

BIBLIOTHECA
REGIA
MONACENSIS.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

EDMUND WALLER.

CONTAINING HIS

MISCELLANIES,	EPIGRAMS,
EPISTLES,	EPITAPHS,
SONGS,	FRAGMENTS,

DIVINE POEMS, *&c.*

Tho' poets may of inſpiration boaſt,
Their rage, ill-govern'd, in the clouds is loſt.
He that proportion'd wonders can diſcloſe,
At once his fancy and his judgment ſhows.
Chaſte moral writing we may learn from hence,
Neglect of which no wit can recompenſe.
Well-ſounding verſes are the charm we uſe
Heroic thoughts and virtue to infuſe.
Things of deep ſenſe we may in proſe unfold,
But they move more in lofty numbers told:
For rudeſt minds with harmony were caught,
And civil life was by the Muſes taught.

Poem to Lord Roſcommon.

London:
PRINTED AND EMBELLISHED
Under the Direction of
C. COOKE.

EDMUND SPENSER

THE

POETICAL WORKS

THE LIFE OF
EDMUND WALLER.

EDMUND WALLER, a poet of great celebrity, was born at Coleſhill, in Hertfordſhire, on the third of March, 1605. His father dying in his infancy, left him heir to an eſtate worth three thouſand five hundred pounds a year, which, rating together the value of money, and the cuſtoms of life, was more than equivalent to ten thouſand at the preſent time. His mother was ſiſter to John Hampden, a character famous in the annals of England, for his attachment to the republican intereſt, to which he fell a victim at the battle of Chalgrove. Our Poet was educated at Eaton, from thence removed to King's College Cambridge; and frequented the court of James the Firſt at the age of ſixteen years, where, according to the account of Fenton, the writer of his life prefixed to his works, he heard the following remarkable converſation, which highly characterizes the complexion of the times.

"Waller found Dr. Andrews, Biſhop of Winchеſter, and Dr. Neale, Biſhop of Durham, ſtanding behind his Majeſty's chair; and there happened ſomething extraordinary (continues the writer) in the converſation thoſe prelates had with the King, on which Waller did often reflect. His Majeſty aſked the biſhops, "My Lords, cannot I take my ſubjects' money, when I want it, without all this formality of Parliament?" The Biſhop of Durham readily anſwered, "God forbid, Sir, but you ſhould. You are the very breath of our noſtrils." Whereupon the King turned, and ſaid to the Biſhop of Winchеſter, "Well, my Lord, what ſay you?" "Sir," replied the biſhop, "I have no ſkill to judge of parliamentary caſes." The King anſwered, "No put-offs, my Lord: anſwer me preſently." "Then, Sir, (ſaid he) I think it is lawful for you to take my brother Neale's money,

for he offers it." Mr. Waller ſaid, the company was pleaſed with this anſwer; and the wit of it ſeemed to affect the King, who diſcovered much indignation at the hint it ſuggeſted.

His debut, both in politics and poetry, was early and ſplendid; for he was choſen member of parliament in his eighteenth year, and gave a ſpecimen of his genius to the world, in a copy of verſes on the Prince's (Charles I.) Eſcape at St. Andero; a piece which juſtifies the obſervation made by one of his editors, that he attained, by a felicity like inſtinct, a ſtyle which, perhaps, will never be obſolete; and that, were we to judge only by the wording, we could not know what he wrote at twenty and what at fourſcore. His verſification was in his firſt eſſay ſuch as it appears in his laſt performance. By the peruſal of Fairfax's Tranſlation of Taſſo, to which, as Dryden relates, he confeſſed himſelf indebted for the ſmoothneſs of his numbers, and by his own nicety of obſervation, he had formed ſuch a ſyſtem of metrical harmony, as he never much needed or much endeavoured to improve. Denham corrected his numbers by experience, and gained ground gradually upon the ruggedneſs of the age in which he lived; but what was acquired by Denham was inherited by Waller.

The next Poem of which the ſubject ſeems to fix the time, Fenton ſuppoſes to be the Addreſs to the Queen, written in Waller's twentieth year, as congratulating her on her arrival. But Dr. Johnſon ſays, he is apparently miſtaken; for the mention of the nation's obligations to her frequent pregnancy, proves, that it was written when ſhe had brought many children. We have, therefore, no date of any other poetical production, before that which was occaſioned by the murder of the Duke of Buckingham.

Waller, happily for himſelf, being placed above the neceſſity of writing for a ſubſiſtence, compoſed all his pieces occaſionally, at different intervals. He found, indeed, a much ſhorter road for improving his fortune,

than

than that leading to Parnaſſus, having married a rich heireſs in the city, though oppoſed by the intereſt of the court, who wiſhed to provide for the lady a different huſband. She dying in a ſhort time, left him a widower of five-and-twenty, to enter into another matrimonial engagement.

Young, rich, vain, amorous, and ambitious, our Poet became the ſuitor of the Lady Dorothea Sydney, eldeſt daughter of the Earl of Leiceſter. To her we are indebted for thoſe elegant effuſions of poetical gallantry, in which ſhe is celebrated under the name of Sachariſſa. Dr. Johnſon obſerves, that "the name is derived from the Latin appellation of *ſugar*, and implies, if it means any thing, a ſpiritleſs mildneſs, and dull good-nature; ſuch as excites rather tenderneſs than eſteem; and ſuch as, though always treated with kindneſs, is never honoured or admired." Yet he deſcribes Sachariſſa as a ſublime, predominating beauty, of lofty charms, and imperious influence. She was not, indeed, to be ſubdued by the powers of verſe; for ſhe treated his love with dignified diſdain; and at once quaſhed his hopes, and extinguiſhed his paſſion, by beſtowing her hand on the Earl of Sunderland. There is an anecdote, that this lady, meeting with Waller a long time after, when ſhe was far advanced in years, aſked him, when he would again write verſes upon her; he replied, "When you are as young, Madam, and as handſome, as you were then."

Waller, it ſeems, was not driven to deſpair, but diverted his diſappointment, by transferring his affection and poetry to new objects. Who they were he dignified with poetical names cannot now be known. *Amoret*, according to Mr. Fenton, was the Lady Sophia *Murray*. Perhaps by traditions preſerved in families more may be diſcovered.

It has been conjectured, that, about the year 1640, he took a voyage to the Iſland of Bermudas, which ſupplied the incidents and imagery of his Poem on the Battle of the Whales, the moſt conſiderable for length

of

of all his pieces. There is merit in this production; but it is not eaſy to determine whether it was intended for a ſerious or a mock heroick poem. From his twenty-eighth to his thirty-fifth year, he wrote his pieces on the Reduction of Salleé; On the Reparation of St. Paul's; To the King on his Navy; the Panegyric on the Queen Mother; the two Poems to the Earl of Northumberland; and, perhaps, others of which the time cannot be diſcovered.

After the loſs of Sachariſſa, he looked round for an eaſier conqueſt, and obtained the hand of a lady of the family of Breſſe, or Breaux, unaided by the influence of poetry; nor is any thing related of her, but that ſhe brought him many children. Johnſon obſerves upon this incident, in the life of our Author, "that he doubtleſs praiſed ſome whom he would have been afraid to marry, and perhaps married one whom he would have been aſhamed to praiſe. Many qualities contribute to domeſtic happineſs, upon which poetry has no colours to beſtow; and many airs and ſallies may delight imagination, which he who flatters them never can approve. Theſe are charms made only for diſtant admiration. No ſpectacle is nobler than a blaze."—

In this part of his life Waller was known to Clarendon, and the reſt of the men of genius and literature of that age, with whom he lived in habits of intimacy, enjoying a competent fortune, with that independence, and liberty of ſpeech and conduct, which wealth ought always to produce. However, being related to Hampden, he was ſuppoſed by the courtiers not to favour them; though, in fact, he outwardly eſpouſed the republican ſide, while his real inclinations tended to monarchy.

Waller diſtinguiſhed himſelf early in the ever memorable politics of the times. Connected by affinity with the principal leaders, in poſſeſſion of an ample fortune, and endowed by nature with ſplendid talents, he was qualified for making a conſpicuous figure in

the

the circle of ſtateſmen. It happens but rarely, that ſimilar powers for proſe and poetry unite in the ſame perſons; and it is recorded of Cicero, the prince of orators, that he was a wretched poet. In Waller, however, we find them eminently combined. His parliamentary ſpeeches ſurpaſs all his cotemporaries in eloquence; and it has been remarked, with great propriety, that, even at this day, when Engliſh oratory has attained to the ſummit of excellence, his language would not be deemed obſolete.

Johnſon relates, that, when the Parliament was called in 1640, the King's demand of a ſupply produced from him one of thoſe noiſy ſpeeches which diſaffection and diſcontent regularly dictate; a ſpeech filled with hyperbolical complaints of imaginary grievances; and remarks, with the ſtricteſt truth, upon the occaſion, that "Political truth is equally in danger from the praiſe of courtiers, and the exclamations of patriots." The Doctor further obſerves, that, in the courſe of this ſpeech, the orator could not omit to rail at the clergy, being ſure at that time of a favourable audience. The topic was ſuch as will always ſerve its purpoſe; an accuſation of acting and preaching only for preferment; and he exhorts the Commons carefully to provide for their protection againſt *pulpit law*.

But though the ſpeech alluded to may have been vehement, it muſt be admitted, that the great poſition, that grievances ought to be redreſſed, before ſupplies are granted, is agreeable both to law and reaſon; and it may be further obſerved, upon the teſtimony of Fenton, that Waller was by no means ſuch an enemy to the King, as not to wiſh his diſtreſſes lightened; for he relates, "that the King ſent particularly to Waller, to ſecond his demand of ſome ſubſidies to pay off the army; and Sir Henry Vane objecting againſt firſt voting a ſupply, becauſe the King would not accept it unleſs it came up to his propoſitions, Mr. Waller ſpoke earneſtly to Sir Thomas Jermyn, comptroller of the houſehold, to ſave his maſter from the effects of ſo bold

a falſity,

a falſity, which had been uttered by the Secretary of State; but Sir Thomas was afraid of contradicting the Secretary; and his ſon (afterwards Earl of St. Alban's) told Mr. Waller, that his father's cowardice ruined the King." Waller's conduct, in this inſtance, does him honour, as it proves he was equally an enemy to deſpotiſm and anarchy; and that he meant not to abridge the lawful authority of the King, though he ſtrenuouſly vindicated the rights of the People.

In the long Parliament, which met in November, 1740, Waller repreſented Agmondeſham the third time; and having engaged on the ſide of the oppoſition, he was appointed to manage the proſecution againſt Judge Crawley, for his opinion in favour of levying what was then called ſhip-money. Accordingly, at a conference of the two Houſes, he delivered the impeachment, and enforced it in a ſpeech ſo replete with pointed wit and nervous elocution, that it was not only highly applauded, but twenty thouſand copies of it were ſold in one day; yet it did not effect the purpoſe deſigned, as no puniſhment was inflicted upon the judge who was the ſubject of his declamation.

Dr. Johnſon barely hints at this circumſtance, but takes particular care to mention, that Waller was not a bigot to his party, nor adopted all their opinions. He ſays, that, "when the great queſtion, Whether Epiſcopacy ought to be aboliſhed? was debated, he ſpoke againſt the innovation ſo coolly, ſo reaſonably, and ſo firmly, that it is not without great injury to his name, that his ſpeech has been omitted in his works." To ſhew his particular attachment to the cauſe of the Hierarchy, the Doctor has inſerted it in Waller's life, as extracted from a paper printed at that time by the writers of the Parliamentary Hiſtory. He ſums up the ſpeech, fraught with good ſenſe and ſound reaſoning, by moving a reſolution to *reform*, not *aboliſh*, Epiſcopacy.

When matters came to an extremity between King Charles I. and his Parliament, Waller is ſaid to have withdrawn

withdrawn from the Houſe, and to have returned with the King's permiſſion; and when his Majeſty erected the royal ſtandard at Nottingham in 1642, he ſent him a thouſand broad-pieces. This is adduced as a proof that he wiſhed not ill to the cauſe of Monarchy: however, he continued to ſit in the *rebellious conventicle*, as Johnſon phraſes it, but "ſpoke (ſays Clarendon) with great ſharpneſs and freedom, which, now there was no danger of being outvoted, was not reſtrained; and therefore uſed as an argument againſt thoſe who were gone upon pretence, that they were not ſuffered to deliver their opinion freely in Parliament, which could not be believed, when all men knew what liberty Mr. Waller took, and ſpoke every day with impunity, againſt the ſenſe and proceedings of the Houſe."

Waller was one of the commiſſioners appointed by Parliament to preſent their propoſitions of peace to the King, who had then retired to Oxford, where our Poet, amongſt the reſt, was preſented in form. Charles, looking on him with complacency, ſaid, "Though you are the laſt, you are not the loweſt, nor the leaſt, in my favour."

As Whitlock, who was alſo one of the commiſſioners deputed by the Parliament, gives teſtimony to the above anecdote, we can hardly queſtion its authenticity; and though that author's veracity ought not to be diſputed in relating a fact, of which he himſelf was witneſs, yet ought we not wholly to rely on the concluſions which he deduces from it. He more than once aſſerts, that the favourable reception conferred upon Waller by the King at Oxford, was in conſequence of his knowledge of the plot in which Waller appeared afterwards to have been engaged againſt the Parliament. Fenton affirms his belief, that this attempt to promote the royal cauſe, aroſe from his ſenſibility of the King's tenderneſs. Whitlock ſays nothing of his behaviour at Oxford: he was ſent with ſeveral others to add pomp to the commiſſion, but was

not

not one of thoſe to whom the truſt of treating was imparted.

This plot was formed and diſcovered in 1642; and the following account of it is given by Whitlock. "In June, 1643, (ſays he) began the arraignment of Waller, Tomkins, Challoner, and others, for conſpiring to ſurprize the city militia, and ſome Members of Parliament, and to let in the King's forces, to ſurprize the City, and diſſolve the Parliament. Waller, a very ingenious man, was the principal actor and contriver of this plot, which was in deſign when he and the other commiſſioners were at Oxford with the Parliament's propoſitions, and that being then known to the King, occaſioned him to ſpeak theſe words to Waller: "Though you are the laſt, you are not the loweſt, nor the leaſt, in my favour." When he was examined touching this plot, he was aſked whether Selden, Pierpoint, Whitlock, and others he named, were acquainted with it? He anſwered they were not; but that he did come one evening to Selden's ſtudy, where Pierpoint and Whitlock then were with Selden, on purpoſe to impart it to them all; and ſpeaking of ſuch a thing in general terms, theſe gentlemen did ſo inveigh againſt any ſuch thing as treachery and baſeneſs, and that which might be the occaſion of ſhedding much blood, that he ſaid he durſt not, for the awe and reſpect which he had for Selden and the reſt, communicate any of the particulars to them, but was almoſt diſheartened himſelf to proceed in it. They were all upon their trials condemned. Tomkins and Challoner only were hanged. Waller had a reprieve from General Eſſex; and, after a year's impriſonment, paid a fine of 10,000l. and was pardoned."

As this matter is more circumſtantially related by Lord Clarendon, we ſhall preſent the reader with the moſt intereſting particulars from the account of that noble hiſtorian.

"Waller had a brother-in-law (Tomkins) who was clerk of the Queen's council, and had a very numerous acquaintance and great influence in the City. Waller

and he frequently imparted their opinions to each other in confidence, and ſurveying the wide extent of their acquaintance and connexions, conceived that the majority of all ranks diſapproved of the violent proceedings of the Commons, and were averſe to the continuance of the war. They knew that many favoured the King, whoſe fear concealed their loyalty; and many deſired peace, though they durſt not oppoſe the clamour for war. From hence they came reaſonably to a concluſion, that if ſome means were found out to raiſe a confidence in thoſe who wiſhed well to the King, that they ſhould not be oppreſſed by the extravagant power of the deſperate party; but that, if they would ſo far aſſiſt one another, as to declare their opinions to be the ſame, they would be able to prevent or ſuppreſs thoſe tumults which ſeemed to countenance the diſtractions, and the Parliament would be induced to terms of moderation.

"They proceeded, however, with great caution. Three only met in one place; and no man was allowed to impart the plot to more than two others; ſo that if any ſhould be ſuſpected, or ſeized, more than three could not be endangered.

"Lord Conway joined in the deſign; and as he was a ſoldier, incidentally mingled ſome martial hopes or projects, which, however, were only mentioned; the main deſign being only to bring the loyal inhabitants to the knowledge of each other; for which purpoſe there was to be appointed one in every diſtrict, to diſtinguiſh the friends of the King, the adherents to the Parliament, and the neutrals. How they ſucceeded does not appear. The reſult of their enquiry was, that, within the walls, for one that was for the Royaliſts, there were three againſt them; but that without the walls, for one that was againſt them, there were five for them. Whether this was ſaid from knowledge or gueſs, was, perhaps, never enquired."

In the opinion of Clarendon, no violence, or ſanguinary reſiſtance, was compriſed in Waller's plan; he

intended only to abate the confidence of the oppoſite party, and to weaken their powers, by an oppoſition to new ſupplies.

About this time another deſign was formed by Sir Nicholas Criſpe, a loyal ſubject, and eminent merchant of the city of London, who procured the King, in his exigence, an hundred thouſand pounds; and when he was driven from the Exchange, raiſed a regiment, and took the command of it himſelf. Sir Nicholas conceiving that the King's friends would at length break out into open reſiſtance, and that they would want only a lawful ſtandard and an authoriſed commander, obtained from the King a commiſſion of array, directed to ſuch as he thought proper to nominate, which was ſent to London by the Lady Aubigney. She knew not what ſhe carried, but was to deliver it on the communication of a certain token, which Sir Nicholas ſhould impart.

The diſcovery of Waller's plot is variouſly related. Clarendon ſets forth, that a ſervant of Tomkins, lurking behind the hangings, when his maſter was in conference with Waller, overheard enough to make him believe his information and diſcovery would render him acceptable to thoſe whom he thought concerned, and therefore carried this intelligence to Pym. A manuſcript, quoted in Fenton's life of Waller, ſets forth, that "he was betrayed by his ſiſter Price, and her Preſbyterian chaplain, who ſtole ſome of his papers; and if he had not ſtrangely dreamed the night before, that his ſiſter had betrayed him, and thereupon burnt the reſt, he had certainly loſt his life by it."

The queſtion cannot be decided. It is not unreaſonable to believe, that the men in power receiving intelligence from the ſiſter, would employ the ſervant of Tomkins to liſten at the conference, that they might avoid an act ſo offenſive as that of deſtroying the brother by the teſtimony of the ſiſter.

The plot was publiſhed in the moſt terrific manner. On the 31ſt of May, 1643, at a ſolemn faſt, when they were all attentive to the ſermon at St. Margaret's,

Weſtminſter, a meſſenger entered the church, and communicated his errand to Pym, who whiſpered it to others placed near him, leaving the reſt in ſolicitude and amazement. They immediately ſent guards to proper places, and that night apprehended Tomkins and Waller, having not yet traced any thing, but that letters had been intercepted, from which it appeared, that the Parliament and the City were ſoon to be delivered into the hands of the *cavaliers*, a name by which the King's party were denominated.

"Waller (ſays Clarendon) was ſo confounded with fear, that he confeſſed whatever he had heard, ſaid, thought, or ſeen; all that he knew of himſelf, and all that he ſuſpected of others; without concealing any perſon, of what degree or quality ſoever, or any diſcourſe that he had even upon any occaſion entertained with them; what ſuch and ſuch ladies of great honour, to whom, upon the credit of his wit and reputation, he had been admitted, had ſpoke to him in their chambers of the proceedings of the Houſes; and how they had encouraged him to oppoſe them; what correſpondence and intercourſe they had with ſome Miniſters of State at Oxford, and how they had conveyed all intelligence thither."

He accuſed the Earl of Portland and Lord Conway as co-operating in the tranſaction, and teſtified that the Earl of Northumberland had declared himſelf diſpoſed in favour of any attempt that might check the violence of the Parliament, and reconcile them to the King. Tomkins was ſeized on the ſame night with Waller, and appears to have partaken of his cowardice; for he gave notice of Criſpe's commiſſion of array, of which Clarendon never knew how diſcovery was made. Tomkins had been ſent with the token appointed to demand it from Lady Aubigney, and had buried it in his garden; where, by his direction, it was dug up; and thus the parliamentary party obtained what Clarendon confeſſes them to have had, the original copy.

When the plot was thus developed, care was taken, no doubt, to make the moſt of it. The Earl of Portland and Lord Conway were committed to cuſtody; but their lands and goods were not ſeized. They denied the charge; and there was no evidence againſt them but the confeſſion of Waller, of which undoubtedly many would be inclined to queſtion the veracity. With theſe doubts Waller was ſo much terrified, that he endeavoured to perſuade the Earl of Portland to a declaration like his own, as appears from a letter extant in Fenton's edition. "But for me," ſays Waller in that letter, "You had never known any thing of this buſineſs, which was prepared for another, and therefore I cannot imagine why you ſhould hide it ſo far as to contract your own ruin by concealing it, and perſiſting unreaſonably to hide that truth which, without you, already is, and will every day be made more manifeſt. Can you imagine yourſelf bound in honour to keep that ſecret, which is already revealed by another, which is known to one of the other ſex? Surely, if I had the happineſs to wait on you, I could move you to compaſſionate both yourſelf and me, who, deſperate as my caſe is, am deſirous to die with the honour of being known to have declared the truth. You have no reaſon to contend to hide what is already revealed; inconſiderately to throw yourſelf away for the intereſt of others, to whom you are leſs obliged than you are aware of."

This perſuaſion ſeems to have had but little effect, as appears from a letter from the Earl of Portland to the Lords, in which he tells them, that he "is in cuſtody, as he conceives, without any charge; and that, by what Mr. Waller had threatened him with ſince he was impriſoned, he did apprehend a very cruel, long, and ruinous reſtraint; he therefore prays, that he may not find the effects of Mr. Waller's threats by a long and cloſe impriſonment, but may ſpeedily be brought to a legal trial; and then he is confident the vanity and falſhood of thoſe informations which have been given againſt him will appear." In

In conſequence of this letter, the Lords ordered the Earl of Portland and Mr. Waller to be confronted, when the one repeated his charge, and the other his denial. The examination of the plot being continued, the Uſher of the Houſe of Lords depoſed, that Mr. Waller, having had a conference with the Lord Portland in another room, his Lordſhip ſaid, when he came down, "Do me the favour to tell my Lord Northumberland, that Mr. Waller has extremely preſſed me to ſave my own life and his, by throwing the blame upon the Lord Conway and the Earl of Northumberland."

The Parliament then proceeded againſt the conſpirators. Tomkins and Challoner were condemned to be hanged; and the ſentence was put into execution before their own doors. Tomkins, when he came to die, ſaid it was a *fooliſh buſineſs*; and, indeed, there ſeems to have been no hope that the deſign ſhould eſcape diſcovery; for though never more than three met at a time, yet a deſign ſo extenſive muſt by neceſſity be communicated to many, who could not be expected to be all faithful or all prudent. The crime alledged againſt Challoner was, that he had a commiſſion to raiſe money for the King; but it does not appear that the money was expended upon the advancement either of Criſpe's or Waller's plot.

"Waller, though confeſſedly (ſays Clarendon) the moſt guilty, with incredible diſſimulation, affected ſuch a remorſe of conſcience, that his trial was put off, out of Chriſtian compaſſion, till he might recover his underſtanding. He made the beſt uſe of this interval; and ſo ſucceſsfully applied the arts of corruption, flattery, ſubmiſſion, confeſſion, lamentation, and ſupplication, that he prevailed not to be tried by a council of war, and thereby preſerved (as Clarendon expreſſes it) his *dear-bought* life." But Johnſon obſerves, that the great hiſtorian ſeems to have been miſtaken in relating that he *prevailed* in the principal part of his ſupplication not to be tried by a council of war; for, according to Whitlock, he was, by expul-

ſion from the Houſe, abandoned to the tribunal which he ſo much dreaded; and, being tried and condemned, was reprieved, but after a year's impriſonment, in which time reſentment grew leſs acrimonious, and paying a fine of ten thouſand pounds, he was permitted to *recollect himſelf in another country*; or, in plain terms, he was baniſhed.

For the place of his exile he choſe France; and having ſtaid ſome time at Rouen, removed to Paris, where he lived with great ſplendour and hoſpitality, till his fortune was ſo much impaired, that he was obliged to ſell his wife's jewels; and being reduced, as he ſaid, at laſt, to the *rump jewel*, he ſolicited from Cromwell permiſſion to return, and obtained it by the intereſt of Colonel Scroop, to whom his ſiſter was married.

Upon the remains of a fortune which the incidents of his life had very much diminiſhed, he lived at Hall-Barn, near Beaconsfield, in Buckinghamſhire, where his mother reſided. Though related to Cromwell and Hampden, ſhe was zealous for the royal cauſe; and when the Protector viſited her, uſed to reproach him as a regicide; when he, in return, would throw a napkin at her, and ſay, he would not diſpute with his aunt; but finding, in time, that ſhe acted, as well as talked, for the King, he made her priſoner to her own daughter, in her own houſe.

Cromwell now admitted Waller, as his kinſman, to familiar converſation; and when any of his enthuſiaſtic friends came to adviſe or conſult him, the Poet could overhear him diſcourſing in the cant of the times, repeating, "The Lord will reveal; the Lord will help, &c." for which he would apologize when he returned, ſaying, "Couſin Waller, I muſt talk to theſe men in their own way," and then reſumed the common ſtyle of converſation.

According to Waller's report, Cromwell was well verſed in the Greek and Roman hiſtorians, and made remarks on them with uncommon penetration; and

though

though we do not find that he truſted any part of the public buſineſs to his kinſman's management, yet he treated him with reſpect and kindneſs. The obligation was not paſſed unnoticed by Waller, who amply repaid the favours of the Protector at his death, by the famous Panegyric, which has been always conſidered as the firſt of his poetical productions. Dr. Johnſon obſerves, that "the Poem on the Death of the Protector ſeems to have been dictated by real veneration for his memory. Dryden and Sprat wrote on the ſame occaſion; but they were young men, ſtruggling into notice, and hoping for ſome favour from the ruling party. Waller had nothing to expect: he had received nothing but his pardon from Cromwell, and was not likely to aſk any thing from thoſe who ſhould ſucceed him."

On the Reſtoration, Waller, not leſs a pliant courtier than an eloquent poet, offered his adulatory incenſe to Majeſty reſtored, with the ſame facility as he had done before to Charles I. and to Cromwell. Johnſon's remarks upon this occaſion are ſo pertinent and ſo pointed, as to demand our notice.

"Soon afterwards, the Reſtoration (ſays Johnſon) ſupplied him with another ſubject; and he exerted his imagination, his elegance, and his melody, with equal alacrity, for Charles the Second. It is not poſſible to read, without ſome contempt and indignation, Poems of the ſame author, aſcribing the higheſt degree of power and piety to Charles the Firſt; then transferring the ſame power and piety to Oliver Cromwell; now inviting Oliver to take the Crown, and then congratulating Charles the Second on his recovered right. Neither Cromwell nor Charles could value his teſtimony as the effect of conviction, or receive his praiſes as the effuſions of reverence: they could conſider them but as the labour of invention, and the tribute of dependence. Poets, indeed, profeſs fiction; but the legitimate end of fiction is the conveyance of truth; and he that has flattery ready for all whom the viciſ-

ſitudes

ſitudes of the world happen to exalt, muſt be ſcorned as a proſtituted mind, that may retain the glitter of wit, but has loſt the dignity of virtue.

"The Congratulation (continues the Critic) was conſidered as inferior in poetical merit to the Panegyric; and it is reported, that, when the King told Waller of the diſparity, he made this memorable reply, "Poets, Sire, ſucceed better in fiction than in truth."

"The Congratulation is, indeed, not inferior to the Panegyric, either by decay of genius, or for want of diligence; but becauſe Cromwell had done much, and Charles had done little. Cromwell wanted nothing to raiſe him to heroic excellence but virtue; and virtue his poet thought himſelf at liberty to ſupply. Charles had yet only the merit of ſtruggling without ſucceſs, and ſuffering without deſpair. A life of eſcapes and indigence could ſupply Poetry with no ſplendid images."

In the firſt Parliament ſummoned by Charles II. in 1661, Waller ſat for Haſtings in Suſſex, and ſerved for different places in all the Parliaments of that reign. He continued in the full vigour of genius to the end of his life; and his natural vivacity rendered his company agreeable to the laſt. Though he drank water, he was enabled, by his fertility of mind, to heighten the mirth of Bacchanalian aſſemblies; and Mr. Saville, a man of rank, remarkable at that time for his conviviality, ſaid, that "no man in England ſhould keep him company without drinking but Ned Waller."

"In the Parliament he was (ſays Burnett) the delight of the Houſe; and, though old, ſaid the livelieſt things of any among them. His name, as a ſpeaker, often occurs in Grey's Collection; and the extracts exhibit as much ſound argument, as they do ſallies of wit and pleaſantry. He was of ſuch conſideration, that his remarks were circulated and recorded. When the Duke of York's influence was high, both in Scotland and England, it drew (ſays Burnett) a lively

reflection

reflection from Waller, the celebrated wit. "He ſaid the Houſe of Commons had reſolved that the Duke ſhould not reign after the King's death; but the King, in oppoſition to them, had reſolved that he ſhould reign even in his life."

He did not ſuffer his reputation to die gradually away, which may eaſily happen in a long life, but renewed his claim to poetical diſtinction from time to time, as occaſions were offered, either by public events or private incidents; and contenting himſelf with the influence of his muſe, or loving quiet better than influence, he never accepted any office of magiſtracy. He was not, however, without ſome attention to his fortune; for he aſked from the King the Provoſtſhip of Eaton College, and obtained it: but Clarendon, who was then Chancellor, refuſed to put the great ſeal, alledging, that the office could be held only by a clergyman. Johnſon ſays, that it is known that Sir Henry Wotton qualified himſelf for it by taking deacon's orders. To this oppoſition the Biographia Britannica imputes the violence with which Waller joined Buckingham's faction in the proſecution of Clarendon.

At the acceſſion of James II. in 1685, being then fourſcore, he was choſen repreſentative in parliament for Saltaſh, in Cornwall, and wrote, A Preſage of the Downfall of the Turkiſh Empire, which he preſented to the King on his birth-day. It is remarked by his commentator, Fenton, that, in reading Taſſo, he had early imbibed a veneration for the heroes of the Holy War, as well as a zealous enmity to the Turks, which never left him.

This King treated Waller with kindneſs and familiarity, of which the following inſtances are given by Fenton. One day taking him into the cloſet, the King aſked him how he liked one of the pictures. "My eyes (ſaid Waller) are dim, and I do not know it." The King ſaid, "it was the Princeſs of Orange." "She is (ſaid Waller) like the greateſt woman in the world."

world." The King asked who was that? and was answered, Queen Elizabeth. "I wonder (said his Majesty) you should think so; but I must confess she had a wise council." "And, Sire, (said Waller,) did you ever know a fool chuse a wise one?" "Such (observes Johnson) is the story which I once heard of another man. Pointed axioms, and austere replies, fly loose about the world, and are assigned successively to those whom it may be the fashion to celebrate."

When the King knew that he was about to marry his daughter to Dr. Birch, a Clergyman, he ordered a French gentleman to tell him, that "the King wondered he could think of marrying his daughter to a falling Church." "The King (said Waller) does me great honour in taking notice of my domestic affairs: but I have lived long enough to observe, that this falling Church has got a trick of rising again."

He took notice to his friends of the King's conduct, and said, "he would be left like a whale upon the strand." Whether he was privy to any of the transactions which ended in the Revolution is not known. His heir, it is known, joined the Prince of Orange.

Being now arrived at an age seldom the lot of a poet or a courtier, he began to feel the decay of his vital powers, while those of his mind continued unimpaired; for his biographers concur in observing, that the lines which he composed when "he for age could neither read nor write," are not inferior to the effusions of his youth.

Towards the decline of life, he bought a small house, with a little land, at Coleshill, and said, "he would be glad to die like the stag, where he was roused." This, however, did not happen. When he was at Beaconsfield, he found his legs grow tumid. He went to Windsor, where Sir Charles Scarborough then attended the King, and requested him, both as a friend and a physician, to tell him, "what that swelling meant." "Sir, (answered the physician,) your blood will run no longer." The Poet repeated

some

ſome lines of Virgil, and returned to Beaconsfield, where he expired on the 21ſt of October, 1687.

The character of Waller, both moral and intellectual, has been drawn by Lord Clarendon, to whom he was familiarly known, with a nicety which, as Dr. Johnſon obſerves, none to whom he was not known can preſume to emulate. We ſhall, therefore, inſert it, with ſuch remarks as the incidents it exhibits may naturally ſuggeſt.

"Edmund Waller (ſays the Noble Hiſtorian) was born to a very fair eſtate, by the parſimony or frugality of a wiſe father and mother; and he thought it ſo commendable an advantage, that he reſolved to improve it with his utmoſt care, upon which, in his nature, he was too much intent; and in order to that, he was ſo much reſerved and retired, that he was ſcarce ever heard of till he had got a rich wife in the City, againſt all the recommendation and countenance of authority of the Court, which was thoroughly engaged in the behalf of Mr. Crofts; and which uſed to be ſucceſsful in that age againſt any oppoſition. He had the good fortune to have an alliance and friendſhip with Dr. Morley, who had aſſiſted and inſtructed him in the reading many good books, to which his natural parts and promptitude inclined him, eſpecially the poets; and at the age when other men uſed to give over writing verſes, (for he was near thirty years old when he firſt engaged himſelf in that exerciſe, at leaſt that he was known to do ſo,) he ſurpriſed the town with two or three pieces of that kind; as if a tenth Muſe had been newly born to cheriſh drooping Poetry. The Doctor at that time brought him into that company which was moſt celebrated for good converſation; where he was received and eſteemed with great applauſe and reſpect. He was a very pleaſant diſcourſer, in earneſt and in jeſt; and therefore very grateful to all kinds of company, where he was not the leſs eſteemed for being very rich.

"He

"He had been even nurſed in Parliaments, where he ſat when he was very young; and ſo, when they reſumed again, after a long intermiſſion, he appeared in thoſe aſſemblies with great advantage; having a graceful way of ſpeaking; and by thinking much on ſeveral arguments, (which his temper and complexion, that had much of the melancholic, inclined him to,) he ſeemed often to ſpeak upon the ſudden, when the occaſion had only adminiſtered the opportunity of ſaying what he had thoroughly conſidered, which gave a great luſtre to all he ſaid; though it was rather of delight than weight.

"There needs no more be ſaid to extol the excellence and power of his wit, and pleaſantneſs of his converſation, than that it was of magnitude enough to cover a world of very great faults; that is, ſo to cover them, that they were not taken notice of to his reproach; viz. a narrowneſs in his nature to the loweſt degree; an abjectneſs and want of courage to ſupport him in any virtuous undertaking; an inſinuation and ſervile flattery to the higheſt the vaineſt and moſt imperious nature could be contented with; that it preſerved and won his life from thoſe who moſt reſolved to take it, and in an occaſion in which he ought to have been ambitious to have loſt it; and then preſerved him again from the reproach and contempt that was due to him for ſo preſerving it, and for vindicating it at ſuch a price; that it had power to reconcile him to thoſe whom he had moſt offended and provoked, and continued to his age with that rare felicity, that his company was acceptable where his ſpirit was odious, and he was at leaſt pitied where he was moſt deteſted."

Such is the account of Lord Clarendon, on which it may not be improper to make ſome remarks. When we reflect on the active part which Waller took in the proſecution of the Chancellor, it will leſſen our ſurpriſe that he has drawn the character of the Poet in no very favourable colours; for there is a diſpoſi-

tion

tion to resent injuries implanted in the human mind. To this may be imputed several of that great man's misrepresentations. He states that Waller was very little known till he had obtained a rich wife in the City; whereas it appears that he was previously known both in Parliament and at Court. He has also evidently mistaken the commencement of his poetry, which he supposes him not to have attempted before he was thirty; but it is observed in the commencement of his life, that his Poem on the Prince's Escape at St. Andero was written in his eighteenth year. Clarendon observes, that he was introduced to the wits of the age by Dr. Morley; but his biographer, Fenton, relates, that he was already among them, when hearing a noise in the streets, and enquiring the cause, they found a son of Ben Jonson under an arrest. This was Morley, whom Waller set free at the expence of one hundred pounds, took into the country as the director of his studies, and then procured him admission into the company of the friends of literature.

Clarendon's account of Waller's parliamentary eloquence is seconded by Bishop Burnett, who, though he calls him "the delight of the House," adds, that "he was only concerned to say, that, though he was much applauded, he never laid the business of the House to heart, being a *vain* and *empty*, though a *witty*, man."

Of his insinuation and flattery it is not unreasonable to believe that the truth is told. Indeed, he shewed a little of both, when, upon the sight of the Duchess of Newcastle's Verses on the Death of a Stag, he declared, that he would have given up all his own compositions to have written them. Being charged with the exorbitance of his adulation, he answered, that "nothing was too much to be given, that a lady might be saved from the disgrace of such a vile performance." Johnson remarks, that "this, however, was no very mischievous or very unusual deviation

from truth: had his hypocriſy been confined to ſuch tranſactions, he might have been forgiven, though not praiſed; for who forbears to flatter an author or a lady?"

The political character of Waller will not bear a ſcrutiny; he was a time-ſerving courtier; had neither uniformity of principle nor ſtrength of reſolution; and he experienced the natural effect of ſuch a character, in loſing the eſteem of every party. Yet we muſt be ſurpriſed in contemplating thoſe abilities which enabled him to ſteer in ſuch ſecurity, in times ſo pregnant with danger, through the very midſt of contending factions. We muſt be ſtruck with that conſummate addreſs, thoſe inſinuating manners, and that conciliating pliability, by which he preſerved his intereſt with ſovereigns ſo very different in their tempers, and in their views, as James I. Charles I. Cromwell, Charles II. and James II.

As far as conjecture can be made, from the tenor of his writings and his conduct, he was habitually and deliberately a friend to Monarchy. His deviation towards Democracy proceeded from his connection with Hampden, for whoſe ſake he proſecuted Crawley with great bitterneſs; and pronounced that philippic in the Houſe of Commons, which, as we before obſerved, became ſo popular, that twenty thouſand copies of it are ſaid to have been ſold in one day. It is confeſſed, that his faults ſtill loſt him many friends, at leaſt many companions. His power of pleaſing is univerſally acknowledged; but thoſe who converſed with him intimately, found him not only paſſionate, eſpecially in his old age, but reſentful; ſo that the interpoſition of friends was ſometimes neceſſary.

His wit and poetry naturally connected him with the polite writers of his time. He was joined with Lord Buckhurſt in the tranſlation of Corneille's Pompey; and is ſaid to have added his help to that of Cowley in the original draught of the Rehearſal. Of his courſe of ſtudies, or choice of books, nothing is known,

known, more than that he profeſſed himſelf unable to read Chapman's Tranſlation of Homer without rapture.

We cannot preſent to our readers ſo ample and ſo able a criticiſm on the productions of Waller, as the following, extracted from Dr. Johnſon's life of that much admired Poet.

"The characters (ſays Dr. Johnſon) by which Waller intended to diſtinguiſh his writings, are ſprightlineſs and dignity. In his ſmaller pieces, he endeavours to be gay; in his larger to be great. Of his airy and light productions, the chief ſource is gallantry; that attentive reverence of female excellence, which has deſcended to us from the Gothic ages. As his Poems are commonly occaſional, and his addreſſes perſonal, he was not ſo liberally ſupplied with grand as with ſoft images; for beauty is more eaſily found than magnanimity.

"The delicacy which he cultivated, reſtrains him to a certain nicety and caution, even when he writes upon the ſlighteſt matters. He has, therefore, in his whole volume, nothing burleſque, and ſeldom any thing ludicrous or familiar. He ſeems always to do his beſt, though his ſubjects are often unworthy of his care. It is not eaſy to think without ſome contempt on an author, who is growing illuſtrious, in his own opinion, by verſes, at one time, "To a Lady who can do any Thing but Sleep when ſhe pleaſes." At another, "To a Lady who can Sleep when ſhe pleaſes." Now, "To a Lady on her paſſing through a Crowd of People." Then, "On a Braid of divers Colours woven by four Ladies." "On a Tree cut in Paper." Or "To a Lady, from whom he received the Copy of Verſes on the Paper Tree, which for many Years had been miſſing."

"Genius now and then produces a lucky trifle. We ſtill read the *Dove* of *Anacreon*, and the *Sparrow* of *Catullus*: and a writer naturally pleaſes himſelf with a performance, which owes nothing to the ſubject.

ject. But compoſitions merely pretty have the fate of other pretty things, and are quitted in time for ſomething uſeful: they are flowers fragrant and fair, but of ſhort duration; or they are bloſſoms to be valued only as they foretell fruits.

"Among Waller's little Poems are ſome which their excellency ought to ſecure from oblivion; as, To *Amoret*, comparing the different modes of regard with which he looks on her and *Sacharissa*; and the verſes *On Love*, that begin, *Anger in haſty words or blows.* In others he is not equally ſucceſsful; ſometimes his thoughts are deficient, and ſometimes his expreſſion; nor are the numbers always muſical.

"He ſeldom, indeed, fetches an amorous ſentiment from the depths of ſcience; his thoughts are, for the moſt part, eaſily underſtood; and his images ſuch as the ſuperfices of nature readily ſupplies. He has a juſt claim to popularity, becauſe he writes to common degrees of knowledge, and is free at leaſt from philoſophical pedantry; unleſs, perhaps, the end of a *Song to the Sun* may be excepted, in which he is too much a Copernican. To which may be added the ſimile of the *Palm* in the verſes *On her paſſing through a Crowd*; and a line in a more ſerious Poem on the *Reſtoration*, about vipers and treacle, which can only be underſtood by thoſe who happen to know the compoſition of the *Theriaca.*

"His ſallies of caſual flattery are ſometimes elegant and happy, as that *In return for the Silver Pen*; and ſometimes empty and trifling, as that *Upon the Card tore by the Queen.* There are a few lines, written *in the Ducheſs's Taſſo*, which he is ſaid by Fenton to have kept a ſummer under correction. It happened to Waller as to others, that his ſucceſs was not always in proportion to his labour.

"Of theſe petty compoſitions, neither the beauties nor the faults deſerve much attention. The amorous verſes have this to recommend them, that they are leſs hyperbolical than thoſe of ſome other poets. Waller

is

is not always at the laſt gaſp; he does not die of a frown, nor live upon a ſmile. There is, however, too much love, and too many trifles. Little things are made too important; and the Empire of Beauty is repreſented as exerting its influence further than can be allowed by the multiplicity of human paſſions, and the variety of human wants. Such books, therefore, may be conſidered as ſhewing the world under a falſe appearance; and ſo far as they obtain credit from the young and unexperienced, as miſleading expectation, and miſguiding practice.

"Of his nobler and more weighty performances, the great part is panegyrical; for of praiſe he was very laviſh, as is obſerved by his imitator, Lord Lanſdown.

"No ſatyr ſtalks within the hallow'd ground,
"But queens and heroines, kings and gods abound;
"Glory, and arms, and love, are all the ſound."

"In the firſt Poem, on the Danger of the Prince on the coaſt of Spain, there is a puerile and ridiculous mention of Arion at the beginning; and the laſt paragraph, on the *cable*, is in part ridiculouſly mean, and in part ridiculouſly *timid*. The Poem, however, is ſuch as may be juſtly praiſed, without much allowance for the ſtate of our Poetry and language at that time.

"The two next Poems are upon the King's behaviour at the death of the Duke of Buckingham, and upon his Navy. He has in the firſt uſed the Pagan deities with great propriety. In the Poem on the Navy, thoſe lines are very noble, which ſuppoſe the King's power ſecure againſt a ſecond deluge; ſo noble, that it were almoſt criminal to remark the miſtake of *centre* for *ſurface*; or to ſay that the empire of the ſea would be worth little if it were not that the waters terminate the land.

"The Poem on Sallee has forcible ſentiments; but the occaſion is feeble. That on the Repairs of St. Paul's has ſomething vulgar and obvious, and ſomething violent and harſh.

"His

" His praiſe of the Queen is too much exaggerated; and the thought that ſhe " Saves lovers by cutting off hope, as gangrenes are cured by lopping the limb," preſents nothing to the mind but diſguſt and horror.

" Of the *Battle of the Summer Iſlands*, it ſeems not eaſy to ſay whether it is intended to raiſe terror or merriment. The beginning is too ſplendid for jeſt, and the concluſion too light for ſerioufneſs. The verſification is ſtudied, the ſcenes are diligently diſplayed, and the images artfully employed; but as it ends neither in joy or ſorrow, it will ſcarcely be read a ſecond time.

" The Panegyric upon Cromwell has obtained from the public a very liberal dividend of praiſe, which, however, cannot be ſaid to have been unjuſtly lavifhed; for ſuch a ſeries of verſes had rarely appeared before in the Engliſh language. Of the lines, ſome are grand, ſome are graceful, and all are muſical. There is now and then a feeble verſe, or a trifling thought; but its great fault is the choice of its hero.

" The Poem of *The War with Spain* begins with lines more vigorous and ſtriking than Waller is accuſtomed to produce. The ſucceeding parts are variegated with better paſſages and worſe. There is ſomething too far fetched in the compariſon of the Spaniards drawing the Engliſh on, by ſaluting St. Lucar with cannon, to *lambs awakening the lion by bleating*. The fate of the Marquis and his Lady, who were burnt in the ſhip, would have moved more, had the Poet not made him die like the Phœnix becauſe he had ſpices about him, nor expreſſed their affection and their end by a conceit at once falſe and vulgar.

" Alive, in equal flames of love they burn'd;
" And now together are to aſhes turn'd."

" The verſes to King Charles on his return were doubtleſs intended to counterbalance the panegyric on Cromwell. If it has been thought inferior to that with which it is naturally compared, the cauſe of its deficience has been already remarked.

" The

"The remaining pieces it is not neceſſary to examine ſingly. They muſt be ſuppoſed to have faults and beauties of the ſame kind with the reſt. The Sacred Poems, however, deſerve particular regard; they were the works of Waller's declining life, of thoſe hours in which he looked upon the fame and the folly of the time paſt with thoſe ſentiments which his great predeceſſor Petrarch bequeathes to poſterity, upon his review of that love and poetry which have given him immortality.

"The natural jealouſy which makes every man unwilling to allow much excellence in another, always produces a diſpoſition to believe that the mind grows old with the body; and he whom we are now forced to confeſs ſuperior, is haſtening daily to a level with ourſelves. By delighting to think this of the living, we learn to think it of the dead; and Fenton, with all his kindneſs for Waller, has the luck to mark the exact time when his genius paſſed the zenith, which he places at his fifty-fifth year. This is to allot the mind but a ſmall portion. Intellectual decay is doubtleſs not uncommon; but it ſeems not to be univerſal. Newton was in his eighty-fifth year improving his chronology, a few days before his death; and Waller appears not, in my opinion, to have loſt at eighty-two any part of his poetical power. His ſacred Poems do not pleaſe like ſome of his other works; but, before the fatal fifty-five, had he written on the ſame ſubjects, his ſucceſs would hardly have been better."

The following remarks of Dr. Johnſon on ſacred Poetry, are particularly worthy of obſervation.

"It has been (ſays the Doctor) the frequent lamentation of good men, that verſe has been too little applied to the purpoſes of worſhip, and many attempts have been made to animate devotion by pious poetry: that they have very ſeldom attained their end is ſufficiently known, and it may not be improper to enquire why they have miſcarried. "Let

"Let no pious ear be offended, if I advance, in oppoſition to many authorities, that poetical devotion cannot often pleaſe. The doctrines of religion may, indeed, be defended in a didactic poem; and he who has the happy power of arguing in verſe, will not loſe it becauſe his ſubject is ſacred. A poet may deſcribe the beauty and grandeur of Nature; the flowers of the Spring and the harveſts of Autumn, the viciſſitudes of the Tide and the revolutions of the Sky, and praiſe the Maker for his works in lines which no reader ſhall lay aſide. The ſubject of the diſputation is not piety; that of the deſcription is not God, but the works of God.

"Contemplative piety, or the intercourſe between God and the human ſoul, cannot be poetical. Man, admitted to implore the mercy of his Creator, and plead the merits of his Redeemer, is already in a higher ſtate than poetry can confer.

"The eſſence of poetry is invention; ſuch invention as, by producing ſomething unexpected, ſurpriſes and delights. The topics of devotion are few, and being few, are univerſally known; but few as they are, they can be made no more; they can receive no grace from novelty of ſentiment, and very little from novelty of expreſſion.

"Poetry pleaſes, by exhibiting an idea more grateful to the mind than things themſelves afford. This effect proceeds from the diſplay of thoſe parts of nature which attract, of the concealment of thoſe which repel the imagination: but religion muſt be ſhewn as it is, ſuppreſſion and addition equally corrupt it; and ſuch as it is, it is known already.

"From poetry the reader juſtly expects, and from good poetry always obtains, the enlargement of his comprehenſion, and elevation of his fancy; but this is rarely to be hoped by Chriſtians from metrical devotion. Whatever is great, deſirable, or tremendous, is compriſed in the name of the Supreme Being.

Omnipotence

Omnipotence cannot be exalted; Infinity cannot be amplified; Perfection cannot be improved.

"The employments of pious meditation are Faith, Thankſgiving, Repentance, and Supplication. Faith, invariably uniform, cannot be inveſted by fancy with decoration; Thankſgiving, the moſt joyful of all holy effuſions, yet addreſſed to a Being without paſſions, is confined to as few modes, and is to be felt rather than expreſſed. Repentance, trembling in the preſence of the Judge, is not at leiſure for cadences and epithets. Supplication of man to man may diffuſe itſelf through many topics of perſuaſion, but ſupplication to God can only cry for mercy.

"Of ſentiments purely religious, it will be found that the moſt ſimple expreſſion is the moſt ſublime. Poetry loſes its luſtre and its power, becauſe it is applied to the decoration of ſomething more excellent than itſelf. All that verſe can do is to help the memory, and delight the ear; and for theſe purpoſes it may be very uſeful; but it ſupplies nothing to the mind. The ideas of Chriſtian Theology are too ſimple for eloquence, too ſacred for fiction, and too majeſtic for ornament: to recommend them by tropes and figures, is to magnify by a concave mirror the ſidereal hemiſphere.

"As much of Waller's reputation was owing to the ſoftneſs and ſmoothneſs of his numbers, it is proper to conſider thoſe minute particulars to which a verſifier muſt attend.

"He certainly very much excelled in ſmoothneſs moſt of the writers who were living when his poetry commenced. The Poets of Elizabeth had attained an art of modulation, which was afterwards neglected or forgotten. Fairfax was acknowledged by him as his model. But he was rather ſmooth than ſtrong. *Of the full reſounding line*, which Pope attributes to Dryden, he has given very few examples. The critical deciſion has given the praiſe of ſtrength to Denham, and of ſweetneſs to Waller.

"His

"His excellence of verſification has ſome abatements. He uſes the expletive *do* very frequently; and though he lived to ſee it almoſt univerſally rejected, was not more careful to avoid it in his laſt compoſitions than in his firſt. Praiſe had given him confidence; and finding the world ſatisfied, he was ſatisfied himſelf. His rhymes are ſometimes weak words: *ſo* is found to make the rhyme twice in ten lines, and occurs after as a rhyme throughout his book. His double rhymes in heroic verſe have been cenſured by Mr. Phillips, who was his rival in the tranſlation of Corneille's Pompey; and more faults might be found, were not the enquiry below attention. He ſometimes uſes the obſolete termination of verbs, as *waxeth*, *affecteth*; and ſometimes retains the final ſyllable of the preterite, as *amazed*, *ſuppoſed*; of which I know not whether it is not to the detriment of our language that we have totally rejected them. Of triplets he is ſparing, but he did not wholly forbear them; of an Alexandrine he has given no example.

"The general character of his poetry is elegance and gaiety. He is never pathetic, and very rarely ſublime. He ſeems neither to have had a mind much elevated by nature, nor amplified by learning. His thoughts are ſuch as a liberal converſation and large acquaintance with life would eaſily ſupply. They had, however, then, perhaps, that grace of novelty, which they are now often ſuppoſed to want, by thoſe, who, having already found them in later books, do not know or enquire who produced them firſt. This treatment is unjuſt. Let not the original author loſe by his imitators.

"Praiſe, however, ſhould be due before it is given. The author of Waller's life aſcribes to him the firſt practice of what Erythæus, and ſome late critics, call *alliteration*, of uſing in the ſame verſe many words beginning with the ſame letters. But this knack, whatever be its value, was ſo frequent among early writers, that Gaſcoigne, a writer of the ſixteenth century,

tury, warns the young Poet againſt affecting it. Shakeſpeare, in the *Midſummer Night's Dream*, is ſuppoſed to ridicule it; and in another play, the Sonnet of Holofernes fully diſplays it.

"He borrows too many of his ſentiments and illuſtrations from the old Mythology, for which it is vain to plead the example of ancient poets: the deities which they introduced ſo frequently, were conſidered as realities, ſo far as to be received by the imagination, whatever ſober reaſon might then determine. But of theſe images time has tarniſhed the ſplendor. A fiction, not only deteſted, but deſpiſed, can never afford a ſolid baſis to any poſition, though ſometimes it may furniſh a tranſient alluſion, or ſlight illuſtration. No modern monarch can be much exalted by hearing that as Hercules had his *club*, he has his *navy*.

"But of the praiſe of Waller, though much may be taken away, much will remain; for it cannot be denied, that he added ſomething to our elegance of diction, and ſomething to our propriety of thought."

EPITAPH

On Mr. Waller's Monument in Beaconsfield Church-Yard, in Buckinghamſhire,

Written by

MR. RYMER,

Late Hiſtoriographer Royal.

ON THE WEST END.

Edmundi Waller hic jacet id quantum
Morti ceſſit; qui inter poetas ſui
Temporis facilè princeps, lauream, quam
Meruit adoleſcens, octogenarius haud
Abdicavit. Huic debet patria linguæ
Quod credas, ſi Græcè Latinèque
Intermitterent, Muſæ loqui amarent
Anglicè.

ON THE SOUTH SIDE.

Heu, Viator! tumulatum vides
Edmundum Waller, qui tanti nominis
Poeta, et idem avitis opibus, inter primos
Spectabilis, Musis se dedit, et patriæ,
Nondum Octodecennalis, inter ardua
Regni tractantes sedem habuit, à
Burgo de Agmondesham missus. Hic vitæ
Curlus; nec oneri defuit senex; vixitque
Semper populo charus, principibus in
Deliciis, admirationi omnibus.
Hic conditur tumulo sub eodem rara
Virtute et multa prole nobilis uxor,
Maria ex Bressyorum familia, cum
Edmundo Waller, conjuge chariſſimo:
Quem ter et decies lætum fecit patrem,
V filiis, filiabus viii; quos mundo dedit,
Et in cœlum rediit.

ON THE EAST END.

Edmundus Waller cui hoc marmor
Sacrum est, Colesshill nascendi locum
Habuit. Cantabrigiam studendi; patrem
Robertum et ex Hampdena stirpe matrem:
Cœpit vivere iii° Martii, A. D. 1605.
Prima uxor Anna Edwardi Banks filia
Unica hæres. Ex prima bis pater factus;
Ex secunda tredecies; cui et duo lustra
Superstes, obiit xxi Octob. A. D. 1687.

ON THE NORTH SIDE.

Hoc marmore Edmundo Waller
Mariæque ex secundis nuptiis conjugi,
Pientissimis parentibus, piissimè
Parentavit Edmundus filius Honores
Bene-merentibus extremos dedit quos
Ipse fugit. El. W. I. F. H. G. Ex testamento.
H. M. P. in Jul. 1700.

To my Lady * * * *.

Madam,

YOUR commands for the gathering theſe ſticks into a faggot had ſooner been obeyed, but, intending to preſent you with my whole vintage, I ſtayed till the lateſt grapes were ripe; for, here your Ladyſhip has not only all I have done, but all I ever mean to do of this kind. Not but that I may defend the attempt I have made upon Poetry, by the examples (not to trouble you with hiſtory) of many wiſe and worthy perſons of our own times; as Sir Philip Sydney, Sir Francis Bacon, Cardinal Perron, (the ableſt of his countrymen,) and the former Pope; who, they ſay, inſtead of the triple crown, wore ſometimes the Poet's ivy, as an ornament, perhaps, of leſſer weight and trouble. But, Madam, theſe Nightingales ſung only in the ſpring; it was the diverſion of their youth; as Ladies learn to ſing, and play, when they are children, what they forget when they are women. The reſemblance holds further; for as you quit the lute the ſooner, becauſe the poſture is ſuſpected to draw the body awry; ſo this is not always practiſed without ſome villainy to the mind; wreſting it from preſent occaſions; and accuſtoming us to a ſtyle ſomewhat removed from common uſe. But, that you may not think his caſe deplorable who had made verſes, we are told, that Tully (the greateſt Wit among the Romans) was once ſick of this diſeaſe; and yet recovered ſo well, that, of almoſt as bad a Poet as your ſervant, he became the moſt perfect Orator in the world. So that, not ſo much to have made verſes, as not to give over in time, leaves a man without excuſe: the former preſenting us with an opportunity at leaſt of doing wiſely, that is, to conceal thoſe we have made; which I ſhall yet do, if my humble requeſt may be of as much force with your Ladyſhip, as your commands have been with me. Madam, I only whiſper theſe in your ear; if you publiſh them, they are your own: and therefore, as you apprehend the reproach of a Wit and a Poet, caſt them into the fire: or, if they come where green boughs are in the chimney, with the help of your fair friends, (for, thus bound, it will be too hard a taſk for your hands alone,) tear them in pieces, wherein you will honour me with the fate of Orpheus; for ſo his Poems, whereof we only hear the form, (not his limbs, as the ſtory will have it,) I ſuppoſe, were ſcattered by the Thracian dames. Here, Madam, I might take an opportunity to celebrate your virtues, and to inſtruct you how unhappy you are, in that you know not who you are: how much you excel the moſt excellent of your own, and how much you amaze the leaſt inclined to wonder of our, ſex. But as they will be apt to take your Ladyſhip's for a Roman name, ſo would they believe that I endeavoured the character of a perfect Nymph, worſhipped an image of my own making, and dedicated this to the Lady of the brain, not of the heart, of

Your Ladyſhip's

Moſt humble Servant,

EDM. WALLER.

PREFACE

To the first Edition of Mr. Waller's Poems, after the Restoration, printed in the Year 1664.

WHEN the Author of these verses (written only to please himself, and such particular persons to whom they were directed) returned from abroad some years since, he was troubled to find his name in print, but somewhat satisfied to see his lines so ill rendered, that he might justly disown them, and say to a mistaking printer as * one did to an ill reciter,

——Male dum recitas, incipit esse tuus.

Having been ever since pressed to correct the many and gross faults, (such as use to be in impressions wholly neglected by the authors,) his answer was, that he made these when ill verses had more favour, and escaped better, than good ones do in this age; the severity whereof he thought not unhappily diverted, by those faults in the impression which hitherto have hung upon his book, as the Turks hang old rags, or such like ugly things, upon their fairest horses, and other goodly creatures, to secure them against fascination. And for those of a more confined understanding, who pretend not to censure, as they admire most what they least comprehend, so his verses (maimed to that degree that himself scarce knew what to make of many of them) might that way at least have a title to some admiration; which is no small matter, if what an old author observes be true, that the aim of orators is victory, of historians truth, and of poets admiration. He had reason therefore to indulge those faults in his book, whereby it might be reconciled to some, and commended to others.

The printer also, he thought, would fare the worse if those faults were amended; for we see maimed statues sell better than whole ones; and clipped and washed money goes about, when the entire and weighty lies hoarded up.

These are the reasons which, for above twelve years past, he has opposed to our request; to which it was replied,

* Martial, lib. i. ep. 39.

replied, that as it would be too late to recall that which had ſo long been made public, ſo might it find excuſe from his youth, the ſeaſon it was produced in: and for what had been done ſince, and now added, if it commend not his poetry, it might his philoſophy, which teaches him ſo cheerfully to bear ſo great a calamity as the loſs of the beſt part of his fortune, torn from him in priſon, (in which, and in baniſhment, the beſt portion of his life hath alſo been ſpent,) that he can ſtill ſing under the burden, not unlike that Roman,*

——Quem demiſere Philippi
Deciſis humilem pennis, inopemque paterni
Et Laris, et fundi.——
Whoſe ſpreading wings the civil war had clipp'd,
And him of his old patrimony ſtripp'd.

Who yet not long after could ſay,

Muſis amicus, triſtitiam et metus
Tradam protervis in mare Creticum
Portare ventis.—— *Lib.* i. *Ode* 26.
They that acquainted with the Muſes be,
Send care and ſorrow by the winds to ſea.

Not ſo much moved with theſe reaſons of ours (or pleaſed with our rhymes) as wearied with our importunity, he has at laſt given us leave to aſſure the reader, that the Poems which have been ſo long and ſo ill ſet forth under his name, are here to be found as he firſt writ them; as alſo to add ſome others which have ſince been compoſed by him: and though his advice to the contrary might have diſcouraged us, yet, obſerving how often they have been reprinted, what price they have borne, and how earneſtly they have been always inquired after, but eſpecially of late, (making good that of Horace,

——Meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit. *Lib.* ii. ep. 1.

"ſome verſes being, like ſome wines, recommended "to our taſte by time and age,") we have adventured upon this new and well-corrected edition, which, for our own ſakes as well as thine, we hope will ſucceed better than he apprehended.

Vivitur ingenio, cætera mortis erunt.

Albinovanus.

* Horace, lib. ii. ep. 2.

PREFACE

To the Second Part of Waller's Poems, printed in the Year 1690.

THE reader needs be told no more in commendation of theſe Poems, than that they are Mr. Waller's, a name that carries every thing in it that is either great or graceful in poetry. He was indeed the parent of Engliſh verſe, and the firſt that ſhewed us our tongue had beauty and numbers in it. Our language owes more to him than the French does to Cardinal Richelieu and the whole Academy. A poet cannot think of him without being in the ſame rapture Lucretius is in when Epicurus comes in his way.

> Tu pater, et rerum inventor; tu patria nobis
> Suppeditas præcepta: tuiſque ex, Inclute! chartis,
> Floriferis ut apes in ſaltibus omnia libant,
> Omnia nos itidem depaſcimur aurea dicta;
> Aurea! perpetua ſemper digniſſima vita! *Lib.* iii. ver. 9.

The tongue came into his hands like a rough diamond: he poliſhed it firſt, and to that degree, that all artiſts ſince him have admired the workmanſhip, without pretending to mend it. Suckling and Carew, I muſt confeſs, wrote ſome few things ſmoothly enough: but as all they did in this kind was not very conſiderable, ſo it was a little later than the earlieſt pieces of Mr. Waller. He undoubtedly ſtands firſt in the liſt of refiners, and, for ought I know, laſt too: for I queſtion whether in Charles II's reign Engliſh did not come to its full perfection, and whether it has not had its Auguſtan age as well as the Latin. It ſeems to be already mixed with foreign languages as far as its purity will bear; and as chymiſts ſay of their menſtruums, to be quite ſated with the infuſion. But poſterity will beſt judge of this. In the meantime, it is a ſurpriſing reflection, that between what Spenſer wrote laſt, and Waller firſt, there ſhould not be much above twenty years diſtance; and yet the one's language, like the money of that time, is as current now as ever; while the other's words are like old coins, one muſt go to an antiquary to underſtand

their

their true meaning and value. Such advances may a great genius make when it undertakes any thing in earneſt.

Some painters will hit the chief lines and maſter-ſtrokes of a face ſo truly, that thro' all the differences of age the picture ſhall ſtill bear a reſemblance. This art was Mr. Waller's: he ſought out, in this flowing tongue of ours, what parts would laſt, and be of ſtanding uſe and ornament; and this he did ſo ſucceſsfully, that his language is now as freſh as it was at firſt ſetting out. Were we to judge barely by the wording, we could not know what was wrote at twenty, and what at fourſcore. He complains, indeed, of a tide of words that comes in upon the Engliſh poet, and overflows whatever he builds; but this was leſs his caſe than any man's that ever wrote; and the miſchief of it is, this very complaint will laſt long enough to confute itſelf; for though Engliſh be mouldering ſtone, as he tells us there, yet he has certainly picked the beſt out of a bad quarry.

We are no leſs beholden to him for the new turn of verſe which he brought in, and the improvement he made in our numbers. Before his time men rhymed indeed, and that was all: as for the harmony of meaſure, and that dance of words which good ears are ſo much pleas'd with, they knew nothing of it. Their poetry then was made up almoſt entirely of monoſyllables, which, when they come together in any cluſter, are certainly the moſt harſh, untuneable things in the world. If any man doubts of this, let him read ten lines in Donne, and he will be quickly convinced. Beſides, their verſes ran all into one another, and hung together throughout a whole copy, like the hooked atoms that compoſe a body in Des Cartes. There was no diſtinction of parts, no regular ſtops, nothing for the ear to reſt upon; but as ſoon as the copy began, down it went like a larum, inceſſantly, and the reader was ſure to be out of breath before he got to the end of it: ſo that really verſe,

in thoſe days, was but downright proſe tacked with rhymes. Mr. Waller removed all theſe faults, brought in more polyſyllables, and ſmoother meaſures, bound up his thoughts better, and in a cadence more agreeable to the nature of the verſe he wrote in; ſo that wherever the natural ſtops of that were, he contrived the little breakings of his ſenſe ſo as to fall in with them; and, for that reaſon, ſince the ſtreſs of our verſe lies commonly upon the laſt ſyllable, you will hardly ever find him uſing a word of no force there. I would ſay, if I were not afraid the reader would think me too nice, that he commonly cloſes with verbs, in which we know the life of language conſiſts.

Among other improvements we may reckon that of his rhymes, which are always good, and very often the better for being new. He had a fine ear, and knew how quickly that ſenſe was cloy'd by the ſame round of chiming words ſtill returning upon it. It is a decided caſe by the great maſter of writing,* *Quæ ſunt ampla, et pulchra, diu placere poſſunt; quæ lepida et concinna,* (amongſt which rhyme muſt, whether it will or no, take its place,) *citò ſatietate afficiunt aurium ſenſum faſtidioſiſſimum.* This he underſtood very well; and therefore, to take off the danger of a ſurfeit that way, ſtrove to pleaſe by variety and new ſounds. Had he carried this obſervation, among others, as far as it would go, it muſt, methinks, have ſhown him the incurable fault of this jingling kind of poetry, and have led his later judgment to blank verſe: but he continued an obſtinate lover of rhyme to the very laſt: it was a miſtreſs that never appeared unhandſome in his eyes, and was courted by him long after Sachariſſa was forſaken. He had raiſed it, and brought it to that perfection we now enjoy it in; and the Poet's temper (which has always a little vanity in it) would not ſuffer him ever to ſlight a thing he had taken ſo much pains to adorn. My Lord Roſcommon was more

* Cicero, ad Herennium, lib. iv.

more impartial; no man ever rhymed truer and even-er than he; yet he is ſo juſt as to confeſs that it is but a trifle, and to wiſh the tyrant dethroned, and blank verſe ſet up in its room. There is a third per-ſon,* the living glory of our Engliſh poetry, who has diſclaimed the uſe of it upon the ſtage, though no man ever employed it there ſo happily as he. It was the ſtrength of his genius that firſt brought it into credit in Plays, and it is the force of his example that has thrown it out again. In other kinds of writing it continues ſtill, and will do ſo till ſome excellent ſpirit ariſes, that has leiſure enough, and reſolution, to break the charm, and free us from the troubleſome bondage of rhyming, as Mr. Milton very well calls it, and has proved it as well by what he has wrote in another way. But this is a thought for times at ſome diſtance; the preſent age is a little too warlike; it may perhaps furniſh out matter for a good poem in the next, but it will hardly encourage one now. Without propheſy-ing, a man may eaſily know what ſort of laurels are like to be in requeſt.

Whilſt I am talking of verſe, I find myſelf, I do not know how, betrayed into a great deal of proſe. I intended no more than to put the reader in mind what reſpect was due to any thing that fell from the pen of Mr. Waller. I have heard his laſt printed copies, which are added in the ſeveral editions of his poems, very ſlightly ſpoken of, but certainly they do not deſerve it: they do indeed diſcover themſelves to be his laſt, and that is the worſt we can ſay of them. He is there

Jam ſenior; ſed cruda Deo viridiſque ſenectus.†

The ſame cenſure, perhaps, will be paſſed on the pieces of this Second Part. I ſhall not ſo far engage for them, as to pretend they are all equal to what-ever he wrote in the vigour of his youth; yet they are ſo much of a piece with the reſt, that any man will at firſt

* Mr. Dryden. † Virg. Æn. vi. v. 304.

first ſight know them to be Mr. Waller's. Some of them were wrote very early, but not put into former collections, for reaſons obvious enough, but which have now ceaſed. The † Play was altered to pleaſe the court: it is not to be doubted who ſat for the Two Brothers' characters. It was agreeable to the ſweetneſs of Mr. Waller's temper to ſoften the rigour of the tragedy, as he expreſſes it; but whether it be ſo agreeable to the nature of tragedy itſelf to make every thing come off eaſily, I leave to the critics. In the prologue and epilogue there are a few verſes that he has made uſe of upon another occaſion; but the reader may be pleaſed to allow that in him that has been allowed ſo long in Homer and Lucretius. Exact writers dreſs up their thoughts ſo very well always, that when they have need of the ſame ſenſe, they cannot put it into other words but it muſt be to its prejudice. Care has been taken, in this book, to get together every thing of Mr. Waller's that is not put into the former collection; ſo that between both the reader may make the ſet complete.

It will, perhaps, be contended, after all, that ſome of theſe ought not to have been publiſhed; and Mr. Cowley's* deciſion will be urged, that a neat tomb of marble is a better monument than a great pile of rubbiſh. It might be anſwered to this, that the pictures and poems of great maſters have been always valued, though the laſt hand were not put to them: and I believe none of thoſe gentlemen that will make the objection would refuſe a ſketch of Raphael's, or one of Titian's draughts of the firſt ſitting. I might tell them, too, what care has been taken, by the learned, to preſerve the fragments of the ancient Greek and Latin poets: there has been thought to be a divinity in what they ſaid; and therefore the leaſt pieces of it have been kept up and reverenced like religious reliques: and I am ſure, take away the

mille

* In the preface to his works.

† "The Maid's Tragedy;" which does not come within the plan of the preſent Publication.

mille anni,* and impartial reaſoning will tell us, there is as much due to the memory of Mr. Waller as to the moſt celebrated names of Antiquity.

But to wave the diſpute now of what *ought* to have been done, I can aſſure the reader what *would* have been, had this edition been delayed. The following Poems were got abroad, and in a great many hands: it were vain to expect that, among ſo many admirers of Mr. Waller, they ſhould not meet with one fond enough to publiſh them. They might have ſtaid, indeed, 'till by frequent tranſcriptions they had been corrupted extremely, and jumbled together with things of another kind; but then they would have found their way into the world: ſo it was thought a greater piece of kindneſs to the Author to put them out whilſt they continue genuine and unmix'd, and ſuch as he himſelf, were he alive, might own.

* Alluding to that verſe in Juvenal,

———Et uni cedit Homero
Propter mille annos——— Sat. 7.

And yields to Homer on no other ſcore,
Than that he liv'd a thouſand years before. Mr. C. Dryden.

TO THE RIGHT HON. THE LADY
MARGARET-CAVENDISH HARLEY.

LET others boaſt the Nine Aonian maids,
Inſpiring ſtreams, and ſweet reſounding ſhades,
Where Phœbus heard the rival bards rehearſe,
And bad the laurels learn the lofty verſe:
In vain! nor Phœbus nor the boaſted Nine
Inflame the raptur'd ſoul with rays divine:
None but the fair infuſe the ſacred fire,
And love with vocal art informs the lyre.
When Waller, kindling with celeſtial rage,
View'd the bright Harley of that wond'ring age,
His pleaſing pain he taught the lute to breathe;
The Graces ſung, and wove his myrtle wreath.
In youth, of patrimonial wealth poſſeſt,
The praiſe of ſcience faintly warm'd his breaſt;
But, fir'd to fame by Sidney's roſy ſmile,
Swift o'er the laureate realm he urg'd his toil.
His Muſe, by Nature form'd to pleaſe the fair,
Or ſing of heroes with majeſtic air,
To melting ſtrains attun'd her voice, and ſtrove
To waken all the tender pow'rs of love:
More ſweetly ſoft her awful beauty ſhone,
Than Juno grac'd with Cytherea's zone.
As angels love, congenial ſouls unite
Their radiance, and refine each other's light:
The florid and ſublime, the grave and gay,
From Waller's beams imbibe a purer ray;
Illumin'd thence in equal lays to bound
Their copious ſenſe, and harmonize the ſound;
With varied notes the curious ear to pleaſe,
And turn a nervous thought with artful eaſe.
Maker and model of melodious verſe!
Accept theſe votive honours at thy hearſe.
While I with filial awe attempt thy praiſe,
Infuſe thy genius, and my fancy raiſe!
So, warbling o'er his urn, the woodland choirs
To Orpheus pay the ſong his ſhade inſpires.
In Waller's tame, O faireſt Harley! view
What verdant palms ſhall owe their birth to you;
To you what deathleſs charms are thence decreed,
In Sachariſſa's fate vouchſafe to read.

Secure beneath the wing of withering Time,
Her beauties flouriſh in ambroſial prime:
Still kindling rapture, ſee! ſhe moves in ſtate;
Gods, nymphs, and heroes, on her triumph wait.
Nor think the lover's praiſe of love's delight,
In pureſt minds may ſtain the virgin-white:
How bright and chaſte the poet and his theme!
So Cynthia ſhines on Arethuſa's ſtream.
A ſainted virtue to the ſpheres may ſing
Thoſe ſtrains that raviſh'd here the Martyr-king.
Plenteous of native wit, in letter'd eaſe
Politely form'd, to profit and to pleaſe,
To Fame whate'er was due he gave to Fame,
And what he could not praiſe forgot to name:
Thus Eden's roſe without a thorn diſplay'd
Her bloom, and in a fragrant bluſh decay'd.
Such ſoul-attracting airs were ſung of old,
When bliſsful years in golden circles roll'd:
Pure from deceit, devoid of fear and ſtrife,
While love was all the penſive care of life,
The ſwains in green retreats, with flow'rets crown'd,
Taught the young groves their paſſion to reſound:
Fancy purſu'd the paths where Beauty led,
To pleaſe the living, or deplore the dead;
While to their warbled woe the rocks reply'd,
The rills remurmur'd, and the zephyrs ſigh'd;
From death redeem'd by verſe, the vaniſh'd fair
Breath'd in a flow'r, or ſparkled in a ſtar.
Bright as the ſtars, and fragrant as the flow'rs,
Where Spring reſides in ſoft Elyſian bow'rs;
While theſe the bow'rs adorn, and they the ſphere,
Will Sachariſſa's charms in ſong appear.
Yet, in the preſent age, her radiant name
Muſt take a dimmer interval of Fame:
When you to full meridian luſtre riſe,
With Morton's ſhape and Gloriana's eyes,
With Carliſle's wit, her geſture, and her mien,
And, like ſeraphic Rich, with zeal ſerene;
In ſweet aſſemblage all their graces join'd
To language, mode, and manners, more refin'd!

That angel-frame, with chaſte attraction gay,
Mild as the dove-ey'd Morn awakes the May,
Of nobleſt youths will reign the publick care,
Their joy, their wiſh, their wonder and deſpair.
Far-beaming thence what bright ideas flow!
The ſiſter-arts with ſudden rapture glow:
Her Titian tints the Painter nymph reſumes;
The canvaſs warm with roſeate beauty blooms:
Inſpir'd with life by ſculpture's happy toil,
The marble breathes, and ſoftens with your ſmile;
Proud to receive the form, by Fate deſign'd
The faireſt model of the faireſt kind.
But hear, O hear the Muſe's heav'nly voice!
The waving woods and echoing vales rejoice:
Attend, ye Gales! to Margaretta's praiſe,
And all ye liſt'ning Loves record the lays!
So Philomela charms th' Idalian grove,
When Venus, in the glowing orb of love,
O'er ocean, earth, and air, extends her reign,
The firſt, the brighteſt, of the ſtarry train.
What fav'rite youth aſſign the Fates to riſe,
In bridal pomp to lead the blooming prize?
Whether his father's garter'd ſhield ſuſtains,
Trophies achiev'd on Gallia's viny plains,
Or ſmiling Peace a mingled wreath diſplays,
The patriot's olive, and the poet's bays:
Adorn, ye Fates! the fav'rite youth aſſign'd
With each ennobling grace of form and mind:
In merit make him great as great in blood;
Great without pride, and amiably good:
His breaſt the guardian ark of heav'n-born law,
To ſtrike a faithleſs age with conſcious awe:
In choice of friends by manly reaſon ſway'd;
Not fear'd, but honour'd, and with love obey'd.
In courts and camps, in council and retreat,
Wiſe, brave, and ſtudious to ſupport the ſtate;
With candour firm, without ambition bold,
No deed diſcolour'd with the guilt of gold;
That Heav'n may judge the choiceſt bleſſings due,
And give the various good compris'd in you.

E. FENTON.

MISCELLANIES.

ON THE DANGER
HIS MAJESTY [BEING PRINCE]
ESCAPED IN THE ROAD AT ST. ANDERO.

NOW had his Highneſs bid farewell to Spain,
And reach'd the ſphere of his own pow'r, the main:
With Britiſh bounty in his ſhip he feaſts
Th' Heſperian princes, his amazed gueſts,
To find that wat'ry wilderneſs exceed
The entertainment of their great Madrid.
Health to both kings, attended with the roar
Of cannons, echo'd from th' affrighted ſhore,
With loud reſemblance of his thunder, prove
Bacchus the ſeed of cloud-compelling Jove;
While to his harp divine Arion ſings
The loves and conqueſts of our Albion kings.
Of the Fourth Edward was his noble ſong,
Fierce, goodly, valiant, beautiful, and young:
He rent the crown from vanquiſh'd Henry's head,
Rais'd the White Roſe, and trampled on the Red:
Till Love triumphing o'er the victor's pride,
Brought Mars and Warwick to the conquer'd ſide:
Neglected Warwick (whoſe bold hand, like Fate,
Gives and reſumes the ſceptre of our ſtate)
Woos for his maſter; and with double ſhame,
Himſelf deluded, mocks the princely dame;
The Lady Bona, whom juſt anger burns,
And foreign war with civil rage returns.
Ah! ſpare your ſwords, where beauty is to blame;
Love gave th' affront, and muſt repair the ſame:
When France ſhall boaſt of her, whoſe conqu'ring eyes
Have made the beſt of Engliſh hearts their prize;
Have power to alter the decrees of Fate,
And change again the counſels of our ſtate.
What the prophetick Muſe intends, alone
To him that feels the ſecret wound is known.
With the ſweet ſound of this harmonious lay,
About the keel delighted dolphins play,

Too ſure a ſign of ſea's enſuing rage,
Which muſt anon this royal troop engage;
To whom ſoft ſleep ſeems more ſecure and ſweet,
Within the town commanded by our fleet.
  Theſe mighty peers plac'd in the gilded barge,
Proud with the burden of ſo brave a charge,
With painted oars the youths begin to ſweep
Neptune's ſmooth face, and cleave the yielding deep;
Which ſoon becomes the ſeat of ſudden war
Between the wind and tide that fiercely jar.
As when a ſort of luſty ſhepherds try
Their force at football, care of victory
Makes them ſalute ſo rudely breaſt to breaſt,
That their encounter ſeems too rough for jeſt;
They ply their feet, and ſtill the reſtleſs ball,
Toſs'd to and fro, is urged by them all:
So fares the doubtful barge 'twixt tide and winds,
And like effect of their contention finds.
Yet the bold Britons ſtill ſecurely row'd;
Charles and his virtue was their ſacred load;
Than which a greater pledge Heav'n could not give,
That the good boat this tempeſt ſhould outlive.
  But ſtorms increaſe, and now no hope of grace
Among them ſhines, ſave in the Prince's face;
The reſt reſign their courage, ſkill, and ſight,
To danger, horror, and unwelcome night.
The gentle veſſel (wont with ſtate and pride
On the ſmooth back of ſilver Thames to ride)
Wanders aſtoniſh'd in the angry main,
As Titan's car did, while the golden rein
Fill'd the young hand of his advent'rous ſon,*
When the whole world an equal hazard run
To this of ours, the light of whoſe deſire
Waves threaten now, as that was ſcar'd by fire.
Th' impatient Sea grows impotent and raves,
That, Night aſſiſting, his impetuous waves
Should find reſiſtance from ſo light a thing;
Theſe ſurges ruin, thoſe our ſafety bring.

* Phaeton.

Th' oppreſſed veſſel doth the charge abide,
Only becauſe aſſail'd on ev'ry ſide:
So men with rage and paſſion ſet on fire,
Trembling for haſte, impeach their mad deſire.
The pale Iberians had expir'd with fear,
But that their wonder did divert their care,
To ſee the Prince with danger mov'd no more
Than with the pleaſures of their court before:
Godlike his courage ſeem'd, whom nor delight
Could ſoften, nor the face of Death affright.
Next to the pow'r of making tempeſts ceaſe,
Was in that ſtorm to have ſo calm a peace.
Great Maro could no greater tempeſt feign,
When the loud winds uſurping on the main
For angry Juno, labour'd to deſtroy
The hated reliques of confounded Troy:
His bold Æneas, on like billows toſt
In a tall ſhip, and all his country loſt,
Diſſolves with fear; and both his hands upheld,
Proclaims them happy whom the Greeks had quell'd
In honourable fight: our hero ſet
In a ſmall ſhallop, Fortune in his debt,
So near a hope of crowns and ſceptres, more
Than ever Priam, when he flouriſh'd wore;
His loins yet full of ungot princes, all
His glory in the bud, lets nothing fall
That argues fear: if any thought annoys
The gallant youth, 'tis love's untaſted joys,
And dear remembrance of that fatal glance,
For which he lately pawn'd his heart in France;
Where he had ſeen a brighter nymph than ſhe*
That ſprung out of his preſent foe, the ſea.
That noble ardour, more than mortal fire,
The conquer'd ocean could not make expire;
Nor angry Thetis raiſe her waves above
Th' heroic Prince's courage or his love:
'Twas indignation, and not fear he felt,
The ſhrine ſhould periſh where that image dwelt.

* Venus.

Ah, Love forbid! the nobleſt of thy train
Should not ſurvive to let her know his pain;
Who nor his peril minding nor his flame,
Is entertain'd with ſome leſs ſerious game,
Among the bright nymphs of the Gallic court,
All highly born, obſequious to her ſport:
They roſes ſeem, which in their early pride
But half reveal, and half their beauties hide;
She the glad morning, which her beams does throw
Upon their ſmiling leaves, and gilds them ſo;
Like bright Aurora, whoſe refulgent ray
Foretels the fervour of enſuing day,
And warns the ſhepherd with his flocks retreat
To leafy ſhadows from the threaten'd heat.
From Cupid's ſtring of many ſhafts, that fled
Wing'd with thoſe plumes which noble Fame had ſhed,
As thro' the wond'ring world ſhe flew, and told
Of his adventures, haughty, brave, and bold;
Some had already touch'd the royal maid,
But Love's firſt ſummons ſeldom are obey'd:
Light was the wound, the Prince's care unknown,
She might not, would not, yet reveal her own.
His glorious name had ſo poſſeſs'd her ears,
That with delight thoſe antique tales ſhe hears
Of Jaſon, Theſeus, and ſuch worthies old,
As with his ſtory beſt reſemblance hold.
And now ſhe views, as on the wall it hung,
What old Muſæus ſo divinely ſung;
Which art with life and love did ſo inſpire,
That ſhe diſcerns and favours that deſire;
Which there provokes th' advent'rous youth to ſwim,
And in Leander's danger pities him;
Whoſe not new love alone, but fortune, ſeeks
To frame his ſtory like that amorous Greek's.
For from the ſtern of ſome good ſhip appears
A friendly light, which moderates their fears:
New courage from reviving hope they take,
And climbing o'er the waves that taper make;
On which the hope of all their lives depends,
As his on that fair Hero's hand extends.

The ſhip at anchor, like a fixed rock,
Breaks the proud billows which her large ſides knock;
Whoſe rage reſtrained, foaming higher ſwells,
And from her port the weary barge repels,
Threat'ning to make her, forced out again,
Repeat the dangers of the troubled main.
Twice was the cable hurl'd in vain; the Fates
Would not be moved for our ſiſter ſtates.
For England is the third ſucceſsful throw,
And then the genius of that land they know,
Whoſe prince muſt be (as their own books deviſe)
Lord of the ſcene where now his danger lies.
Well ſung the Roman bard, "All human things
"Of deareſt value hang on ſlender ſtrings."
O ſee the then ſole hope, and in deſign
Of Heav'n, our joy, ſupported by a line!
Which for that inſtant was heav'n's care above,
The chain that's fixed to the throne of Jove,
On which the fabric of our world depends;
One link diſſolv'd, the whole creation ends.

ON HIS MAJESTY'S
RECEIVING THE NEWS OF THE
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM'S DEATH.

SO earneſt with thy God! can no new care,
No ſenſe of danger, interrupt thy pray'r?
The ſacred Wreſtler, till a bleſſing giv'n,
Quits not his hold, but halting conquers Heav'n.
Nor was the ſtream of thy devotion ſtopp'd,
When from the body ſuch a limb was lopp'd,
As to thy preſent ſtate was no leſs maim,
Tho' thy wiſe choice has ſince repair'd the ſame.
Bold Homer durſt not ſo great virtue feign
In his beſt pattern:* of Patroclus ſlain,
With ſuch amazement as weak mothers uſe,
And frantic geſture, he receives the news.
Yet fell his darling by th' impartial chance
Of war, impos'd by royal Hector's lance;
Thine in full peace, and by a vulgar hand
Torn from thy boſom, left his high command.

* Achilles.

The famous painter * could allow no place
For private ſorrow in a prince's face;
Yet, that his piece might not exceed belief,
He caſt a veil upon ſuppoſed grief.
'Twas want of ſuch a precedent as this
Made the old Heathen frame their gods amiſs.
Their Phœbus ſhould not act a fonder part
For the fair boy,† than he did for his hart;
Nor blame for Hyacinthus' fate his own, [known.
That kept from him wiſh'd death, hadſt thou been
He that with thine ſhall weigh good David's deeds,
Shall find his paſſion nor his love exceeds:
He curs'd the mountains where his brave friend dy'd,
But let falſe Ziba with his heir divide;
Where thy immortal love to thy bleſt friends,
Like that of Heav'n, upon their ſeed deſcends.
Such huge extremes inhabit thy great mind,
God-like, unmov'd, and yet, like woman, kind!
Which of the ancient poets had not brought
Our Charles's pedigree from Heav'n, and taught
How ſome bright dame, compreſs'd by mighty Jove,
Produc'd this mix'd Divinity and Love?

ON THE

TAKING OF SALLE.

OF Jaſon, Theſeus, and ſuch worthies old,
Light ſeem the tales Antiquity has told:
Such beaſts and monſters as their force oppreſt,
Some places only, and ſome times infeſt.
Salle, that ſcorn'd all pow'r and laws of men,
Goods with their owners hurrying to their den,
And future ages threat'ning with a rude
And ſavage race, ſucceſſively renew'd;
Their king deſpiſing with rebellious pride,
And foes profeſt to all the world beſide;
This peſt of mankind gives our hero fame,
And thro' th' obliged world dilates his name.
The Prophet once to cruel Agag ſaid,
'As thy fierce ſword has mothers childleſs made,
So ſhall the ſword make thine;' and with that word
He hew'd the man in pieces with his ſword:

* Timanthes. † Cyparifſus.

Juſt Charles like meaſure has return'd to theſe
Whoſe Pagan hands had ſtain'd the troubled ſeas;
With ſhips they made the ſpoiled merchants mourn;
With ſhips their city and themſelves are torn.
One ſquadron of our winged caſtles ſent,
O'erthrew their fort, and all their navy rent:
For not content the dangers to increaſe,
And act the part of tempeſts in the ſeas,
Like hungry wolves, thoſe pirates from our ſhore
Whole flocks of ſheep, and raviſh'd cattle bore.
Safely they might on other nations prey,
Fools to provoke the Sov'reign of the ſea!
Mad Cacus ſo, whom like ill fate perſuades,
The herd of fair Alcmena's ſeed invades,
Who, for revenge, and mortals' glad relief,
Sack'd the dark cave, and cruſh'd that horrid thief.
Morocco's monarch, wondering at this fact,
Save that his preſence his affairs exact,
Had come in perſon to have ſeen and known
The injur'd world's revenger and his own.
Hither he ſends the chief among his peers,
Who in his bark proportion'd preſents bears;
To the renown'd for piety and force,
Poor captives manumis'd, and matchleſs horſe.

UPON HIS MAJESTY's
REPAIRING OF ST. PAUL's

THAT ſhipwreck'd veſſel which th' Apoſtle bore,
Scarce ſuffer'd more upon Melita's ſhore,
Than did his temple in the ſea of time,
Our nation's glory, and our nation's crime.
When firſt the Monarch † of this happy iſle,
Mov'd with the ruin of ſo brave a pile,
The work of coſt and piety begun,
To be accompliſh'd by his glorious ſon,
Who all that came within the ample thought
Of his wiſe ſire has to perfection brought;
He, like Amphion, makes thoſe quarries leap
Into fair figures from a confus'd heap;

† King James I.

For in his art of regiment is found
A pow'r like that of harmony in ſound.
Thoſe antique minſtrels ſure were Charles-like kings,
Cities their lutes, and ſubjects' heart their ſtrings,
On which with ſo divine a hand they ſtrook,
Conſent of motion from their breath they took:
So all our minds with his conſpire to grace
The Gentiles' great apoſtle, and deface
Thoſe ſtate-obſcuring ſheds, that like a chain
Seem'd to confine and fetter him again;
Which the glad ſaint ſhakes off at his command,
As once the viper from his ſacred hand:
So joys the aged oak, when we divide
The creeping ivy from his injur'd ſide.
Ambition rather would affect the fame
Of ſome new ſtructure, to have borne her name.
Two diſtant virtues in one act we find,
The modeſty and greatneſs of his mind;
Which, not content to be above the rage
And injury of all-impairing age,
In its own worth ſecure, doth higher climb,
And things half ſwallow'd from the jaws of time
Reduce; an earneſt of his grand deſign,
To frame no new church, but the old refine;
Which ſpouſe-like, may with comely grace command,
More than by force of argument or hand.
For doubtful reaſon few can apprehend,
And war brings ruin where it ſhould amend;
But beauty, with a bloodleſs conqueſt, finds
A welcome ſov'reignty in rudeſt minds.
Not ought which Sheba's wond'ring queen beheld
Amongſt the works of Solomon, excell'd
His ſhips and building; emblems of a heart
Large both in magnanimity and art.
While the propitious heav'ns this work attend,
Long-wanted ſhowers they forget to ſend;
As if they meant to make it underſtood
Of more importance than our vital food.
The ſun which riſeth to ſalute the quire
Already finiſh'd, ſetting ſhall admire

How private bounty could ſo far extend:
The King built all, but Charles the weſtern end.
So proud a fabric to devotion giv'n,
At once it threatens and obliges heav'n!
Laomedon, that had the gods in pay,
Neptune, with him that rules the ſacred day,†
Could no ſuch ſtructure raiſe: Troy wall'd ſo high,
Th' Atrides might as well have forc'd the ſky.
Glad, tho' amazed, are our neighbour kings,
To ſee ſuch pow'r employ'd in peaceful things:
They liſt not urge it to the dreadful field;
The taſk is eaſier to deſtroy than build.

----- Sic gratia regum
Pieriis tentata modis.---Horat.

ON THE QUEEN.

THE lark, that ſhuns on lofty boughs to build
Her humble neſt, lies ſilent in the field;
But if (the promiſe of a cloudleſs day)
Aurora ſmiling bids her riſe and play,
Then ſtrait ſhe ſhews 'twas not for want of voice,
Or pow'r to climb, ſhe made ſo low a choice;
Singing ſhe mounts; her airy wings are ſtretch'd
Tow'rds heav'n, as if from heav'n her note ſhe fetch'd.
So we, retiring from the buſy throng,
Uſe to reſtrain th' ambition of our ſong;
But ſince the light which now informs our age
Breaks from the court, indulgent to her rage,
Thither my Muſe, like bold Prometheus, flies,
To light her torch at Gloriana's eyes.
Thoſe ſov'reign beams which heal the wounded ſoul,
And all our cares, but once beheld, controul!
There the poor lover, that has long endur'd
Some proud nymph's ſcorn, of his fond paſſion cur'd,
Fares like the man who firſt upon the ground
A glow-worm ſpy'd, ſuppoſing he had found
A moving diamond, a breathing ſtone;
For life it had, and like thoſe jewels ſhone;
He held it dear, 'till by the ſpringing day
Inform'd, he threw the worthleſs worm away.

† Apollo.

She ſaves the lover, as we gangrenes ſtay,
By cutting hope, like a lopp'd limb, away:
This makes her bleeding patients to accuſe
High Heav'n, and theſe expoſtulations uſe:
" Could Nature then no private woman grace,
" Whom we might dare to love, with ſuch a face,
" Such a complexion, and ſo radiant eyes,
" Such lovely motion, and ſuch ſharp replies?
" Beyond our reach, and yet within our ſight,
" What envious pow'r has plac'd this glorious light?"
Thus in a ſtarry night fond children cry
For the rich ſpangles that adorn the ſky,
Which, tho' they ſhine for ever fixed there,
With light and influence relieve us here.
All her affections are to one inclin'd;
Her bounty and compaſſion to mankind;
To whom, while ſhe ſo far extends her grace,
She makes but good the promiſe of her face:
For Mercy has, could Mercy's ſelf be ſeen,
No ſweeter look than this propitious queen.
Such guard and comfort the diſtreſſed find
From her large pow'r, and from her larger mind,
That whom ill Fate would ruin it prefers,
For all the miſerable are made her's.
So the fair tree, whereon the eagle builds,
Poor ſheep from tempeſts, and their ſhepherds, ſhields:
The royal bird poſſeſſes all the boughs,
But ſhade and ſhelter to the flock allows.
Joy of our age, and ſafety of the next;
For which ſo oft' thy fertile womb is vext;
Nobly contented, for the public good,
To waſte thy ſpirits and diffuſe thy blood,
What vaſt hopes may theſe iſlands entertain,
Where monarchs, thus deſcended, are to reign?
Led by commanders of ſo fair a line,
Our ſeas no longer ſhall our pow'r confine.
A brave romance who would exactly frame,
Firſt brings his knight from ſome immortal dame,
And then a weapon and a flaming ſhield,
Bright as his mother's eyes, he makes him wield.

None might the mother of Achilles be,
But the fair pearl and glory of the sea:†
The man to whom great Maro gives such fame,‡
From the high bed of heav'nly Venus came;
And our next Charles, whom all the stars design
Like wonders to accomplish, springs from thine.

THE APOLOGY OF SLEEP

For not approaching the Lady who can do any thing but sleep when she pleaseth.

MY charge it is those breaches to repair
Which Nature takes from sorrow, toil, and care:
Rest to the limbs, and quiet I confer
On troubled minds; but nought can add to her
Whom Heav'n and her transcendent thoughts have placed
Above those ills which wretched mortals taste.
Bright as the deathless gods, and happy, she
From all that may infringe delight is free;
Love at her royal feet his quiver lays,
And not his mother with more haste obeys.
Such real pleasures, such true joys suspense,
What dream can I present to recompense?
Should I with lightning fill her awful hand,
And make the clouds seem all at her command,
Or place her in Olympus' top, a guest
Among th' immortals, who with nectar feast,
That pow'r wou'd seem, that entertainment, short
Of the true splendour of her present court,
Where all the joys, and all the glories, are
Of three great kingdoms, sever'd from the care,
I, that of fumes and humid vapours made,
Ascending, do the seat of sense invade,
No cloud in so serene a mansion find,
To overcast her ever-shining mind,
Which holds resemblance with those spotless skies
Where flowing Nilus want of rain supplies;
That crystal heav'n, where Phœbus never shrouds
His golden beams, nor wraps his face in clouds.

† Thetis. ‡ Æneas.

But what ſo hard which numbers cannot force?
So ſtoops the moon, and rivers change their courſe.
The bold Mæonian † made me dare to ſteep
Jove's dreadful temples in the dew of ſleep;
And ſince the Muſes do invoke my pow'r,
I ſhall no more decline that ſacred bow'r
Where Gloriana, their great miſtreſs, lies,
But gently taming thoſe victorious eyes,
Charm all her ſenſes, till the joyful ſun
Without a rival half his courſe has run:
Who, while my hand that fairer light confines,
May boaſt himſelf the brighteſt thing that ſhines.

PUERPERIUM.

YE gods, that have the pow'r
To trouble and compoſe
All that's beneath your bow'r,
Calm ſilence on the ſeas, on earth impoſe.

Fair Venus! in thy ſoft arms
The God of Rage confine;
For thy whiſpers are the charms
Which only can divert his fierce deſign.

What tho' he frown, and to tumult do incline?
Thou the flame
Kindled in his breaſt canſt tame
With that ſnow which unmelted lies on thine.

Great Goddeſs! give this thy ſacred iſland reſt;
Make heav'n ſmile,
That no ſtorm diſturb us while
Thy chief care, our halcyon, builds her neſt.

Great Gloriana! fair Gloriana!
Bright as high heav'n is, and fertile as earth,
Whoſe beauty relieves us,
Whoſe royal bed gives us
Both glory and peace,
Our preſent joy, and all our hopes increaſe.

† Homer.

THE COUNTESS OF CARLISLE
IN MOURNING.

WHEN from black clouds no part of ſky is clear,
But juſt ſo much as lets the ſun appear,
Heav'n then would ſeem thy image, and reflect
Thoſe ſable veſtments and that bright aſpect.
A ſpark of virtue by the deepeſt ſhade
Of ſad adverſity is fairer made;
Nor leſs advantage doth thy beauty get,
A Venus riſing from a ſea of jet!
Such was th' appearance of new-formed Light,
While yet it ſtruggled with eternal Night.
Then mourn no more, leſt thou admit increaſe
Of glory by thy noble Lord's deceaſe.
We find not that the laughter-loving dame†
Mourn'd for Anchiſes; 'twas enough ſhe came
To grace the mortal with her deathleſs bed,
And that his living eyes ſuch beauty fed:
Had ſhe been there, untimely joy thro' all
Men's hearts diffus'd, had marr'd the funeral.
Thoſe eyes were made to baniſh grief: as well
Bright Phœbus might affect in ſhades to dwell,
As they to put on ſorrow: nothing ſtands,
But pow'r to grieve, exempt from thy commands.
If thou lament, thou muſt do ſo alone;
Grief in thy preſence can lay hold of none.
Yet ſtill perſiſt the memory to love
Of that great Mercury of our mighty Jove,
Who, by the pow'r of his enchanting tongue,
Swords from the hands of threat'ning monarchs wrung.
War he prevented, or ſoon made it ceaſe,
Inſtructing princes in the arts of peace;
Such as made Sheba's curious queen reſort
To the large-hearted Hebrew's ‡ famous court.
Had Homer ſat amongſt his wond'ring gueſts,
He might have learn'd, at thoſe ſtupendous feaſts,
With greater bounty, and more ſacred ſtate,
The banquets of the gods to celebrate.

† Venus. ‡ Solomon.

But, oh! what elocution might he uſe,
What potent charms, that could ſo ſoon infuſe
His abſent maſter's love into the heart
Of Henrietta! forcing her to part
From her lov'd brother, country, and the ſun,
And, like Camilla, o'er the waves to run
Into his arms? while the Pariſian dames
Mourn for the raviſh'd glory; at her flames
No leſs amaz'd than the amazed ſtars,
When the bold charmer of Theſſalia wars
With Heav'n itſelf, and numbers does repeat,
Which call deſcending Cynthia from her ſeat.

In anſwer to one who writ a Libel againſt the
COUNTESS OF CARLISLE.

WHAT fury has provok'd thy wit to dare,
With Diomede, to wound the Queen of Love?
Thy miſtreſs' envy, or thine own deſpair?
Not the juſt Pallas in thy breaſt did move
So blind a rage, with ſuch a diff'rent fate;
He honour won where thou haſt purchas'd hate.

She gave aſſiſtance to his Trojan foe;
Thou, that without a rival thou may'ſt love,
Doſt to the beauty of this Lady owe,
While after her the gazing world does move.
Canſt thou not be content to love alone?
Or is thy miſtreſs not content with one?

Haſt thou not read of Fairy Arthur's ſhield,
Which but diſclos'd amaz'd the weaker eyes
Of proudeſt foes, and won the doubtful field?
So ſhall thy rebel wit become her prize.
Should thy Iambicks ſwell into a book,
All were confuted with one radiant look.

Heav'n he oblig'd that plac'd her in the ſkies;
Rewarding Phœbus for inſpiring ſo
His noble brain, by likening to thoſe eyes
His joyful beams; but Phœbus is thy foe,
And neither aids thy fancy nor thy fight,
So ill thou rhym'ſt againſt ſo fair a light.

ON HER CHAMBER.

THEY taſte of death that do at heav'n arrive,
But we this paradiſe approach alive.
Inſtead of Death, the dart of Love does ſtrike,
And renders all within theſe walls alike.
The high in titles, and the ſhepherd, here
Forgets his greatneſs, and forgets his fear.
All ſtand amaz'd, and gazing on the fair,
Loſe thought of what themſelves or others are:
Ambition loſe, and have no other ſcope,
Save Carliſle's favour, to employ their hope.
The Thracian * could (tho' all thoſe tales were true
The bold Greeks tell) no greater wonders do:
Before his feet ſo ſheep and lions lay,
Fearleſs and wrathleſs while they heard him play.
The gay, the wiſe, the gallant, and the grave,
Subdu'd alike, all but one paſſion have:
No worthy mind but finds in her's there is
Something proportion'd to the rule of his:
While ſhe with cheerful, but impartial grace,
(Born for no one, but to delight the race
Of men) like Phœbus ſo divides her light,
And warms us, that ſhe ſtoops not from her height.

ON MY LADY DOROTHY SIDNEY'S PICTURE.

SUCH was Philoclea, and ſuch Dorus' † flame!
The matchleſs Sidney,‡ that immortal frame
Of perfect beauty, on two pillars plac'd,
Not his high fancy could one pattern, grac'd
With ſuch extremes of excellence, compoſe
Wonders ſo diſtant in one face diſcloſe!
Such cheerful modeſty, ſuch humble ſtate,
Moves certain love, but with as doubtful fate
As when, beyond our greedy reach, we ſee
Inviting fruit on too ſublime a tree.
All the rich flow'rs thro' his Arcadia found,
Amaz'd we ſee in this one garland bound.

* Orpheus. † Pamela. ‡ Sir Philip Sidney.

Had but this copy (which the artiſt took
From the fair picture of that noble book)
Stood at Kalander's, the brave friends * had jarr'd,
And, rivals made, th' enſuing ſtory marr'd.
Juſt Nature, firſt inſtructed by his thought,
In his own houſe thus practis'd what he taught:
This glorious piece tranſcends what he could think,
So much his blood is nobler than his ink!

AT PENSHURST.

HAD Dorothea liv'd when mortals made
Choice of their deities, this ſacred ſhade
Had held an altar to her pow'r, that gave
The peace and glory which theſe alleys have;
Embroider'd ſo with flowers where ſhe ſtood,
That it became a garden of a wood.
Her preſence has ſuch more than human grace,
That it can civilize the rudeſt place;
And beauty too, and order, can impart,
Where nature ne'er intended it, nor art.
The plants acknowledge this, and her admire,
No leſs than thoſe of old did Orpheus' lyre.
If ſhe ſit down, with tops all tow'rds her bow'd,
They round about her into arbours crowd;
Or if ſhe walk, in even ranks they ſtand,
Like ſome well-marſhall'd and obſequious band.
Amphion ſo made ſtones and timber leap
Into fair figures from a confus'd heap:
And in the ſymmetry' of her parts is found
A pow'r like that of harmony in ſound.
Ye lofty Beeches! tell this matchleſs dame,
That if together ye fed all one flame,
It could not equalize the hundredth part
Of what her eyes have kindled in my heart!—
Go, Boy, and carve this paſſion on the bark
Of yonder tree, which ſtands the ſacred mark
Of noble Sidney's birth; when ſuch benign,
Such more than mortal-making ſtars did ſhine,

* Pyrocles and Muſidorus.

That there they cannot but for ever prove
The monument and pledge of humble love;
His humble love whoſe hope ſhall ne'er riſe higher
Than for a pardon that he dares admire.

ON THE LADY
WHO CAN SLEEP WHEN SHE PLEASES.

NO wonder Sleep from careful lovers flies,
To bathe himſelf in Sachariſſa's eyes.
As fair Aſtræa once from earth to heav'n,
By ſtrife and loud impiety was driv'n,
So with our plaints offended, and our tears,
Wiſe Somnus to that paradiſe repairs;
Waits on her will, and wretches does forſake,
To court the nymph for whom thoſe wretches wake.
More proud than Phœbus of his throne of gold,
Is the ſoft God thoſe ſofter limbs to hold;
Nor would exchange with Jove, to hide the ſkies
In dark'ning clouds, the pow'r to cloſe her eyes;
Eyes which ſo far all other lights controul,
They warm our mortal parts, but theſe our ſoul!
Let her free ſpirit, whoſe unconquer'd breaſt
Holds ſuch deep quiet and untroubled reſt,
Know that tho' Venus and her ſon ſhould ſpare
Her rebel heart, and never teach her care,
Yet Hymen may in force his vigils keep,
And for another's joy ſuſpend her ſleep.

ON THE MISREPORT
OF HER BEING PAINTED.

AS when a ſort of wolves infeſt the night
With their wild howlings at fair Cynthia's light,
The noiſe may chaſe ſweet ſlumber from our eyes,
But never reach the miſtreſs of the ſkies;
So with the news of Sachariſſa's wrongs,
Her vexed ſervants blame thoſe envious tongues;
Call Love to witneſs that no painted fire
Can ſcorch men ſo, or kindle ſuch deſire;
While, unconcerned, ſhe ſeems mov'd no more
With this new malice than our loves before;

But from the height of her great mind looks down
On both our paſſions without ſmile or frown.
So little care of what is done below
Hath the bright dame whom Heav'n affecteth ſo!
Paints her, 'tis true, with the ſame hand which ſpreads
Like glorious colours thro' the flow'ry meads,
When laviſh Nature, with her beſt attire,
Clothes the gay ſpring, the ſeaſon of deſire.
Paints her, 'tis true, and does her cheek adorn
With the ſame art wherewith ſhe paints the morn;
With the ſame art wherewith ſhe gildeth ſo
Thoſe painted clouds which form Thaumantias' bow.

ON HER PASSING
THROUGH A CROWD OF PEOPLE.

AS in old chaos (heav'n with earth confus'd,
And ſtars with rocks together cruſh'd and bruis'd)
The ſun his light no further could extend
Than the next hill, which on his ſhoulders lean'd;
So in this throng bright Sachariſſa far'd,
Oppreſs'd by thoſe who ſtrove to be her guard;
As ſhips, tho' never ſo obſequious, fall
Foul in a tempeſt on their admiral.
A greater favour this diſorder brought
Unto her ſervants than their awful thought
Durſt entertain, when thus compell'd they preſt
The yielding marble of her ſnowy breaſt,
While love inſults, diſguiſed in the cloud,
And welcome force of that unruly crowd.
So th' amorous tree, while yet the air is calm,
Juſt diſtance keeps from his deſired palm;
But when the wind her raviſh'd branches throws
Into his arms, and mingles all their boughs,
Tho' loath he ſeems her tender leaves to preſs,
More loath he is that friendly ſtorm ſhould ceaſe,
From whoſe rude bounty he the double uſe
At once receives, of pleaſure and excuſe.

THE STORY OF
PHOEBUS AND DAPHNE
APPLIED.

THYRSIS, a youth of the inſpired train,
Fair Sachariſſa lov'd, but lov'd in vain:
Like Phœbus ſung the no leſs am'rous boy;
Like Daphne ſhe, as lovely, and as coy!
With numbers he the flying nymph purſues,
With numbers ſuch as Phœbus' ſelf might uſe!
Such is the chaſe when Love and Fancy leads
O'er craggy mountains, and thro' flow'ry meads;
Invok'd to teſtify the lover's care,
Or form ſome image of his cruel fair.
Urg'd with his fury, like a wounded deer,
O'er theſe he fled; and now approaching near,
Had reach'd the nymph with his harmonious lay,
Whom all his charms could not incline to ſtay.
Yet what he ſung in his immortal ſtrain,
Tho' unſucceſsful, was not ſung in vain:
All but the nymph that ſhould redreſs his wrong,
Attend his paſſion, and approve his ſong.
Like Phœbus thus, acquiring unſought praiſe,
He catch'd at love, and fill'd his arms with bays.

FABULA PHOEBI ET DAPHNES.

ARCADIÆ juvenis Thyrſis, Phœbique ſacerdos,
Ingenti fruſtra Sachariſſæ ardebat amore.
Haud Deus ipſe olim Daphni majora canebat;
Nec fuit aſperior Daphne, nec pulchrior illâ:
Carminibus Phœbo dignis premit ille fugacem
Per rupes, per ſaxa, volans per florida vates
Paſcua: formoſam nunc his componere nympham,
Nunc illis crudelem inſanâ mente ſolebat.
Audîît illa procul miſerum, cytharamque ſonantem;
Audîît, at nullis reſpexit mota querelis!
Ne tamen omnino caneret deſertus, ad alta
Sidera perculſi referunt nova carmina montes.
Sic, non quæſitis cumulatus laudibus, olim
Elapsâ reperit Daphne ſua laurea Phœbus.

AT PENSHURST.

WHILE in this park I ſing, the liſt'ning deer
Attend my paſſion, and forget to fear;
When to the beeches I report my flame,
They bow their heads, as if they felt the ſame.
To gods appealing, when I reach their bow'rs
With loud complaints, they anſwer me in ſhow'rs.
To thee a wild and cruel ſoul is giv'n,
More deaf than trees, and prouder than the heav'n!
Love's foe profeſs'd! why doſt thou falſely feign
Thyſelf a Sydney? from which noble ſtrain
He ſprung,* that could ſo far exalt the name
Of Love, and warm our nation with his flame;
That all we can of love or high deſire,
Seems but the ſmoke of am'rous Sidney's fire.
Nor call her mother who ſo well does prove
One breaſt may hold both chaſtity and love.
Never can ſhe, that ſo exceeds the ſpring
In joy and bounty, be ſuppos'd to bring
One ſo deſtructive. To no human ſtock
We owe this fierce unkindneſs, but the rock;
That cloven rock produc'd thee, by whoſe ſide
Nature, to recompenſe the fatal pride
Of ſuch ſtern beauty, plac'd thoſe healing ſprings†
Which not more help than that deſtruction brings.
Thy heart no ruder than the rugged ſtone,
I might, like Orpheus, with my num'rous moan
Melt to compaſſion: now my trait'rous ſong
With thee conſpires to do the finger wrong;
While thus I ſuffer not myſelf to loſe
The memory of what augments my woes;
But with my own breath ſtill foment the fire,
Which flames as high as fancy can aſpire!
This laſt complaint th' indulgent ears did pierce
Of juſt Apollo, preſident of verſe;
Highly concerned that the Muſe ſhould bring
Damage to one whom he had taught to ſing:

* Sir Philip Sidney. † Tunbridge-Wells.

Thus he advis'd me: "On yon' aged tree
"Hang up thy lute, and hie thee to the ſea,
"That there with wonders thy diverted mind
"Some truce, at leaſt, may with this paſſion find."
Ah, cruel Nymph! from whom her humble ſwain
Flies for relief unto the raging main,
And from the winds and tempeſts does expect
A milder fate than from her cold neglect!
Yet there he'll pray that the unkind may prove
Bleſt in her choice; and vows this endleſs love
Springs from no hope of what ſhe can confer,
But from thoſe gifts which Heav'n has heap'd on her.

ON THE FRIENDSHIP BETWIXT SACHARISSA AND AMORET.

TELL me, lovely, loving Pair!
Why ſo kind, and ſo ſevere?
Why ſo careleſs of our care,
Only to yourſelves ſo dear?

By this cunning change of hearts,
You the pow'r of Love controul,
While the Boy's deluded darts
Can arrive at neither ſoul.

For in vain to either breaſt
Still beguiled Love does come,
Where he finds a foreign gueſt,
Neither of your hearts at home.

Debtors thus with like deſign,
When they never mean to pay,
That they may the law decline,
To ſome friend make all away.

Not the ſilver doves that fly,
Yok'd in Cytherea's car,
Not the wings that lift ſo high,
And convey her ſon ſo far,

Are ſo lovely, ſweet, and fair,
Or do more ennoble love;
Are ſo choicely match'd a pair,
Or with more conſent do move.

A LA MALADE.

AH, lovely Amoret! the care
Of all that know what's good or fair!
Is heav'n become our rival too?
Had the rich gifts conferr'd on you
So amply thence, the common end
Of giving lovers—to pretend?
Hence to this pining ſickneſs (meant
To weary thee to a conſent
Of leaving us) no pow'r is giv'n
Thy beauties to impair: for Heav'n
Solicits thee with ſuch a care,
As roſes from their ſtalks we tear,
When we would ſtill preſerve them new
And freſh as on the buſh they grew.
With ſuch a grace you entertain,
And look with ſuch contempt on pain,
That languiſhing you conquer more,
And wound us deeper than before.
So lightnings which in ſtorms appear
Scorch more than when the ſkies are clear.
And as pale ſickneſs does invade
Your frailer part, the breaches made
In that fair lodging, ſtill more clear
Make the bright gueſt, your ſoul, appear.
So nymphs o'er pathleſs mountains borne,
Their light robes by the brambles torn,
From their fair limbs, expoſing new
And unknown beauties to the view
Of following gods, increaſe their flame,
And haſte to catch the flying game.

UPON THE DEATH
OF MY LADY RICH.

MAY thoſe already curs'd Eſſexian plains,
Where haſty death and pining ſickneſs reigns,
Prove all a deſert! and none there make ſtay,
But ſavage beaſts, or men as wild as they!
There the fair light which all our iſland grac'd,
Like Hero's taper in the window plac'd,
Such fate from the malignant air did find,
As that expoſed to the boiſt'rous wind.
Ah, cruel Heav'n! to ſnatch ſo ſoon away
Her for whoſe life, had we had time to pray,
With thouſand vows and tears we ſhould have ſought
That ſad decree's ſuſpenſion to have wrought.
But we, alas, no whiſper of her pain
Heard, till 'twas ſin to wiſh her here again.
That horrid word, at once, like lightning ſpread,
Strook all our ears,—The Lady Rich is dead!
Heart-rending news! and dreadful to thoſe few
Who her reſemble, and her ſteps purſue;
That Death ſhould licenſe have to range among
The fair, the wiſe, the virtuous, and the young!
The Paphian Queen* from that fierce battle borne,
With gored hand, and veil ſo rudely torn,
Like terror did among th' immortals breed,
Taught by her wound that goddeſſes may bleed.
All ſtand amazed! but beyond the reſt
Th' heroic dame† whoſe happy womb ſhe bleſt,
Mov'd with juſt grief, expoſtulates with Heav'n,
Urging the promiſe to th' obſequious giv'n,
Of longer life; for ne'er was pious ſoul
More apt t' obey, more worthy to controul.
A ſkilful eye at once might read the race
Of Caledonian monarchs in her face,
And ſweet humility: her look and mind
At once were lofty, and at once were kind.
There dwelt the ſcorn of vice, and pity too,
For thoſe that did what ſhe diſdain'd to do:

* Venus. † Chriſtian, Counteſs of Devonſhire.

So gentle and ſevere, that what was bad,
At once her hatred and her pardon had.
Gracious to all; but where her love was due,
So faſt, ſo faithful, loyal, and ſo true,
That a bold hand as ſoon might hope to force
The rolling lights of heav'n as change her courſe.
Some happy angel, that beholds her there,
Inſtruct us to record what ſhe was here!
And when this cloud of ſorrow 's overblown,
Thro' the wide world we'll make her graces known.
So freſh the wound is, and the grief ſo vaſt,
That all our art and pow'r of ſpeech is waſte.
Here paſſion ſways, but there the Muſe ſhall raiſe
Eternal monuments of louder praiſe.
There our delight complying with her fame,
Shall have occaſion to recite thy name,
Fair Sachariſſa!—and now only fair!
To ſacred friendſhip we'll an altar rear,
(Such as the Romans did erect of old,)
Where on a marble pillar ſhall be told
The lovely paſſion each to other bare,
With the reſemblance of that matchleſs pair.
Narciſſus to the thing for which he pin'd
Was not more like than your's to her fair mind,
Save that ſhe grac'd the ſev'ral parts of life,
A ſpotleſs virgin, and a faultleſs wife.
Such was the ſweet converſe 'twixt her and you,
As that ſhe holds with her aſſociates now.
How falſe is Hope, and how regardleſs Fate,
That ſuch a love ſhould have ſo ſhort a date!
Lately I ſaw her, ſighing, part from thee;
(Alas! that that the laſt farewel ſhould be!)
So look'd Aſtræa, her remove deſign'd,
On thoſe diſtreſſed friends ſhe left behind.
Conſent in virtue knit your hearts ſo faſt,
That ſtill the knot, in ſpite of death, does laſt;
For as your tears and ſorrow-wounded ſoul,
Prove well that on your part this bond is whole,
So all we know of what they do above,
Is that they happy are, and that they love.

Let dark oblivion, and the hollow grave,
Content themſelves our frailer thoughts to have:
Well choſen love is never taught to die,
But with our nobler part invades the ſky.
Then grieve no more that one ſo heav'nly ſhap'd
The crooked hand of trembling Age eſcap'd:
Rather, ſince we beheld her not decay,
But that ſhe vaniſh'd ſo entire away,
Her wondrous beauty and her goodneſs merit
We ſhould ſuppoſe that ſome propitious ſpirit
In that celeſtial form frequented here,
And is not dead, but ceaſes to appear.

ON LOVE.

ANGER, in haſty words or blows,
Itſelf diſcharges on our foes;
And ſorrow, too, finds ſome relief
In tears, which wait upon our grief:
So ev'ry paſſion, but fond love,
Unto its own redreſs does move;
But that alone the wretch inclines
To what prevents his own deſigns;
Makes him lament, and ſigh, and weep,
Diſorder'd, tremble, fawn, and creep;
Poſtures which render him deſpis'd,
Where he endeavours to be priz'd.
For women (born to be control'd)
Stoop to the forward and the bold;
Affect the haughty and the proud,
The gay, the frolic, and the loud.
Who firſt the gen'rous ſteed oppreſt,
Not kneeling did ſalute the beaſt;
But with high courage, life, and force,
Approaching, tam'd th' unruly horſe.
Unwiſely we the wiſer Eaſt
Pity, ſuppoſing them oppreſt
With tyrants' force, whoſe law is will,
By which they govern, ſpoil, and kill:
Each nymph, but moderately fair,
Commands with no leſs rigour here.

Should ſome brave Turk, that walks among
His twenty laſſes, bright and young,
And beckons to the willing dame,
Preferr'd to quench his preſent flame,
Behold as many gallants here,
With modeſt guiſe and ſilent fear,
All to one female idol bend,
While her high pride does ſcarce deſcend
To mark their follies, he would ſwear
That theſe her guard of eunuchs were,
And that a more majeſtic queen,
Or humbler ſlaves, he had not ſeen.
All this with indignation ſpoke,
In vain I ſtruggled with the yoke
Of mighty Love: that conqu'ring look,
When next beheld, like lightning ſtrook
My blaſted ſoul, and made me bow
Lower than thoſe I pity'd now.
So the tall ſtag, upon the brink
Of ſome ſmooth ſtream about to drink,
Surveying there his armed head,
With ſhame remembers that he fled
The ſcorned dogs, reſolves to try
The combat next; but if their cry
Invades again his trembling ear,
He ſtrait reſumes his wonted care,
Leaves the untaſted ſpring behind,
And, wing'd with fear, outflies the wind.

FOR DRINKING OF HEALTHS.

LET brutes and vegetals, that cannot think,
So far as drought and nature urges, drink;
A more indulgent miſtreſs guides our ſp'rits,
Reaſon, that dares beyond our appetites:
She would our care as well as thirſt redreſs,
And with divinity reward exceſs.
Deſerted Ariadne, thus ſupply'd,
Did perjur'd Theſeus' cruelty deride:
Bacchus embrac'd, from her exalted thought
Baniſh'd the man, her paſſion, and his fault.

Bacchus and Phœbus are by Jove ally'd,
And each by other's timely heat ſupply'd:
All that the grapes owe to his rip'ning fires
Is paid in numbers which their juice inſpires.
Wine fills the veins, and healths are underſtood
To give our friends a title to our blood:
Who, naming me, doth warm his courage ſo,
Shews for my ſake what his bold hand would do.

ON MY LADY ISABELLA
PLAYING ON THE LUTE.

SUCH moving ſounds from ſuch a careleſs touch!
So unconcern'd herſelf, and we ſo much!
What art is this, that with ſo little pains
Tranſports us thus, and o'er our ſpirits reigns?
The trembling ſtrings about her fingers crowd,
And tell their joy for ev'ry kiſs aloud.
Small force there needs to make them tremble ſo:
Touch'd by that hand, who would not tremble too?
Here Love takes ſtand, and while ſhe charms the ear,
Empties his quiver on the liſt'ning deer.
Muſic ſo ſoftens and diſarms the mind,
That not an arrow does reſiſtance find.
Thus the fair tyrant celebrates the prize,
And acts herſelf the triumph of her eyes:
So Nero once, with harp in hand, ſurvey'd
His flaming Rome, and as it burn'd he play'd.

ON MRS. ARDEN.

BEHOLD, and liſten, while the fair
Breaks in ſweet ſounds the willing air,
And with her own breath fans the fire
Which her bright eyes do firſt inſpire.
What reaſon can that love controul
Which more than one way courts the ſoul?
So when a flaſh of lightning falls
On our abodes, the danger calls
For human aid, which hopes the flame
To conquer, tho' from heav'n it came;
But if the winds with that conſpire,
Men ſtrive not, but deplore the fire.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF THE DWARFS.

DESIGN or Chance makes others wive,
But Nature did this match contrive:
Eve might as well have Adam fled,
As ſhe deny'd her little bed
To him, for whom Heav'n ſeem'd to frame
And meaſure out this only dame.
Thrice happy is that humble pair,
Beneath the level of all care!
Over whoſe heads thoſe arrows fly
Of ſad diſtruſt and jealouſy;
Secured in as high extreme,
As if the world held none but them.
To him the faireſt nymphs do ſhow
Like moving mountains topp'd with ſnow;
And ev'ry man a Polypheme
Does to his Galatea ſeem:
None may preſume her faith to prove;
He proffers death that proffers love.
Ah! Chloris! that kind Nature thus
From all the world had ſever'd us;
Creating for ourſelves us two,
As Love has me for only you!

LOVE'S FAREWELL.

TREADING the path to nobler ends,
A long farewell to love I gave,
Reſolv'd my country and my friends
All that remain'd of me ſhould have.

And this reſolve no mortal dame,
None but thoſe eyes could have o'erthrown;
The nymph I dare not, need not name,
So high, ſo like herſelf alone.

Thus the tall oak, which now aſpires
Above the fear of private fires,
Grown and deſign'd for nobler uſe,
Not to make warm, but build the houſe,
Tho' from our meaner flames ſecure,
Muſt that which falls from heav'n endure.

FROM A CHILD.

MADAM, as in ſome climes the warmer ſun
Makes it full ſummer e'er the ſpring's begun,
And with ripe fruit the bending boughs can load,
Before our violets dare look abroad;
So meaſure not by any common uſe
The early love your brighter eyes produce.
When lately your fair hand in woman's weed
Wrapp'd my glad head, I wiſh'd me ſo indeed,
That haſty time might never make me grow
Out of thoſe favours you afford me now;
That I might ever ſuch indulgence find,
And you not bluſh, or think yourſelf too kind;
Who now, I fear, while I theſe joys expreſs,
Begin to think how you may make them leſs.
The ſound of love makes your ſoft heart afraid,
And guard itſelf, tho' but a child invade,
And innocently at your white breaſt throw
A dart as white, a ball of new fall'n ſnow.

ON A GIRDLE.

THAT which her ſlender waiſt confin'd
Shall now my joyful temples bind:
No monarch but would give his crown,
His arms might do what this has done.
It was my heav'n's extremeſt ſphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer;
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move!
A narrow compaſs! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair.
Give me but what this ribband bound,
Take all the reſt the ſun goes round.

THE FALL.

SEE! how the willing earth gave way,
To take th' impreſſion where ſhe lay.
See! how the mould, as loath to leave
So ſweet a burden, ſtill doth cleave

Close to the nymph's stain'd garment. Here
The coming spring would first appear,
And all this place with roses strow,
If busy feet would let them grow.
Here Venus smil'd to see blind Chance
Itself before her son advance,
And a fair image to present,
Of what the Boy so long had meant.
'Twas such a chance as this made all
The world into this order fall;
Thus the first lovers, on the clay,
Of which they were composed, lay.
So in their prime, with equal grace,
Met the first patterns of our race.
Then blush not, Fair! or on him frown,
Or wonder how you both came down;
But touch him, and he'll tremble strait;
How could he then support your weight?
How could the youth, alas! but bend,
When his whole heav'n upon him lean'd?
If aught by him amiss were done,
'Twas that he let you rise so soon.

ON SYLVIA.

OUR sighs are heard; just Heav'n declares
The sense it has of lovers' cares:
She that so far the rest outshin'd,
Sylvia the fair, while she was kind,
As if her frowns impair'd her brow,
Seems only not unhandsome now;
So when the sky makes us endure
A storm, itself becomes obscure.

Hence 'tis that I conceal my flame,
Hiding from Flavia's self her name,
Lest she, provoking Heav'n, should prove
How it rewards neglected love.
Better a thousand such as I,
Their grief untold, should pine and die,
Than her bright morning, overcast
With sullen clouds, should be defac'd.

THE BUD.

LATELY on yonder ſwelling buſh,
Big with many a coming roſe,
This early bud began to bluſh,
And did but half itſelf diſcloſe:
I pluck'd it tho' no better grown,
And now you ſee how full 'tis blown.

Still as I did the leaves inſpire,
With ſuch a purple light they ſhone,
As if they had been made of fire,
And ſpreading ſo would flame anon.
All that was meant by air or ſun,
To the young flow'r, my breath has done.

If our looſe breath ſo much can do,
What may the ſame in forms of love,
Of pureſt love and muſic too,
When Flavia it aſpires to move?
When that which lifeleſs buds perſuades
To wax more ſoft her youth invades?

ON THE DISCOVERY OF A LADY'S PAINTING.

PYGMALION's fate revers'd is mine;
His marble love took fleſh and blood;
All that I worſhipp'd as divine,
That beauty! now 'tis underſtood
Appears to have no more of life
Than that whereof he fram'd his wife.

As women yet, who apprehend
Some ſudden cauſe of cauſeleſs fear,
Altho' that ſeeming cauſe take end,
And they behold no danger near,
A ſhaking thro' their limbs they find,
Like leaves ſaluted by the wind;

So tho' the beauty do appear
No beauty, which amaz'd me ſo;
Yet from my breaſt I cannot tear
The paſſion which from thence did grow;
Nor yet out of my fancy raſe
The print of that ſuppoſed face.

A real beauty, tho' too near,
The fond Narciſſus did admire:
I dote on that which is no where;
The ſign of beauty feeds my fire.
No mortal flame was e'er ſo cruel
As this, which thus ſurvives the fuel!

ON LOVING AT FIRST SIGHT.

NOT caring to obſerve the wind,
Or the new ſea explore,
Snatch'd from myſelf, how far behind
Already I behold the ſhore!

May not a thouſand dangers ſleep
In the ſmooth boſom of the deep?
No: 'tis ſo rockleſs and ſo clear,
That the rich bottom does appear
Pav'd all with precious things; not torn
From ſhipwreck'd veſſels, but there born.

Sweetneſs, truth, and ev'ry grace,
Which time and uſe are wont to teach,
The eye may in a moment reach,
And read diſtinctly in her face.

Some other nymphs with colours faint,
And pencil ſlow, may Cupid paint,
And a weak heart in time deſtroy;
She has a ſtamp, and prints the Boy;
Can with a ſingle look inflame
The coldeſt breaſt, the rudeſt tame.

THE SELF-BANISHED.

IT is not that I love you leſs
Than when before your feet I lay,
But to prevent the ſad increaſe
Of hopeleſs love, I keep away.

In vain, alas! for ev'ry thing
Which I have known belong to you,
Your form does to my fancy bring,
And makes my old wounds bleed anew.

Who in the ſpring, from the new ſun,
Already has a fever got,
Too late begins thoſe ſhafts to ſhun,
Which Phœbus thro' his veins has ſhot:

Too late he would the pain aſſuage,
And to thick ſhadows does retire;
About with him he bears the rage,
And in his tainted blood the fire.

But vow'd I have, and never muſt
Your baniſh'd ſervant trouble you;
For if I break, you may miſtruſt
The vow I made—to love you too.

THYRSIS, GALATEA.

Thyrſis.

AS lately I on ſilver Thames did ride,
Sad Galatea on the bank I ſpy'd:
Such was her look as ſorrow taught to ſhine,
And thus ſhe grac'd me with a voice divine.

Gal. You that can tune your ſounding ſtrings ſo well,
Of ladies' beauties, and of love to tell,
Once change your note, and let your lute report
The juſteſt grief that ever touch'd the Court.

Thyr. Fair nymph! I have in your delights no ſhare,
Nor ought to be concerned in your care;
Yet would I ſing if I your ſorrows knew,
And to my aid invoke no Muſe but you.

Gal. Hear then, and let your ſong augment our grief,
Which is ſo great as not to wiſh relief.
She that had all which Nature gives, or Chance,
Whom Fortune join'd with Virtue to advance
To all the joys this iſland could afford,
The greateſt miſtreſs, and the kindeſt lord;
Who with the royal mix'd her noble blood,
And in high grace with Gloriana ſtood;
Her bounty, ſweetneſs, beauty, goodneſs, ſuch,
That none e'er thought her happineſs too much;
So well inclin'd her favours to confer,
And kind to all, as Heav'n had been to her!
The virgin's part, the mother, and the wife,
So well ſhe acted in this ſpan of life,
That tho' few years (too few, alas!) ſhe told,
She ſeem'd in all things but in beauty old.
As unripe fruit, whoſe verdant ſtalks do cleave
Cloſe to the tree, which grieves no leſs to leave
The ſmiling pendant which adorns her ſo,
And until autumn on the bough ſhould grow;
So ſeem'd her youthful ſoul not eas'ly forc'd,
Or from ſo fair, ſo ſweet, a ſeat divorc'd:
Her fate at once did haſty ſeem and ſlow;
At once too cruel, and unwilling too.
Thyr. Under how hard a law are mortals born!
Whom now we envy, we anon muſt mourn:
What Heav'n ſets higheſt, and ſeems moſt to prize,
Is ſoon removed from our wond'ring eyes!
But ſince the Siſters * did ſo ſoon untwine
So fair a thread, I'll ſtrive to piece the line.
Vouchſafe, ſad Nymph! to let me know the dame,
And to the Muſes I'll commend her name:
Make the wide country echo to your moan,
The liſt'ning trees and ſavage mountains groan.
What rock's not moved, when the death is ſung
Of one ſo good, ſo lovely, and ſo young?
Gal. 'Twas Hamilton!—whom I had nam'd before,
But naming her, grief lets me ſay no more.

* Parcæ.

ON THE HEAD OF A STAG.

SO we ſome antique hero's ſtrength
Learn by his lance's weight and length;
As theſe vaſt beams expreſs the beaſt
Whoſe ſhady brows alive they dreſt.
Such game, while yet the world was new,
The mighty Nimrod did purſue.
What huntſman of our feeble race,
Or dogs, dare ſuch a monſter chaſe?
Reſembling, with each blow he ſtrikes,
The charge of a whole troop of pikes.
O fertile Head! which ev'ry year
Could ſuch a crop of wonder bear!
The teeming earth did never bring,
So ſoon, ſo hard, ſo huge a thing;
Which might it never have been caſt,
(Each year's growth added to the laſt,)
Theſe lofty branches had ſupply'd
The earth's bold ſons' prodigious pride:
Heav'n with theſe engines had been ſcal'd,
When mountains heap'd on mountains fail'd.

THE MISER'S SPEECH.

IN A MASK.

BALLS of this metal ſlack'd At'lanta's pace,
And on the am'rous youth * beſtow'd the race:
Venus, (the nymph's mind meaſuring by her own,)
Whom the rich ſpoils of cities overthrown
Had proſtrated to Mars, could well adviſe
Th' advent'rous lover how to gain the prize.
Nor leſs may Jupiter to gold aſcribe,
For when he turn'd himſelf into a bribe,
Who can blame Danae, or the brazen tow'r,
That they withſtood not that almighty ſhow'r?
Never till then did love make Jove put on
A form more bright and nobler than his own;
Nor were it juſt, would he reſume that ſhape,
That ſlack devotion ſhould his thunder 'ſcape.

'Twas not revenge for griev'd Apollo's wrong,
Thoſe aſs's ears on Midas' temples hung,
But fond repentance of his happy wiſh,
Becauſe his meat grew metal like his diſh.
Would Bacchus bleſs me ſo, I'd conſtant hold
Unto my wiſh, and die creating gold.

UPON BEN JONSON.

MIRROR of Poets! mirror of our age!
Which her whole face beholding on thy ſtage,
Pleas'd and diſpleas'd with her own faults, endures
A remedy like thoſe whom muſic cures.
Thou haſt alone thoſe various inclinations
Which Nature gives to ages, ſexes, nations:
So traced with thy all-reſembling pen,
That whate'er cuſtom has impos'd on men,
Or ill-got habit, (which deforms them ſo,
That ſcarce a brother can his brother know,)
Is repreſented to the wond'ring eyes
Of all that ſee or read thy Comedies.
Whoever in thoſe glaſſes looks, may find
The ſpots return'd, or graces, of his mind;
And by the help of ſo divine an art,
At leiſure view and dreſs his nobler part.
Narciſſus, cozen'd by that flatt'ring well,
Which nothing could but of his beauty tell,
Had here, diſcov'ring the deform'd eſtate
Of his fond mind, preſerv'd himſelf with hate.
But virtue too, as well as vice, is clad
In fleſh and blood ſo well, that Plato had
Beheld, what his high fancy once embrac'd,
Virtue with colours, ſpeech, and motion grac'd.
The ſundry poſtures of thy copious Muſe
Who would expreſs, a thouſand tongues muſt uſe,
Whoſe fate's no leſs peculiar than thy art;
For as thou couldſt all characters impart,
So none could render thine, which ſtill eſcapes,
Like Proteus, in variety of ſhapes;
Who was nor this, nor that; but all we find,
And all we can imagine, in mankind.

ON MR. JOHN FLETCHER'S PLAYS.

FLETCHER! to thee we do not only owe
All thoſe good plays, but thoſe of others too:
Thy wit repeated does ſupport the ſtage,
Credits the laſt, and entertains this age.
No worthies, form'd by any Muſe but thine,
Could purchaſe robes to make themſelves ſo fine.
What brave commander is not proud to ſee
Thy brave Melantius in his gallantry?
Our greateſt ladies love to ſee their ſcorn
Outdone by thine in what themſelves have worn:
Th' impatient widow, ere the year be done,
Sees thy Aſpaſia weeping in her gown.
I never yet the tragic ſtrain aſſay'd,
Deterr'd by that inimitable maid;*
And when I venture at the comic ſtyle,
Thy Scornful Lady ſeems to mock my toil.
Thus has thy Muſe at once improv'd and marr'd
Our ſport in plays, by rend'ring it too hard!
So when a ſort of luſty ſhepherds throw
The bar by turns, and none the reſt outgo
So far, but that the beſt are meas'ring caſts,
Their emulation and their paſtime laſts;
But if ſome brawny yeoman of the guard
Step in, and toſs the axletree a yard
Or more beyond the furtheſt mark, the reſt
Deſpairing ſtand, their ſport is at the beſt.

VERSES TO DR. GEORGE ROGERS,†

On his taking the Degree of Doctor in Phyſic at Padua, in the Year 1664.

WHEN as of old the earth's bold children ſtrove,
With hills on hills, to ſcale the throne of Jove,
Pallas and Mars ſtood by their ſov'reign's ſide,
And their bright arms in his defence employ'd;

* The Maid's Tragedy.

† This little poem (which is now firſt inſerted among Waller's Works) was printed, together with ſeveral others on the ſame occaſion, by Dr. Rogers, along with his inaugural exerciſe at Padua, and afterwards in the

While the wiſe Phœbus, Hermes, and the reſt,
Who joy in peace, and love the Muſes beſt,
Deſcending from their ſo diſtemper'd ſeat,
Our groves and meadows choſe for their retreat.
There firſt Apollo try'd the various uſe
Of herbs, and learn'd the virtues of their juice,
And fram'd that art, to which who can pretend
A juſter title than our noble Friend,
Whom the like tempeſt drives from his abode,
And like employment entertains abroad?
This crowns him here; and in the bays ſo earn'd,
His country's honour is no leſs concern'd,
Since it appears not all the Engliſh rave,
To ruin bent; ſome ſtudy how to ſave:
And as Hippocrates did once extend
His ſacred art, whole cities to amend;
So we, brave Friend! ſuppoſe that thy great ſkill,
Thy gentle mind, and fair example, will,
At thy return, reclaim our frantic iſle,
Their ſpirits calm, and peace again ſhall ſmile.

EDM. WALLER, Anglus.
Patavij, typis Pauli Frambotti.

CHLORIS AND HYLAS.

MADE TO A SARABAND.

Chloris.

HYLAS, oh Hylas! why ſit we mute,
Now that each bird ſaluteth the ſpring?
Wind up the ſlacken'd ſtrings of thy lute,
Never canſt thou want matter to ſing;
For love thy breaſt does fill with ſuch a fire,
That whatſoe'er is fair moves thy deſire.

Hyl. Sweeteſt! you know the ſweeteſt of things
Of various flow'rs the bees do compoſe;
Yet no particular taſte it brings
Of violet, woodbine, pink, or roſe:

the ſame manner re-publiſhed by him at London, together with his Harveian oration before the College of Phyſicians, in the year 1682, while Mr. Waller was yet living.

Though the above verſes were firſt printed in 1664, they ſeem to have been written before the Reſtoration, as appears from the lines toward the concluſion.

So love the reſult is of all the graces
Which flow from a thouſand ſev'ral faces.
Chlo. Hylas! the birds which chant in this grove,
Could we but know the language they uſe,
They would inſtruct us better in love,
And reprehend thy inconſtant Muſe;
For love their breaſts does fill with ſuch a fire,
That what they once do chuſe, bounds their deſire.
Hyl. Chloris! this change the birds do approve,
Which the warm ſeaſon hither does bring;
Time from yourſelf does further remove
You than the winter from the gay ſpring:
She that like lightning ſhin'd while her face laſted,
The oak now reſembles which lightning hath blaſted.

IN ANSWER OF
SIR JOHN SUCKLING'S VERSES.

Con.

STAY here, fond Youth! and aſk no more; be wiſe;
Knowing too much long ſince loſt Paradiſe.
Pro. And by your knowledge we ſhould be bereft
Of all that paradiſe which yet is left.
Con. The virtuous joys thou haſt, thou wouldſt ſhould ſtill
Laſt in their pride; and wouldſt not take it ill
If rudely, from ſweet dreams, and for a toy,
Thou wak'd: he wakes himſelf that does enjoy.
Pro. How can the joy or hope which you allow
Be ſtyled virtuous, and the end not ſo?
Talk in your ſleep, and ſhadows ſtill admire!
'Tis true, he wakes that feels this real fire:
But—to ſleep better; for whoe'er drinks deep
Of this Nepenthe rocks himſelf aſleep.
Con. Fruition adds no new wreath but deſtroys,
And while it pleaſeth much, yet ſtill it cloys.
Who thinks he ſhould be happier made for that,
As reas'nably might hope he might grow fat
By eating to a ſurfeit; this once paſt,
What reliſhes? e'en kiſſes loſe their taſte.

Pro. Bleſſings may be repeated while they cloy;
But ſhall we ſtarve, 'cauſe ſurfeitings deſtroy?
And if fruition did the taſte impair
Of kiſſes, why ſhould yonder happy pair,
Whoſe joys juſt Hymen warrants all the night,
Conſume the day too in this leſs delight?
Con. Urge not 'tis neceſſary; alas! we know
The homelieſt thing that mankind does is ſo.
The world is of a large extent we ſee,
And muſt be peopled; children there muſt be!—
So muſt bread too; but ſince there are enough
Born to that drudgery, what need we plough?
Pro. I need not plough, ſince what the ſtooping hine
Gets of my pregnant land muſt all be mine:
But in this nobler tillage 'tis not ſo;
For when Anchiſes did fair Venus know,
What int'reſt had poor Vulcan in the boy,
Famous Æneas, or the preſent joy?
Con. Women enjoy'd, whate'er before they've been,
Are like romances read, or ſcenes once ſeen:
Fruition dulls or ſpoils the play much more
Than if one read or knew the plot before.
Pro. Plays and romances read and ſeen, do fall
In our opinions; yet not ſeen at all,
Whom would they pleaſe? To an heroic tale
Would you not liſten, leſt it ſhould grow ſtale?
Con. 'Tis expectation makes a bleſſing dear;
Heav'n were not heav'n if we knew what it were.
Pro. If 'twere not heav'n, if we knew what it were,
'Twould not be heav'n to thoſe that now are there.
Con. And as in proſpects we are there pleas'd moſt,
Where ſomething keeps the eye from being loſt,
And leaves us room to gueſs; ſo here reſtraint
Holds up delight, that with exceſs would faint.
Pro. Reſtraint preſerves the pleaſure we have got,
But he ne'er has it that enjoys it not.
In goodly proſpects who contracts the ſpace,
Or takes not all the beauty of the place?
We wiſh remov'd what ſtandeth in our light,
And Nature blame for limiting our ſight;

Where you ſtand wiſely winking, that the view
Of the fair proſpect may be always new.
Con. They who know all the wealth they have are poor;
He's only rich that cannot tell his ſtore.
Pro. Not he that knows the wealth he has is poor,
But he that dares not touch nor uſe his ſtore. 66

AN APOLOGY
FOR HAVING LOVED BEFORE.

THEY that never had the uſe
Of the grape's ſurpriſing juice,
To the firſt delicious cup
All their reaſon render up;
Neither do nor care to know
Whether it be beſt or no.

So they that are to love inclin'd,
Sway'd by chance, not choice, or art,
To the firſt that's fair or kind,
Make a preſent of their heart:
It is not ſhe that firſt we love,
But whom dying we approve.

To man, that was in th' ev'ning made,
Stars gave the firſt delight,
Admiring, in the gloomy ſhade,
Thoſe little drops of light:
Then at Aurora, whoſe fair hand
Remov'd them from the ſkies,
He gazing tow'rd the eaſt did ſtand,
She entertain'd his eyes.

But when the bright ſun did appear,
All thoſe he 'gan deſpiſe;
His wonder was determin'd there,
And could no higher riſe.
He neither might, nor wiſh'd to know
A more refulgent light:
For that (as mine your beauties now)
Employ'd his utmoſt ſight.

THE NIGHT-PIECE:

OR, A PICTURE DRAWN IN THE DARK.

DARKNESS, which faireſt nymphs diſarms,
Defends us ill from Mira's charms:
Mira can lay her beauty by,
Take no advantage of the eye,
Quit all that Lely's art can take,
And yet a thouſand captives make.
Her ſpeech is grac'd with ſweeter ſound
Than in another's ſong is found;
And all her well-plac'd words are darts,
Which need no light to reach our hearts.
As the bright ſtars and Milky Way,
Shew'd by the night, are hid by day;
So we, in that accompliſh'd mind,
Help'd by the night, new graces find,
Which by the ſplendour of her view,
Dazzled before, we never knew.
While we converſe with her, we mark
No want of day, nor think it dark:
Her ſhining image is a light
Fix'd in our hearts, and conquers night.
Like jewels to advantage ſet,
Her beauty by the ſhade does get:
There bluſhes, frowns, and cold diſdain,
All that our paſſion might reſtrain,
Is hid, and our indulgent mind
Preſents the fair idea kind.
Yet, friended by the night, we dare
Only in whiſpers tell our care:
He that on her his bold hand lays
With Cupid's pointed arrows plays;
They with a touch, (they are ſo keen!)
Wound us unſhot, and ſhe unſeen.
All near approaches threaten death;
We may be ſhipwreck'd by her breath:
Love, favour'd once with that ſweet gale,
Doubles his haſte, and fills his ſail,

Till he arrives where ſhe muſt prove
The haven or the rock of love.
So we th' Arabian coaſt do know
At diſtance, when the ſpices blow;
By the rich odour taught to ſteer,
Tho' neither day nor ſtars appear. 42

PART OF THE FOURTH BOOK OF VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS TRANSLATED.

Beginning at V. 437.

——Taleſque miſerrima fletus
Fertque refertque ſoror.——

And ending with

Adnixi torquent ſpumas, et cærula verrunt. V. 583.

ALL this her weeping ſiſter * does repeat
To the ſtern man,† whom nothing could entreat;
Loſt were her pray'rs, and fruitleſs were her tears!
Fate and great Jove had ſtopp'd his gentle ears.
As when loud winds a well-grown oak would rend
Up by the roots, this way and that they bend
His reeling trunk, and with a boiſt'rous ſound
Scatter his leaves, and ſtrew them on the ground,
He fixed ſtands; as deep his roots do lie
Down to the centre, as his top is high:
No leſs on ev'ry ſide the hero preſt,
Feels love and pity ſhake his noble breaſt,
And down his cheeks tho' fruitleſs tears do roll,
Unmov'd remains the purpoſe of his ſoul.
Then Dido, urged with approaching fate,
Begins the light of cruel Heav'n to hate.
Her reſolution to diſpatch and die,
Confirm'd by many a horrid prodigy!
The water conſecrate for ſacrifice,
Appears all black to her amazed eyes;
The wine to putrid blood converted flows,
Which from her none, not her own ſiſter, knows.
Beſides there ſtood, as ſacred to her lord,‡
A marble temple, which ſhe much ador'd,

* Anna. † Æneas. ‡ Sichæus.

With ſnowy fleeces and freſh garlands crown'd;
Hence ev'ry night proceeds a dreadful ſound;
Her huſband's voice invites her to his tomb,
And diſmal owls preſage the ills to come.
Beſides, the prophecies of wizards old
Increas'd her terror, and her fall foretold:
Scorn'd and deſerted to herſelf ſhe ſeems,
And finds Æneas cruel in her dreams.
So to mad Pentheus double Thebes appears,
And furies howl in his diſtemper'd ears.
Oreſtes ſo, with like diſtraction toſt,
Is made to fly his mother's angry ghoſt.
Now grief and fury to their height arrive:
Death ſhe decrees, and thus does it contrive.
Her grieved ſiſter, with a cheerful grace,
(Hope well diſſembled ſhining in her face)
She thus deceives. Dear Siſter! let us prove
The cure I have invented for my love.
Beyond the land of Ethiopia lies
The place where Atlas does ſupport the ſkies;
Hence came an old magician, that did keep
Th' Heſperian fruit, and made the dragon ſleep;
Her potent charms do troubled ſouls relieve,
And, where ſhe liſts, makes calmeſt minds to grieve:
The courſe of rivers, and of heav'n, can ſtop,
And call trees down from th' airy mountain's top.
Witneſs, ye Gods! and thou, my deareſt part!
How loath I am to tempt this guilty art.
Erect a pile, and on it let us place
That bed where I my ruin did embrace:
With all the reliques of our impious gueſt,
Arms, ſpoils, and preſents, let the pile be dreſt;
(The knowing woman thus preſcribes) that we
May raſe the man out of our memory.
Thus ſpeaks the Queen, but hides the fatal end
For which ſhe doth thoſe ſacred rights pretend.
Nor worſe effects of grief her ſiſter thought
Would follow, than Sichæus' murder wrought;
Therefore obeys her: and now, heaped high
The cloven oaks and lofty pines do lie;

Hung all with wreaths and flow'ry garlands round,
So by herſelf was her own fun'ral crown'd!
Upon the top the Trojan's image lies,
And his ſharp ſword, wherewith anon ſhe dies.
They by the altar ſtand, while with looſe hair
The magick propheteſs begins her pray'r:
On Chaos, Erebus, and all the gods,
Which in th' infernal ſhades have their abodes,
She loudly calls, beſprinkling all the room
With drops, ſuppos'd from Lethe's lake to come.
She ſeeks the knot which on the forehead grows
Of new foal'd colts, and herbs by moonlight mows.
A cake of leaven in her pious hands
Holds the devoted Queen, and barefoot ſtands:
One tender foot was bare, the other ſhod,
Her robe ungirt, invoking ev'ry god,
And ev'ry pow'r, if any be above,
Which takes regard of ill-requited love!
Now was the time when weary mortals ſteep
Their careful temples in the dew of ſleep:
On ſeas, on earth, and all that in them dwell,
A death-like quiet and deep ſilence fell;
But not on Dido! whoſe untamed mind
Refus'd to be by ſacred night confin'd:
A double paſſion in her breaſt does move,
Love, and fierce anger for neglected love.
Thus ſhe afflicts her ſoul: What ſhall I do?
With fate inverted ſhall I humbly woo?
And ſome proud prince, in wild Numidia born,
Pray to accept me, and forget my ſcorn?
Or ſhall I with th' ungrateful Trojan go,
Quit all my ſtate, and wait upon my foe?
Is not enough, by ſad experience, known
The perjur'd race of falſe Laomedon?
With my Sidonians ſhall I give them chaſe,
Bands hardly forced from their native place!
No;—die! and let this ſword thy fury tame;
Nought but thy blood can quench this guilty flame.
Ah, Siſter! vanquiſh'd with my paſſion, thou
Betray'dſt me firſt, diſpenſing with my vow,

Had I been conſtant to Sichæus ſtill,
And ſingle liv'd, I had not known this ill!
Such thoughts torment the Queen's enraged breaſt,
While the Dardanian does ſecurely reſt
In his tall ſhip, for ſudden flight prepar'd;
To whom once more the ſon of Jove appear'd;
Thus ſeems to ſpeak the youthful deity,
Voice, hair, and colour, all like Mercury.
Fair Venus' ſeed! canſt thou indulge thy ſleep,
Nor better guard in ſuch great danger keep?
Mad, by neglect to loſe ſo fair a wind!
If here thy ſhips the purple morning find,
Thou ſhalt behold this hoſtile harbour ſhine
With a new fleet, and fires, to ruin thine:
She meditates revenge, reſolv'd to die;
Weigh anchor quickly, and her fury fly.
This ſaid, the god in ſhades of night retir'd.
Amaz'd Æneas, with the warning fir'd,
Shakes off dull ſleep, and rouſing up his men,
Behold! the gods command our flight again.
Fall to your oars, and all your canvas ſpread:
What god ſoe'er that thus vouchſafes to lead,
We follow gladly, and thy will obey;
Aſſiſt us ſtill, ſmoothing our happy way,
And make the reſt propitious!—With that word
He cuts the cable with his ſhining ſword:
Thro' all the navy doth like ardour reign,
They quit the ſhore, and ruſh into the main:
Plac'd on their banks, the luſty Trojans ſweep
Neptune's ſmooth face, and cleave the yielding deep.

ON THE
PICTURE OF A FAIR YOUTH,
TAKEN AFTER HE WAS DEAD.

AS gather'd flowers, while their wounds are new,
Look gay and freſh, as on the ſtalk they grew,
Torn from the root that nouriſh'd them awhile
(Not taking notice of their fate) they ſmile,
And in the hand which rudely pluck'd them ſhow
Fairer than thoſe that to their autumn grow;
So love and Beauty ſtill that viſage grace;
Death cannot fright them from their wonted place.

Alive the hand of crooked Age had marr'd
Thoſe lovely features which cold Death has ſpar'd.
No wonder then he ſped in love ſo well,
When his high paſſion he had breath to tell;
When that accompliſh'd ſoul, in this fair frame,
No bus'neſs had but to perſuade that dame,
Whoſe mutual love advanc'd the youth ſo high,
That, but to heav'n, he could no higher fly.

ON MRS. HIGGONS.

INGENIOUS Higgons never ſought
To hide the candour of her thought;
And now her cloaths are loſt, we find
The nymph as naked as her mind:
Like Eve while yet ſhe was untaught
To hide herſelf or know a fault.
For a ſnatch'd ribbon ſhe would frown,
But cares too little for her gown;
It makes her laugh, and all her grief
Is leſt it ſhould undo the thief.
Already ſhe begins to ſtretch
Her wit, to ſave the guilty wretch:
And ſays, ſhe was of goods bereft
By her own bounty, not by theft.
She thought not fit to keep her cloaths
Till they were eaten up with moths;
But made a nobler uſe of ſtore,
To clothe the naked and the poor.
Should all that do approve the fair,
Her loſs contribute to repair,
Of London ſhe would have the fate,
And riſe (undone) in greater ſtate;
In points, and hoods, and Indian gown,
As glorious as the new-built town.

ON A BREDE OF DIVERS COLOURS, WOVEN BY FOUR LADIES.

TWICE twenty ſlender virgin-fingers twine
This curious web, where all their fancies ſhine.
As Nature them, ſo they this ſhade have wrought,
Soft as their hands, and various as their thought.

Not Juno's bird, when, his fair train diſpread,
He woos the female to his painted bed;
No, not the bow, which ſo adorns the ſkies,
So glorious is, or boaſts ſo many dyes.

ON A WAR WITH SPAIN,

AND FIGHT AT SEA.

NOW for ſome ages had the pride of Spain
Made the ſun ſhine on half the world in vain,
While ſhe bid War, to all that durſt, ſupply
The place of thoſe her cruelty made die.
Of Nature's bounty men forbore to taſte,
And the beſt portion of the earth lay waſte.
From the new world her ſilver and her gold
Came like a tempeſt to confound the old:
Feeding with theſe the brib'd Electors' hopes,
Alone ſhe gives us Emperors and Popes:
With theſe accompliſhing her vaſt deſigns,
Europe was ſhaken with her Indian mines.
When Britain, looking with a juſt diſdain
Upon this gilded majeſty of Spain,
And knowing well that empire muſt decline,
Whoſe chief ſupport and ſinews are of coin,
Our nation's ſolid virtue did oppoſe
To the rich troublers of the world's repoſe.
And now ſome months, encamping on the main,
Our naval army had beſieged Spain:
They that the whole world's monarchy deſign'd,
Are to their ports by our bold fleet confin'd,
From whence our Red Croſs they triumphant ſee,
Riding without a rival on the ſea.
Others may uſe the ocean as their road,
Only the Engliſh make it their abode,
Whoſe ready ſails with ev'ry wind can fly,
And make a cov'nant with th' inconſtant ſky:
Our oaks ſecure, as if they there took root,
We tread on billows with a ſteady foot.

Mean-while the Spaniards in America,
Near to the Line the ſun approaching ſaw,
And hop'd their European coaſts to find
Clear'd from our ſhips by the autumnal wind:
Their huge capacious galleons, ſtuff'd with plate,
The lab'ring winds drive ſlowly tow'rds their fate.
Before St. Lucar they their guns diſcharge,
To tell their joy, or to invite a barge:
This heard ſome ſhips of ours, (tho' out of view,)
And, ſwift as eagles, to the quarry flew;
So heedleſs lambs, which for their mothers bleat,
Wake hungry lions, and become their meat.
Arriv'd, they ſoon begin that tragick play,
And with their ſmoky cannons baniſh day:
Night, horror, ſlaughter, with confuſion meets,
And in their ſable arms embrace the fleets.
Thro' yielding planks the angry bullets fly,
And of one wound hundreds together die:
Born under diff'rent ſtars one fate they have,
The ſhip their coffin, and the ſea their grave!
Bold were the men which on the ocean firſt
Spread their new ſails, when ſhipwreck was the worſt:
More danger now from man alone we find
Than from the rocks, the billows, or the wind.
They that had ſail'd from near th' Antartic Pole,
Their treaſure ſafe, and all their veſſels whole,
In ſight of their dear country ruin'd be,
Without the guilt of either rock or ſea!
What they would ſpare our fiercer art deſtroys,
Surpaſſing ſtorms in terror and in noiſe.
Once Jove from Ida did both hoſts ſurvey,
And, when he pleas'd to thunder, part the fray;
Here heav'n in vain that kind retreat ſhould ſound;
The louder cannon had the thunder drown'd.
Some we made prize; while others, burnt and rent,
With their rich lading to the bottom went:
Down ſinks at once (ſo Fortune with us ſports!)
The pay of armies, and the pride of courts.
Vain man! whoſe rage buries as low that ſtore
As avarice had digg'd for it before;

What earth in her dark bowels could not keep
From greedy hands, lies safer in the deep,
Where Thetis kindly does from mortals hide
Those seeds of luxury, debate, and pride.
And now into her lap the richest prize
Fell with the noblest of our enemies:
The Marquis* (glad to see the fire destroy
Wealth that prevailing foes were to enjoy)
Out from his flaming ship his children sent,
To perish in a milder element;
Then laid him by his burning lady's side,
And, since he could not save her, with her dy'd.
Spices and gums about them melting fry,
And, phœnix-like, in that rich nest they die:
Alive, in flames of equal love they burn'd,
And now together are to ashes turn'd;
Ashes! more worth than all their fun'ral cost,
Than the huge treasure which was with them lost.
These dying lovers, and their floating sons,
Suspend the fight, and silence all our guns:
Beauty and youth about to perish, finds
Such noble pity in brave English minds,
That (the rich spoil forgot, their valour's prize)
All labour now to save their enemies.
How frail our passions! how soon changed are
Our wrath and fury to a friendly care!
They that but now for honour and for plate
Made the sea blush with blood, resign their hate;
And, their young foes endeav'ring to retrieve,
With greater hazard than they fought they dive.
With these returns victorious Montagu,
With laurels in his hand, and half Peru.
Let the brave generals divide that bough,
Our great Protector hath such wreaths enough:
His conqu'ring head has no more room for bays:
Then let it be as the glad nation prays;
Let the rich ore forthwith be melted down,
And the state fix'd by making him a crown:
With ermine clad, and purple, let him hold
A royal sceptre, made of Spanish gold.

* Of Bajadoz.

UPON THE DEATH OF
THE LORD PROTECTOR.

WE muſt reſign! Heav'n his great ſoul does claim
In ſtorms as loud as his immortal fame:
His dying groans, his laſt breath, ſhakes our iſle,
And trees uncut fall for his fun'ral pile;
About his palace their broad roots are toſt
Into the air.—So Romulus was loſt!
New Rome in ſuch a tempeſt miſs'd her king,
And from obeying fell to worſhipping.
'On Oeta's top thus Hercules lay dead,
With ruin'd oaks and pines about him ſpread.
The poplar, too, whoſe bough he wont to wear
On his victorious head, lay proſtrate there.
Thoſe his laſt fury from the mountain rent:
Our dying hero from the continent
Raviſh'd whole towns, and forts from Spaniards reft,
As his laſt legacy to Britain left.
The ocean, which ſo long our hopes confin'd,
Could give no limits to his vaſter mind;
Our bounds' enlargement was his lateſt toil,
Nor hath he left us pris'ners to our iſle:
Under the tropick is our language ſpoke,
And part of Flanders hath receiv'd our yoke.
From civil broils he did us diſengage,
Found nobler objects for our martial rage;
And, with wiſe conduct, to his country ſhow'd
The ancient way of conquering abroad.
  Ungrateful then! if we no tears allow
To him that gave us peace and empire too.
Princes that fear'd him grieve, concern'd to ſee
No pitch of glory from the grave is free.
Nature herſelf took notice of his death,
And ſighing, ſwell'd the ſea with ſuch a breath,
That to remoteſt ſhores her billows roll'd,
Th' approaching fate of their great ruler told.

ON ST. JAMES'S PARK,

AS LATELY IMPROVED BY HIS MAJESTY.

OF the firſt Paradiſe there's nothing found;
Plants ſet by Heav'n are vaniſh'd, and the ground;
Yet the deſcription laſts; who knows the fate
Of lines that ſhall this paradiſe relate?
Inſtead of rivers rolling by the ſide
Of Eden's garden, here flows in the tide:
The ſea, which always ſerv'd his empire, now
Pays tribute to our Prince's pleaſure too.
Of famous cities we the founders know;
But rivers, old as ſeas, to which they go,
Are Nature's bounty: 'tis of more renown
To make a river than to build a town.
For future ſhade, young trees upon the banks
Of the new ſtream appear in even ranks:
The voice of Orpheus, Or Amphion's hand,
In better order could not make them ſtand:
May they increaſe as faſt, and ſpread their boughs,
As the high fame of their great owner grows!
May he live long enough to ſee them all
Dark ſhadows caſt, and as his palace tall!
Methinks I ſee the love that ſhall be made,
The lovers walking in that am'rous ſhade,
The gallants dancing by the river ſide;
They bathe in ſummer, and in winter ſlide.
Methinks I hear the muſic in the boats,
And the loud echo which returns the notes,
While over head a flock of new ſprung fowl
Hangs in the air, and does the ſun controul,
Dark'ning the ſky: they hover o'er, and ſhrowd
The wanton ſailors with a feather'd cloud.
Beneath a ſhoal of ſiver fiſhes glides,
And plays about the gilded barges' ſides:
The ladies angling in the cryſtal lake,
Feaſt on the waters with the prey they take:
At once victorious with their lines and eyes,
They make the fiſhes and the men their prize.
A thouſand Cupids on the billows ride,
And ſea-nymphs enter with the ſwelling tide;

From Thetis ſent as ſpies, to make report,
And tell the wonders of her ſov'reign's court.
All that can, living, feed the greedy eye,
Or dead, the palate, here you may deſcry:
The choiceſt things that furniſh'd Noah's ark,
Or Peter's ſheet, inhabiting this Park;
All with a border of rich fruit-trees crown'd,
Whoſe loaded branches hide the lofty mound.
Such various ways the ſpacious alleys lead,
My doubtful Muſe knows not what path to tread.
Yonder, the harveſt of cold months laid up,
Gives a freſh coolneſs to the royal cup:
There ice, like cryſtal firm, and never loſt,
Tempers hot July with December's froſt;
Winter's dark priſon, whence he cannot fly,
Tho' the warm ſpring, his enemy, draws nigh.
Strange! that extremes ſhould thus preſerve the ſnow,
High on the Alps, or in deep caves below.
Here a well-poliſh'd Mall gives us the joy
To ſee our Prince his matchleſs force employ;
His manly poſture, and his graceful mien,
Vigour and youth, in all his motions ſeen;
His ſhape ſo lovely, and his limbs ſo ſtrong,
Confirm our hopes we ſhall obey him long.
No ſooner has he touch'd the flying ball,
But 'tis already more than half the Mall;
And ſuch a fury from his arm has got,
As from a ſmoking culv'rin it were ſhot.
May that ill fate his enemies befall,
To ſtand before his anger or his ball!
Near this my Muſe, what moſt delights her, ſees
A living gallery of aged trees;
Bold ſons of Earth, that thruſt their arms ſo high,
As if once more they would invade the ſky.
In ſuch green palaces the firſt kings reign'd,
Slept in their ſhades, and angels entertain'd;
With ſuch old counſellors they did adviſe,
And by frequenting ſacred groves grew wiſe.
Free from th' impediments of light and noiſe,
Man, thus retir'd, his nobler thoughts employs.

Here Charles contrives th' ord'ring of his ſtates,
Here he reſolves his neighb'ring princes' fates;
What nation ſhall have peace, where war be made,
Determin'd is in this orac'lous ſhade;
The world, from India to the frozen North,
Concern'd in what this ſolitude brings forth.
His fancy objects from his view receives;
The proſpect thought and contemplation gives.
That ſeat of empire here ſalutes his eye,
To which three kingdoms do themſelves apply;
The ſtructure by a prelate * rais'd, Whitehall,
Built with the fortune of Rome's Capitol:
Both, diſproportion'd to the preſent ſtate
Of their proud founders, were approv'd by Fate.
From hence he does that antique pile † behold,
Were royal heads receive the ſacred gold:
It gives them crowns, and does their aſhes keep;
There made like gods, like mortals there they ſleep:
Making the circle of their reign complete,
Thoſe ſuns of Empire! where they riſe they ſet.
When others fell, this ſtanding did preſage
The crown ſhould triumph over pop'lar rage:
Hard by that Houſe ‡ where all our ills were ſhap'd
Th' auſpicious temple ſtood, and yet eſcap'd.
So ſnow on Etna does unmelted lie,
Whence rolling flames and ſcatter'd cinders fly;
The diſtant country in the ruin ſhares;
What falls from Heav'n the burning mountain ſpares.
Next that capacious Hall § he ſees, the room
Where the whole nation does for juſtice come;
Under whoſe large roof flouriſhes the gown,
And judges grave on high tribunals frown.
Here, like the peoples' paſtor, he does go,
His flock ſubjected to his view below;
On which reflecting in his mighty mind,
No private paſſion does indulgence find:
The pleaſures of his youth ſuſpended are,
And made a ſacrifice to public care.

* Cardinal Wolſey.
† Weſtminſter-Abbey.
‡ Houſe of Commons.
§ Weſtminſter-Hall.

Here free from court compliances, he walks,
And with himſelf, his beſt adviſer, talks,
How peaceful olives may his temples ſhade,
For mending laws, and for reſtoring trade:
Or how his brows may be with laurel charg'd,
For nations conquer'd and our bounds enlarg'd.
Of ancient prudence here he ruminates,
Of riſing kingdoms and of falling ſtates:
What ruling arts gave great Auguſtus fame,
And how Alcides purchas'd ſuch a name.
His eyes, upon his native palace * bent,
Cloſe by, ſuggeſt a greater argument.
His thoughts riſe higher, when he does reflect
On what the world may from that ſtar expect
Which at his birth appear'd, to let us ſee
Day, for his ſake, could with the night agree:
A prince on whom ſuch diff'rent lights did ſmile,
Born the divided world to reconcile!
Whatever Heav'n, or high extracted blood
Could promiſe, or foretel, he will make good;
Reform theſe nations, and improve them more
Than this fair Park, from what it was before.

Of the Invaſion and Defeat OF THE TURKS, IN THE YEAR 1683.

THE modern Nimrod, with a ſafe delight
Purſuing beaſts, that ſave themſelves by flight,
Grown proud and weary of his wonted game,
Would Chriſtians chaſe, and ſacrifice to fame.
A prince with eunuchs and the ſofter ſex
Shut up ſo long, would warlike nations vex,
Provoke the German, and, neglecting Heav'n,
Forget the truce for which his oath was giv'n.
His Grand Viſier, preſuming to inveſt
The chief imperial city of the Weſt,†
With the firſt charge compell'd in haſte to riſe,
His treaſure, tents, and cannon, left a prize:
The ſtandard loſt, and janizaries ſlain,
Render the hopes he gave his maſter vain.

* St. James's. † Vienna.

The flying Turks, that bring the tidings home,
Renew the mem'ry of his father's doom;
And his guard murmurs, that so often brings
Down from the throne their unsuccesful kings.
The trembling Sultan's forc'd to expiate
His own ill conduct by another's fate:
The Grand Visier, a tyrant, tho' a slave,
A fair example to his master gave;
He Bassa's heads, to save his own, made fly,
And now, the Sultan to preserve, must die.
The fatal bowstring was not in his thought,
When, breaking truce, he so unjustly fought;
Made the world tremble with a num'rous host,
And of undoubted victory did boast.
Strangled he lies! yet seems to cry aloud,
To warn the mighty, and instruct the proud,
That of the great, neglecting to be just,
Heav'n in a moment makes an heap of dust.
The Turks so low, why should the Christians lose
Such an advantage of their barbarous foes?
Neglect their present ruin to complete,
Before another Solyman they get?
Too late they would with shame, repenting, dread
That num'rous herd, by such a lion led:
He Rhodes and Buda from the Christians tore,
Which timely union might again restore.
But, sparing Turks, as if with rage possest,
The Christians perish, by themselves oppress:
Cities and provinces so dearly won,
That the victorious people are undone!
What angel shall descend to reconcile
The Christian states, and end their guilty toil?
A prince more fit from Heav'n we cannot ask
Than Britain's king, for such a glorious task;
His dreadful navy, and his lovely mind,
Gives him the fear and favour of mankind:
His warrant doth the Christian faith defend;
On that relying, all their quarrels end.
The peace is sign'd, and Britain does obtain
What Rome had sought from her fierce sons invain.

In battles won Fortune a part doth claim,
And ſoldiers have their portion in the fame;
In this ſucceſsful union we find
Only the triumph of a worthy mind.
'Tis all accompliſh'd by his royal word,
Without unſheathing the deſtructive ſword;
Without a tax upon his ſubjects laid,
Their peace diſturb'd, their plenty, or their trade:
And what can they to ſuch a Prince deny,
With whoſe deſires the greateſt kings comply?
The arts of peace are not to him unknown;
This happy way he march'd into the throne;
And we owe more to Heav'n than to the ſword,
The wiſh'd return of ſo benign a lord.
Charles! by old Greece with a new freedom grac'd,
Above her antique heroes ſhall be plac'd.
What Theſeus did, or Theban Hercules,
Holds no compare with this victorious peace;
Which on the Turks ſhall greater honour gain,
Than all their giants and their monſters ſlain:
Thoſe are bold tales, in fab'lous ages told,
This glorious act the living do behold.

ON HER MAJESTY,

ON NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1683.

WHAT revolutions in the world have been!
How are we chang'd ſince we firſt ſaw the Queen!
She, like the ſun, does ſtill the ſame appear,
Bright as ſhe was at her arrival here!
Time has commiſſion mortals to impair,
But things celeſtial is oblig'd to ſpare.
May ev'ry new year find her ſtill the ſame
In health and beauty as ſhe hither came!
When Lords and Commons, with united voice,
Th' Infanta nam'd, approv'd the royal choice:
Firſt of our Queens whom not the King alone,
But the whole nation lifted to the throne.
With like conſent, and like deſert, was crown'd
The glorious Prince * that does the Turk confound.

* John Sobieſki, king of Poland.

Victorious both! his conduct wins the day,
And her example chaſes vice away:
Tho' louder fame attend the martial rage;
'Tis greater glory to reform the age.

ON TEA,

COMMENDED BY HER MAJESTY.

VENUS her myrtle, Phœbus has his bays;
Tea both excels, which ſhe vouchſafes to praiſe.
The beſt of queens, and beſt of herbs, we owe
To that bold nation which the way did ſhow
To the fair region where the ſun does riſe,
Whoſe rich productions we ſo juſtly prize.
The Muſe's friend, tea does our fancy aid,
Repreſs thoſe vapours which the head invade,
And keeps that palace of the ſoul ſerene,
Fit on her birthday to ſalute the Queen.

ON HER ROYAL HIGHNESS,

Mother to the Prince of Orange: and of her Portrait written by the late Ducheſs of York while ſhe lived with her.

HEROICK Nymph! in tempeſts the ſupport,
In peace the glory of the Britiſh court!
Into whoſe arms the church, the ſtate, and all
That precious is, or ſacred here, did fall.
Ages to come, that ſhall your bounty hear,
Will think you miſtreſs of the Indies were:
Tho' ſtraiter bounds your fortune did confine,
In your large heart was found a wealthy mine:
Like the bleſt oil, the widow's laſting feaſt,
Your treaſure, as you pour'd it out, increas'd.
While ſome your beauty, ſome your bounty ſing,
Your native iſle does with your praiſes ring:
But above all, a nymph * of your own train
Gives us your character in ſuch a ſtrain,
As none but ſhe, who in that court did dwell,
Could know ſuch worth, or worth deſcribe ſo well.
So while we mortals here at heav'n do gueſs,
And more our weakneſs than the place expreſs,
Some angel, a domeſtick there, comes down,
And tells the wonders he hath ſeen and known.

* Lady Anne Hyde.

UPON HER MAJESTY'S*
NEW BUILDING AT SOMERSET-HOUSE.

GREAT Queen! that does our iſland bleſs
With princes and with palaces;
Treated ſo ill, chas'd from your throne,
Returning, you adorn the Town;
And with a brave revenge do ſhow
Their glory went and came with you.
While Peace from hence and you were gone,
Your houſes in that ſtorm o'erthrown,
Thoſe wounds which civil rage did give,
At once you pardon and relieve.
Conſtant to England in your love,
As birds are to their wonted grove;
Tho' by rude hands their neſts are ſpoil'd,
There the next ſpring again they build.
Accuſing ſome malignant ſtar,
Not Britain, for that fatal war,
Your kindneſs baniſhes your fear,
Reſolv'd to fix for ever here.
But what new mine this work ſupplies?
Can ſuch a pile from ruin riſe?
This, like the firſt creation, ſhows,
As if at your command it roſe.
Frugality and bounty too
(Thoſe diff'ring virtues) meet in you:
From a confin'd, well-manag'd ſtore,
You both employ and feed the poor.
Let foreign princes vainly boaſt
The rude effects of pride and coſt;
Of vaſter fabricks, to which they
Contribute nothing but the pay:
This, by the Queen herſelf deſign'd,
Gives us a pattern of her mind:
The ſtate and order does proclaim
The genius of that Royal Dame.
Each part with juſt proportion grac'd,
And all to ſuch advantage plac'd,

* Henrietta Maria, queen-dowager of K. Charles I.

That the fair view her window yields,
The town, the river, and the fields,
Ent'ring, beneath us we deſcry,
And wonder how we came ſo high.
She needs no weary ſteps aſcend;
All ſeems before her feet to bend;
And here, as ſhe was born, ſhe lies,
High, without taking pains to riſe.

ON A TREE CUT IN PAPER.

FAIR hand! that can on virgin-paper write,
Yet from the ſtain of ink preſerve it white:
Whoſe travel o'er that ſilver field does ſhow
Like tracks of leverets in morning ſnow.
Love's image thus in pureſt minds is wrought,
Without a ſpot or blemiſh to the thought.
Strange that your fingers ſhould the pencil foil,
Without the help of colours or of oil!
For tho' a painter boughs and leaves can make,
'Tis you alone can make them bend and ſhake;
Whoſe breath ſalutes your new-created grove,
Like ſouthern winds, and makes it gently move.
Orpheus could make the foreſt dance, but you
Can make the motion and the foreſt too.

ON THE LADY MARY,
PRINCESS OF ORANGE.

AS once the lion honey gave,
Out of the ſtrong ſuch ſweetneſs came;
A royal hero, no leſs brave,
Produc'd this ſweet, this lovely dame.

To her the prince, that did oppoſe
Such mighty armies in the field,
And Holland from prevailing foes
Could ſo well free, himſelf does yield.

Not Belgia's fleet (his high command)
Which triumphs where the ſun does riſe,
Nor all the force he leads by land,
Could guard him from her conqu'ring eyes.

Orange with youth experience has;
In action young, in council old:
Orange is what Auguſtus was,
Brave, wary, provident, and bold.

On that fair tree which bears his name,
Bloſſoms and fruit at once are found:
In him we all admire the ſame,
His flow'ry youth with wiſdom crown'd!

Empire and freedom reconcil'd
In Holland are by great Naſſau:
Like thoſe he ſprung from, juſt and mild,
To willing people he gives law.

Thrice happy Pair! ſo near ally'd
In royal blood, and virtue too!
Now Love has you together ty'd,
May none this triple knot undo!

The church ſhall be the happy place
Where ſtreams which from the ſame ſource run,
Tho' divers lands awhile they grace,
Unite again, and are made one.

A thouſand thanks the nation owes
To him that does protect us all,
For while he thus his niece beſtows,
About our iſle he builds a wall;

A wall! like that which Athens had,
By th' oracle's advice, of wood:
Had theirs been ſuch as Charles has made,
That mighty ſtate till now had ſtood.

ON ENGLISH VERSE.

POETS may boaſt, as ſafely vain,
Their works ſhall with the world remain:
Both bound together live or die,
The verſes and the prophecy.

But who can hope his line ſhould long
Laſt in a daily changing tongue?
While they are new envy prevails,
And as that dies our language fails.

When architects have done their part,
The matter may betray their art:
Time, if we uſe ill-choſen ſtone,
Soon brings a well-built palace down.

Poets, that laſting marble ſeek,
Muſt carve in Latin or in Greek:
We write in ſand, our language grows,
And, like the tide, our work o'erflows.

Chaucer his ſenſe can only boaſt,
The glory of his numbers loſt!
Years have defac'd his matchleſs ſtrain,
And yet he did not ſing in vain.

The beauties which adorn'd that age,
The ſhining ſubjects of his rage,
Hoping they ſhould immortal prove,
Rewarded with ſucceſs his love.

This was the gen'rous poet's ſcope,
And all an Engliſh pen can hope,
To make the fair approve his flame,
That can ſo far extend their fame.

Verſe, thus deſign'd, has no ill fate,
If it arrive but at the date
Of fading beauty; if it prove
But as long-liv'd as preſent love.

UPON THE EARL OF ROSCOMMON'S

Tranſlation of Horace, De Arte Poeticâ: and of the Uſe of Poetry.

ROME was not better by her Horace taught,
Than we are here to comprehend his thought:
The poet writ to noble Piſo there;
A noble Piſo does inſtruct us here;

Gives us a pattern in his flowing ſtyle,
And with rich precepts does oblige our iſle:
Britain! whoſe genius is in verſe expreſs'd,
Bold and ſublime, but negligently dreſs'd.
Horace will our ſuperfluous branches prune,
Give us new rules, and ſet our harp in tune;
Direct us how to back the winged horſe,
Favour his flight, and moderate his force.
Tho' poets may of inſpiration boaſt,
Their rage, ill govern'd, in the clouds is loſt.
He that proportion'd wonders can diſcloſe,
At once his fancy and his judgment ſhows;
Chaſte moral writing we may learn from hence,
Neglect of which no wit can recompenſe.
The fountain which from Helicon proceeds,
That ſacred ſtream! ſhould never water weeds,
Nor make the crop of thorns and thiſtles grow,
Which envy or perverted nature ſow.
Well-ſounding verſes are the charm we uſe
Heroic thoughts and virtue to infuſe:
Things of deep ſenſe we may in proſe unfold,
But they move more in lofty numbers told.
By the loud trumpet, which our courage aids,
We learn that ſound, as well as ſenſe, perſuades.
The Muſes' friend, unto himſelf ſevere,
With ſilent pity looks on all that err;
But where a brave, a public, action ſhines,
That he rewards with his immortal lines.
Whether it be in council or in fight,
His country's honour is his chief delight;
Praiſe of great acts he ſcatters as a ſeed,
Which may the like in coming ages breed.
Here taught the fate of verſes, (always priz'd
With admiration, or as much deſpis'd,)
Men will be leſs indulgent to their faults,
And patience have to cultivate their thoughts.
Poets loſe half the praiſe they ſhould have got,
Could it be known what they diſcreetly blot,
Finding new words, that to the raviſh'd ear
May like the language of the gods appear,

Such as of old wiſe bards employ'd, to make
Unpoliſh'd men their wild retreats forſake:
Law-giving heroes, fam'd for taming brutes,
And raiſing cities with their charming lutes:
For rudeſt minds with harmony were caught,
And civil life was by the Muſes taught.
So wand'ring bees would periſh in the air,
Did not a ſound, proportion'd to their ear,
Appeaſe their rage, invite them to the hive,
Unite their force, and teach them how to thrive:
To rob the flow'rs, and to forbear the ſpoil,
Preſerv'd in winter by their ſummer's toil;
They give us food which may with nectar vie,
And wax that does the abſent ſun ſupply.

AD COMITEM MONUMETENSEM

DE BENTIVOGLIO SUO.

FLORIBUS Angligenis non hanc tibi necto corollam,
Cùm ſatis indigenis te probet ipſe Liber:
Per me Roma ſciet tibi ſe debere, quòd Anglo
Romanus didicit cultiùs ore loqui.
Ultima quæ tellus Aquilas duce Cæſare vidit,
Candida Romulidum te duce ſcripta videt.
Conſilio ut quondam Patriam nil juveris, eſto!
Sed ſtudio cives ingenioque juvas.
Namque dolis liber hic inſtructus, et arte Batava,
A Belga nobis ut caveamus, ait.
Horremus per te civilis dira furoris
Vulnera, diſcordes Flandria quaſſa monet.
Hic diſcat miles pugnare, orare ſenator;
Qui regnant, leni ſceptra tenere manu.
Macte, Comes! virtute novâ, veſtri ordinis ingens
Ornamentum, ævi deliciæque tui!
Dum ſtertunt alii ſomno vinoque ſepulti,
Nobilis antiquo ſtemmate digna facis.

ON THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH's

Epedition into Scotland in the Summer Solſtice.

SWIFT as Jove's meſſenger, (the winged god,*)
With ſword as potent as his charming rod,
He flew to execute the King's command,
And in a moment reach'd that northern land,
Where day contending with approaching night,
Aſſiſts the hero with continu'd light.

On foes ſurpris'd, and by no night conceal'd,
He might have ruſh'd; but noble pity held
His hand awhile, and to their choice gave ſpace
Which they would prove, his valour or his grace.
This not well heard, his cannon louder ſpoke,
And then, like lightning, thro' that cloud he broke.
His fame, his conduct, and that martial look,
The guilty Scots with ſuch a terror ſtrook,
That to his courage they reſign the field,
Who to his bounty had refus'd to yield.
Glad that ſo little loyal blood it coſt,
He grieves ſo many Britons ſhould be loſt;
Taking more pains, when he beheld them yield,
To ſave the flyers than to win the field;
And at the Court his int'reſt does employ,
That none, who 'ſcap'd his fatal ſword, ſhould die.

And now theſe raſh bold men their error find,
Not truſting one beyond his promiſe kind;
One! whoſe great mind, ſo bountiful and brave,
Had learn'd the art to conquer and to ſave.

In vulgar breaſts no royal virtues dwell;
Such deeds as theſe his high extraction tell,
And give a ſecret joy to him that reigns,†
To ſee his blood triumph in Monmouth's veins;
To ſee a leader whom he got and choſe,
Firm to his friends, and fatal to his foes.

But ſeeing envy, like the ſun, does beat,
With ſcorching rays, on all that's high and great,
This, ill-requited Monmouth! is the bough
The Muſes ſend to ſhade thy conqu'ring brow.

* Mercury. † King Charles II.

Lampoons, like ſquibs, may make a preſent blaze,
But time and thunder pay reſpect to bays.
Achilles' arms dazzle our preſent view,
Kept by the Muſe as radiant and as new
As from the forge of Vulcan firſt they came;
Thouſands of years are paſt, and they the ſame;
Such care ſhe takes to pay deſert with fame!
Than which no monarch, for his crown's defence,
Knows how to give a nobler recompence.

THE TRIPLE COMBAT.

WHEN thro' the world fair Mazarine had run,
Bright as her fellow-traveller the ſun,
Hither at length the Roman Eagle flies,
As the laſt triumph of her conqu'ring eyes.
As heir to Julius, ſhe may pretend
A ſecond time to make this iſland bend;
But Portſmouth, ſpringing from the ancient race
Of Britons, which the Saxon here did chaſe,
As they great Cæſar did oppoſe, makes head,
And does againſt this new invader lead.
That goodly nymph, the taller of the two,
Careleſs and fearleſs to the field does go.
Becoming bluſhes on the other wait,
And her young look excuſes want of height.
Beauty gives courage; for ſhe knows the day
Muſt not be won the Amazonian way.
Legions of Cupids to the battle come,
For Little Britain theſe, and thoſe for Rome.
Dreſs'd to advantage, this illuſtrious pair
Arriv'd, for combat in the liſt appear.
What may the Fates deſign! for never yet
From diſtant regions two ſuch beauties met.
Venus had been an equal friend to both,
And Vict'ry to declare herſelf ſeems loth:
Over the camp, with doubtful wings ſhe flies,
Till Chloris ſhining in the field ſhe ſpies.
The lovely Chloris well-attended came,
A thouſand Graces waited on the dame:

Her matchleſs form made all the Engliſh glad,
And foreign beauties leſs aſſurance had:
Yet, like the Three on Ida's top, they all
Pretend alike, conteſting for the ball:
Which to determine Love himſelf declin'd,
Leſt the neglected ſhould become leſs kind.
Such killing looks! ſo thick the arrows fly!
That 'tis unſafe to be a ſtander-by.
Poets, approaching to deſcribe the fight,
Are by their wounds inſtructed how to write.
They with leſs hazard might look on, and draw
The ruder combats in Alſatia;
And with that foil of violence and rage,
Set off the ſplendour of our Golden Age:
Where love gives law, Beauty the ſceptre ſways,
And, uncompell'd, the happy world obeys.

ON AN

ELEGY MADE BY MRS. WHARTON

ON THE EARL OF ROCHESTER.

THUS mourn the Muſes, on the hearſe
Not ſtrowing tears, but laſting verſe,
Which ſo preſerves the hero's name,
They make him live again in fame.
Chloris, in lines ſo like his own,
Gives him ſo juſt and high renown,
That ſhe th' afflicted world relieves,
And ſhews that ſtill in her he lives:
Her wit as graceful, great, and good;
Ally'd in genius as in blood.
His loſs ſupply'd, now all our fears
Are, that the nymph ſhould melt in tears.
Then, faireſt Chloris! comfort take,
For his, your own, and for our ſake,
Leſt his fair ſoul, that lives in you,
Should from the world for ever go.

UPON OUR LATE LOSS

OF THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

THE failing bloſſoms which a young plant bears,
Engage our hope for the ſucceeding years;
And hope is all which Art or Nature brings,
At the firſt trial, to accompliſh things.
Mankind was firſt created an eſſay;
That ruder draught the deluge waſh'd away.
How many ages paſs'd, what blood and toil,
Before we made one kingdom of this iſle!
How long in vain had Nature ſtriv'd to frame
A perfect princeſs ere her Highneſs came!
For joys ſo great we muſt with patience wait;
'Tis the ſet price of happineſs complete.
As a firſt fruit Heav'n claim'd that lovely boy;
The next ſhall live, and be the nation's joy.

INSTRUCTIONS TO A PAINTER,

For the drawing of the poſture and progreſs of his Majeſty's forces at ſea, under the command of his Highneſs Royal; together with the battle and victory obtained over the Dutch, June 3, 1665.

FIRST draw the ſea, that portion which between
The greater world and this of ours is ſeen:
Here place the Britiſh, there the Holland fleet,
Vaſt floating armies! both prepar'd to meet.
Draw the whole world, expecting who ſhould reign,
After this combat, o'er the conquer'd main;
Make Heav'n concern'd, and an unuſual ſtar
Declare th' importance of th' approaching war.
Make the ſea ſhine with gallantry, and all
The Engliſh youth flock to their Admiral,
The valiant Duke! whoſe early deeds abroad,
Such rage in fight, and art in conduct ſhow'd:
His bright ſword now a dearer int'reſt draws,
His brother's glory, and his country's cauſe.
Let thy bold pencil hope and courage ſpread
Thro' the whole navy, by that hero led:

Make all appear where ſuch a Prince is by,
Reſolv'd to conquer, or reſolv'd to die.
With his extraction and his glorious mind,
Make the proud ſails ſwell more than with the wind:
Preventing cannon, make his louder fame
Check the Batavians, and their fury tame.
So hungry wolves, tho' greedy of their prey,
Stop when they find a lion in their way.
Make him beſtride the ocean, and mankind
Aſk his conſent to uſe the ſea and wind:
While his tall ſhips in the barr'd Channel ſtand,
He graſps the Indies in his armed hand.
Paint an Eaſt-wind, and make it blow away
Th' excuſe of Holland for their navy's ſtay:
Make them look pale, and, the bold Prince to ſhun,
Thro' the cold North and rocky regions run.
To find the coaſt where morning firſt appears,
By the dark pole the wary Belgian ſteers;
Confeſſing now, he dreads the Engliſh more
Than all the dangers of a frozen ſhore;
While from our arms, ſecurity to find,
They fly ſo far, they leave the day behind.
Deſcribe their fleet abandoning the ſea,
And all their merchants left a wealthy prey:
Our firſt ſucceſs in war make Bacchus crown,
And half the vintage of the year our own.
The Dutch their wine, and all their brandy loſe,
Diſarm'd of that from which their courage grows;
While the glad Engliſh, to relieve their toil,
In healths to their great leader drink the ſpoil.
His high commands to Afric's coaſt extend,
And make the Moors before the Engliſh bend:
Thoſe barb'rous pirates willingly receive
Conditions ſuch as we are pleas'd to give.
Deſerted by the Dutch, let nations know
We can our own and their great bus'neſs do;
Falſe friends chaſtiſe, and common foes reſtrain,
Which worſe than tempeſts did infeſt the main.
Within thoſe Streights make Holland's Smyrna fleet
With a ſmall ſquadron of the Engliſh meet;

Like Falcons theſe, thoſe like a num'rous flock
Of fowl, which ſcatter to avoid the ſhock.
There paint confuſion in a various ſhape;
Some ſink, ſome yield; and, flying, ſome eſcape.
Europe and Africa, from either ſhore,
Spectators are, and hear our cannon roar;
While the divided world in this agree,
Men that fight ſo deſerve to rule the ſea.
But, nearer home, thy pencil uſe once more,
And place our navy by the Holland ſhore:
The world they compaſs'd while they fought with Spain,
But here already they reſign the main:
Thoſe greedy mariners, out of whoſe way
Diffuſive Nature could no region lay,
At home, preſerv'd from rocks and tempeſts, lie,
Compell'd, like others, in their beds to die.
Their ſingle towns th' Iberian armies preſt;
We all their provinces at once inveſt;
And in a month ruin their traffic more
Than that long war could in an age before.
But who can always on the billows lie?
The wat'ry wilderneſs yields no ſupply.
Spreading our ſails, to Harwich we reſort,
And meet the beauties of the Britiſh court.
Th' illuſtrious Ducheſs, and her glorious train,
(Like Thetis with her nymphs) adorn the main.
The gazing ſea-gods, ſince the Paphian Queen*
Sprung from among them, no ſuch ſight had ſeen.
Charm'd with the graces of a troop ſo fair,
Thoſe deathleſs pow'rs for us themſelves declare,
Reſolve the aid of Neptune's court to bring,
And help the nation where ſuch beauties ſpring:
The ſoldier here his waſted ſtore ſupplies,
And takes new valour from the ladies' eyes.
Mean-while, like bees, when ſtormy winter's gone,
The Dutch (as if the ſea were all their own)
Deſert their ports, and, falling in their way,
Our Hamburg merchants are become their prey.

* Venus.

Thus flouriſh they, before th' approaching fight,
As dying tapers give a blazing light.
To check their pride, our fleet half victuall'd goes,
Enough to ſerve us till we reach our foes;
Who now appear ſo numerous and bold,
The action worthy of our arms we hold.
A greater force than that which here we find
Ne'er preſs'd the ocean, nor employ'd the wind.
Reſtrain'd awhile by the unwelcome night,
Th' impatient Engliſh ſcarce attend the light.
But now the morning (heav'n ſeverely clear!)
To the fierce work indulgent does appear;
And Phœbus lifts above the waves his light,
That he might ſee, and thus record, the fight.
As when loud winds from diff'rent quarters ruſh,
Vaſt clouds encount'ring one another cruſh;
With ſwelling ſails ſo, from their ſev'ral coaſts,
Join the Batavian and the Britiſh hoſts.
For a leſs prize, with leſs concern and rage,
The Roman fleets at Actium did engage;
They for the empire of the world they knew,
Theſe for the Old contend, and for the New.
At the firſt ſhock, with blood and powder ſtain'd,
Nor heav'n nor ſea their former face retain'd:
Fury and art produce effects ſo ſtrange,
They trouble Nature, and her viſage change.
Where burning ſhips the baniſh'd ſun ſupply,
And no light ſhines but that by which men die,
There York appears! ſo prodigal is he
Of royal blood as ancient as the ſea!
Which down to him ſo many ages told,
Has thro' the veins of mighty monarchs roll'd!
The great Achilles march'd not to the field
Till Vulcan that impenetrable ſhield
And arms had wrought; yet there no bullets flew,
But ſhafts and darts which the weak Phrygians threw.
Our bolder hero on the deck does ſtand
Expos'd, the bulwark of his native land;
Defenſive arms laid by as uſeleſs here,
Where maſſy balls the neighb'ring rocks do tear.

Some pow'r unſeen thoſe princes does protect,
Who for their country thus themſelves neglect.
Againſt him firſt Opdam his ſquadron leads,
Proud of his late ſucceſs againſt the Swedes,
Made by that action, and his high command,
Worthy to periſh by a prince's hand.
The tall Batavian in a vaſt ſhip rides,
Bearing an army in her hollow ſides;
Yet, not inclin'd the Engliſh ſhip to board,
More on his guns relies than on his ſword;
From whence a fatal volley we receiv'd;
It miſs'd the Duke, but his great heart it griev'd;
Three worthy perſons * from his ſide it tore,
And dy'd his garment with their ſcatter'd gore.
Happy! to whom this glorious death arrives,
More to be valu'd than a thouſand lives!
On ſuch a theatre as this to die,
For ſuch a cauſe, and ſuch a witneſs by!
Who would not thus a ſacrifice be made,
To have his blood on ſuch an altar laid?
The reſt about him ſtrook with horror ſtood,
To ſee their leader cover'd o'er with blood.
So trembled Jacob, when he thought the ſtains
Of his ſon's coat had iſſued from his veins.
He feels no wound but in his troubled thought;
Before for honour, now revenge he fought:
His friends in pieces torn (the bitter news
Not brought by Fame) with his own eyes he views.
His mind at once reflecting on their youth,
Their worth, their love, their valour, and their truth,
The joys of court, their mothers, and their wives,
To follow him abandon'd,—and their lives!
He ſtorms and ſhoots; but flying bullets now
To execute his rage appear too ſlow:
They miſs, or ſweep but common ſouls away;
For ſuch a loſs Opdam his life muſt pay.
Encouraging his men, he gives the word,
With fierce intent that hated ſhip to board,

* Earl of Falmouth, Lord Muſkerry, and Mr. Boyle.

And make the guilty Dutch, with his own arm,
Wait on his friends, while yet their blood is warm.
His winged veſſel like an eagle ſhows,
When thro' the clouds to truſs a ſwan ſhe goes:
The Belgian ſhip unmov'd, like ſome huge rock
Inhabiting the ſea, expects the ſhock:
From both the fleets mens' eyes are bent this way,
Neglecting all the bus'neſs of the day:
Bullets their flight, and guns their noiſe ſuſpend;
The ſilent Ocean does th' event attend,
Which leader ſhall the doubtful vict'ry bleſs,
And give an earneſt of the war's ſucceſs,
When Heav'n itſelf, for England to declare,
Turns ſhip, and men, and tackle, into air.
Their new commander from his charge is toſt,
Which that young prince * had ſo unjuſtly loſt,
Whoſe great progenitors, with better fate,
And better conduct, ſway'd their infant ſtate.
His flight tow'rds heav'n th' aſpiring Belgian took,
But fell, like Phaeton, with thunder ſtrook:
From vaſter hopes than his he ſeem'd to fall,
That durſt attempt the Britiſh Admiral:
From her broad ſides a ruder flame is thrown
Than from the fiery chariot of the ſun;
That bears the radiant enſign of the day,
And ſhe the flag that governs in the ſea.
The Duke, (ill pleas'd that fire ſhould thus prevent
The work which for his brighter ſword he meant,)
Anger ſtill burning in his valiant breaſt,
Goes to complete revenge upon the reſt.
So on the guardleſs herd, their keeper ſlain,
Ruſhes a tiger in the Libyan plain.
The Dutch, accuſtom'd to the raging ſea,
And in black ſtorms the frowns of Heav'n to ſee,
Never met tempeſt which more urg'd their fears,
Than that which in the Prince's look appears.
Fierce, goodly, young! Mars he reſembles, when
Jove ſends him down to ſcourge perfidious men;

* Prince of Orange.

Such as with foul ingratitude have paid
Both thoſe that led, and thoſe that gave them aid.
Where he gives on diſpoſing of their fates,
Terror and death on his loud cannon waits,
With which he pleads his brother's cauſe ſo well,
He ſhakes the throne to which he does appeal.
The ſea with ſpoils his angry bullets ſtrow,
Widows and orphans making as they go:
Before his ſhip fragments of veſſels torn,
Flags, arms, and Belgian carcaſſes, are borne,
And his deſpairing foes, to flight inclin'd,
Spread all their canvaſs to invite the wind.
So the rude Boreas, where he liſts to blow,
Makes clouds above, and billows fly below,
Beating the ſhore, and with a boiſt'rous rage
Does heav'n at once, and earth, and ſea, engage.
The Dutch, elſewhere, did thro' the wat'ry field
Perform enough to have made others yield;
But Engliſh courage, growing as they fight,
In danger, noiſe, and ſlaughter, takes delight:
Their bloody taſk, unweary'd ſtill, they ply,
Only reſtrain'd by death or victory.
Iron and lead, from earth's dark entrails torn,
Like ſhow'rs of hail, from either ſide are borne:
So high the rage of wretched mortals goes,
Hurling their mother's bowels at their foes!
Ingenious to their ruin, ev'ry age
Improves the arts and inſtruments of rage.
Death-haſtening ills Nature enough has ſent,
And yet men ſtill a thouſand more invent!
But Bacchus now, which led the Belgians on
So fierce at firſt, to favour us begun:
Brandy and wine (their wonted friends) at length
Render them uſeleſs, and betray their ſtrength.
So corn in fields, and in the garden flow'rs,
Revive and raiſe themſelves with mod'rate ſhow'rs;
But overcharg'd with never-ceaſing rain,
Become too moiſt, and bend their heads again.
Their reeling ſhips on one another fall,
Without a foe, enough to ruin all.

Of this diſorder, and the fav'ring wind,
The watchful Engliſh ſuch advantage find,
Ships fraught with fire among the heap they throw,
And up the ſo-entangled Belgians blow.
The flame invades the powder-rooms, and then
Their guns ſhoot bullets, and their veſſels men.
The ſcorch'd Batavians on the billows float,
Sent from their own, to paſs in Charon's boat.
And now our Royal Admiral ſucceſs
(With all the marks of victory) does bleſs:
The burning ſhips, the taken, and the ſlain,
Proclaim his triumph o'er the conquer'd main.
Nearer to Holland as their haſty flight
Carries the noiſe and tumult of the fight,
His cannons' roar, forerunner of his fame,
Makes their Hague tremble, and their Amſterdam:
The Britiſh thunder does their houſes rock,
And the Duke ſeems at ev'ry door to knock.
His dreadful ſtreamer (like a comet's hair,
Threat'ning deſtruction) haſtens their deſpair;
Makes them deplore their ſcatter'd fleet as loſt,
And fear our preſent landing on their coaſt.
The trembling Dutch th' approaching Prince behold
As ſheep a lion leaping tow'rds their fold:
Thoſe piles which ſerve them to repel the main,
They think too weak his fury to reſtrain.
"What wonders may not Engliſh valour work,
"Led by th' example of victorious York?
"Or what defence againſt him can they make,
"Who at ſuch diſtance does their country ſhake?
"His fatal hand their bulwarks will o'erthrow,
"And let in both the ocean and the foe."
Thus cry the people;—and their land to keep,
Allow our title to command the deep;
Blaming their States' ill conduct, to provoke
Thoſe arms which freed them from the Spaniſh yoke.
Painter! excuſe me, if I have awhile
Forgot thy art, and us'd another ſtyle;
For tho' you draw arm'd heroes as they ſit,
The taſk in battle does the Muſes fit:

They in the dark confuſion of a fight
Diſcover all, inſtruct us how to write;
And light and honour to brave actions yield,
Hid in the ſmoke and tumult of the field.
Ages to come ſhall know that leader's toil,
And his great name on whom the Muſes ſmile:
Their dictates here let thy fam'd pencil trace,
And this relation with thy colours grace.
Then draw the Parliament, the nobles met,
And our Great Monarch * high above them ſet:
Like young Auguſtus let his image be,
Triumphing for that victory at ſea,
Where Egypt's Queen,† and Eaſtern Kings o'er-
thrown,
Made the poſſeſſion of the world his own.
Laſt draw the Commons at his royal feet,
Pouring out treaſure to ſupply his fleet:
They vow with lives and fortunes to maintain
Their King's eternal title to the main:
And with a preſent to the Duke, approve
His valour, conduct, and his country's love.

A Preſage of the Ruin
OF THE TURKISH EMPIRE:
Preſented to
HIS MAJESTY KING JAMES II.
On his Birth-day.

SINCE James the Second grac'd the Britiſh throne,
Truce, well obſerv'd, has been infring'd by none:
Chriſtians to him their preſent union owe,
And late ſucceſs againſt the common foe;
While neighb'ring princes, loth to urge their fate,
Court his aſſiſtance, and ſuſpend their hate.
So angry bulls the combat do forbear,
When from the wood a lion does appear.
This happy day peace to our iſland ſent,
As now he gives it to the Continent.

* King Charles II. † Cleopatra.

A prince more fit for ſuch a glorious taſk
Than England's King, from Heav'n we cannot aſk:
He (great and good!) proportion'd to the work,
Their ill-drawn ſwords ſhall turn againſt the Turk.
Such kings, like ſtars with influence unconfin'd,
Shine with aſpect propitious to mankind;
Favour the innocent, repreſs the bold,
And, while they flouriſh, make an Age of Gold.
Bred in the camp, fam'd for his valour young;
At ſea ſucceſsful, vigorous, and ſtrong;
His fleet, his army, and his mighty mind,
Eſteem and rev'rence thro' the world do find.
A prince with ſuch advantages as theſe,
Where he perſuades not, may command a peace.
Britain declaring for the juſter ſide,
The moſt ambitious will forget their pride;
They that complain will their endeavours ceaſe,
Advis'd by him, inclin'd to preſent peace,
Join to the Turk's deſtruction, and then bring
All their pretences to ſo juſt a king.
If the ſucceſsful troublers of mankind,
With laurel crown'd, ſo great applauſe do find,
Shall the vex'd world leſs honour yield to thoſe
That ſtop their progreſs, and their rage oppoſe?
Next to that Pow'r which does the ocean awe,
Is to ſet bounds, and give Ambition law.
The Britiſh Monarch ſhall the glory have,
That famous Greece remains no longer ſlave;
That ſource of art and cultivated thought!
Which they to Rome, and Romans hither brought.
The baniſh'd Muſes ſhall no longer mourn,
But may with Liberty to Greece return:
Tho' ſlaves, (like birds that ſing not in a cage,)
They loſt their genius and poetic rage;
Homers again, and Pindars, may be found,
And his great actions with their numbers crown'd.
The Turk's vaſt empire does united ſtand:
Chriſtians, divided under the command
Of jarring princes, would be ſoon undone,
Did not this hero make their int'reſt one;

Peace to embrace, ruin the common foe,
Exalt the Croſs, and lay the Creſcent low.
  Thus may the Goſpel to the riſing ſun
Be ſpread, and flouriſh where it firſt begun;
And this great day, (ſo juſtly honour'd here!)
Known to the Eaſt, and celebrated there.

"Hæc ego longævus cecini tibi, maxime regum!
Auſus et ipſe manu juvenum tentare laborem." Virg.

THESE VERSES

were writ in the

TASSO OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS.

TASSO knew how the fairer ſex to grace,
  But in no one durſt all perfection place.
In her alone that owns this book is ſeen
Clorinda's ſpirit, and her lofty mien,
Sophronia's piety, Erminia's truth,
Armida's charms, her beauty, and her youth.
  Our Princeſs here, as in a glaſs, does dreſs
Her well-taught mind, and ev'ry grace expreſs.
More to our wonder than Rinaldo fought,
The hero's race excels the poet's thought.

THE BATTLE OF THE SUMMER ISLANDS.

CANTO I.

What fruits they have, and how Heav'n ſmiles
Upon thoſe late diſcover'd iſles!

AID me, Bellona! while the dreadful fight
  Betwixt a nation and two whales I write.
Seas ſtain'd with gore I ſing, advent'rous toil!
And how theſe monſters did diſarm an iſle.
  Bermuda, wall'd with rocks, who does not know?
That happy iſland where huge lemons grow,
And orange trees, which golden fruit do bear,
Th' Heſperian garden boaſts of none ſo fair;
Where ſhining pearl, and coral, many a pound,
On the rich ſhore, of ambergris is found.

The lofty cedar, which to heav'n aſpires,
The prince of trees! is fuel for their fires:
The ſmoke by which their loaded ſpits do turn,
For incenſe might on ſacred altars burn:
Their private roofs on od'rous timber borne,
Such as might palaces for kings adorn.
The ſweet palmettos a new Bacchus yield,
With leaves as ample as the broadeſt ſhield,
Under the ſhadow of whoſe friendly boughs
They ſit carouſing where their liquor grows.
Figs there unplanted thro' the fields do grow,
Such as fierce Cato did the Romans ſhow,
With the rare fruit, inviting them to ſpoil
Carthage, the miſtreſs of ſo rich a ſoil.
The naked rocks are not unfruitful there,
But at ſome conſtant ſeaſons, ev'ry year
Their barren tops with luſcious food abound,
And with the eggs of various fowls are crown'd.
Tobacco is the worſt of things which they
To Engliſh landlords, as their tribute, pay.
Such is the mould that the bleſt tenant feeds
On precious fruits, and pays his rent in weeds.
With candy'd plantains and the juicy pine,
On choiceſt melons and ſweet grapes they dine,
And with potatoes fat their wanton ſwine.
Nature theſe cates with ſuch a laviſh hand
Pours out among them, that our coarſer land
Taſtes of that bounty, and does cloth return,
Which not for warmth, but ornament, is worn:
For the kind ſpring, which but ſalutes us here,
Inhabits there, and courts them all the year.
Ripe fruits and bloſſoms on the ſame trees live;
At once they promiſe what at once they give.
So ſweet the air, ſo moderate the clime,
None ſickly lives, or dies before his time.
Heav'n ſure has kept this ſpot of earth uncurſt,
To ſhew how all things were created firſt.
The tardy plants in our cold orchards plac'd,
Reſerve their fruit for the next age's taſte:

There a ſmall grain in ſome few months will be
A firm, a lofty, and a ſpacious tree.
The palma-chriſti, and the fair papâ,
Now but a ſeed, (preventing Nature's law,)
In half the circle of the haſty year
Project a ſhade, and lovely fruits do wear.
And as their trees, in our dull region ſet,
But faintly grow, and no perfection get,
So in this northern track our hoarſer throats
Utter unripe and ill-conſtrained notes,
While the ſupporter of the poets' ſtyle,
Phœbus, on them eternally does ſmile.
Oh! how I long my careleſs limbs to lay
Under the plantain's ſhade, and all the day
With amorous airs my fancy entertain,
Invoke the Muſes, and improve my vein!
No paſſion there in my free breaſt ſhould move,
None but the ſweet and beſt of paſſions, Love.
There while I ſing, if gentle Love be by,
That tunes my lute, and winds the ſtring ſo high,
With the ſweet ſound of Sachariſſa's name
I'll make the liſt'ning ſavages grow tame.—
But while I do theſe pleaſing dreams endite,
I am diverted from the promis'd fight.

CANTO II.

Of their alarm, and how their foes
Diſcover'd were, this Canto ſhows.

THO' rocks ſo high about this iſland riſe,
That well they may the num'rous Turk deſpiſe,
Yet is no human fate exempt from fear,
Which ſhakes their hearts, while thro' the iſle they hear
A laſting noiſe, as horrid and as loud
As thunder makes before it breaks the cloud.
Three days they dread this murmur ere they know
From what blind cauſe th' unwonted ſound may grow;
At length two monſters of unequal ſize,
Hard by the ſhore, a fiſherman eſpies;
Two mighty whales! which ſwelling ſeas had toſt,
And left them pris'ners an the rocky coaſt:

One as a mountain vaſt, and with her came
A cub, not much inferior to his dam.
Here in a pool, among the rocks engag'd,
They roar'd, like lions caught in toils, and rag'd.
The man knew what they were, who heretofore
Had ſeen the like lie murder'd on the ſhore,
By the wild fury of ſome tempeſt caſt,
The fate of ſhips, and ſhipwreck'd men, to taſte.
As careleſs dames, whom wine and ſleep betray
To frantic dreams, their infants overlay;
So there ſometimes the raging ocean fails,
And her own brood expoſes; when the whales
Againſt ſharp rocks, like reeling veſſels quaſh'd,
Tho' huge as mountains, are in pieces daſh'd:
Along the ſhore their dreadful limbs lie ſcatter'd,
Like hills with earthquakes ſhaken, torn, and ſhatter'd.
Hearts ſure of braſs they had who tempted firſt
Rude ſeas, that ſpare not what themſelves have nurſt.
The welcome news thro' all the nation ſpread,
To ſudden joy and hope converts their dread:
What lately was their public terror, they
Behold with glad eyes as a certain prey;
Diſpoſe already of th' untaken ſpoil,
And, as the purchaſe of their future toil,
Theſe ſhare the bones, and they divide the oil.
So was the huntſman by the bear oppreſt,
Whoſe hide he ſold—before he caught the beaſt!
They man their boats, and all their young men arm
With whatſoever may the monſters harm;
Pikes, halberts, ſpits, and darts, that wound ſo far,
The tools of peace, and inſtruments of war.
Now was the time for vig'rous lads to ſhow
What love or honour could invite them to:
A goodly theatre! where rocks are round
With rev'rend age and lovely laſſes crown'd.
Such was the lake which held this dreadful pair
Within the bounds of noble Warwick's ſhare:
Warwick's bold Earl! than which no title bears
A greater ſound among our Britiſh peers;

And worthy he the mem'ry to renew,
The fate and honour to that title due;
Whoſe brave adventures have transferr'd his name,
And thro' the new world ſpread his growing fame.—
But how they fought, and what their valour gain'd,
Shall in another Canto be contain'd. 57

CANTO III.

The bloody fight, ſucceſsleſs toil,
And how the fiſhes ſack'd the iſle.

THE boat which on the firſt aſſault did go,
Strook with a harping-ir'n the younger foe;
Who, when he felt his ſide ſo rudely gor'd,
Loud as the ſea that nouriſh'd him he roar'd.
As a broad bream, to pleaſe ſome curious taſte,
While yet alive, in boiling water caſt,
Vex'd with unwonted heat he flings about
The ſcorching braſs, and hurls the liquor out;
So with the barbed jav'lin ſtung, he raves,
And ſcourges with his tail the ſuff'ring waves.
Like Spenſer's Talus with his iron flail,
He threatens ruin with his pond'rous tail;
Diſſolving at one ſtroke the batter'd boat,
And down the men fall drenched in the moat;
With ev'ry fierce encounter they are forc'd
To quit their boats, and fare like men unhors'd.
The bigger whale like ſome huge carrack lay,
Which wanteth ſea-room with her foes to play:
Slowly ſhe ſwims, and when, provok'd, ſhe wou'd
Advance her tail, her head ſalutes the mud:
The ſhallow water doth her force infringe,
And renders vain her tail's impetuous ſwinge:
The ſhining ſteel her tender ſides receive,
And there, like bees, they all their weapons leave.
This ſees the cub, and does himſelf oppoſe
Betwixt his cumber'd mother and her foes:
With deſp'rate courage he receives her wounds,
And men and boats his active tail confounds.
Their forces join'd, the ſeas with billows fill,
And make a tempeſt tho' the winds be ſtill.

Now would the men with half their hoped prey
Be well content, and wiſh this cub away:
Their wiſh they have: he (to direct his dam
Unto the gap thro' which they thither came)
Before her ſwims, and quits the hoſtile lake,
A pris'ner there but for his mother's ſake.
She by the rocks compell'd to ſtay behind,
Is by the vaſtneſs of her bulk confin'd.
They ſhout for joy! and now on her alone
Their fury falls, and all their darts are thrown.
Their lances ſpent, one, bolder than the reſt,
With his broad ſword provok'd the ſluggiſh beaſt;
Her oily ſide devours both blade and heft,
And there his ſteel the bold Bermudan left.
Courage the reſt from his example take,
And now they change the colour of the lake:
Blood flows in rivers from her wounded ſide,
As if they would prevent the tardy tide,
And raiſe the flood to that propitious height,
As might convey her from this fatal ſtreight.
She ſwims in blood, and blood does ſpouting throw
To heav'n, that Heav'n mens' cruelties might know.
Their fixed jav'lins in her ſide ſhe wears,
And on her back a grove of pikes appears;
You would have thought, had you the monſter ſeen
Thus dreſt, ſhe had another iſland been.
Roaring ſhe tears the air with ſuch a noiſe,
As well reſembled the conſpiring voice
Of routed armies, when the field is won,
To reach the ears of her eſcaped ſon.
He, tho' a league removed from the foe,
Haſtes to her aid: the pious Trojan * ſo,
Neglecting for Creuſa's life his own,
Repeats the danger of the burning town.
The men, amazed, bluſh to ſee the ſeed
Of monſters human piety exceed.
Well proves this kindneſs, what the Grecian ſung,
That Love's bright mother from the Ocean ſprung.

* Æneas.

Their courage droops, and, hopeleſs now, they wiſh
For compoſition with th' unconquer'd fiſh;
So ſhe their weapons would reſtore again,
Thro' rocks they'd hew her paſſage to the main.
But how inſtructed in each other's mind?
Or what commerce can men with monſters find?
Not daring to approach their wounded foe,
Whom her courageous ſon protected ſo,
They charge their muſquets, and, with hot deſire
Of fell revenge, renew the fight with fire;
Standing aloof, with lead they bruiſe the ſcales,
And tear the fleſh of the incenſed whales.
But no ſucceſs their fierce endeavours found,
Nor this way could they give one fatal wound.
Now to their fort they are about to ſend
For the loud engines which their iſle defend;
But what thoſe pieces, fram'd to batter walls,
Would have effected on thoſe mighty whales,
Great Neptune will not have us know, who ſends
A tide ſo high that it relieves his friends.
And thus they parted with exchange of harms;
Much blood the monſters loſt, and they their arms.

EPISTLES.

TO THE KING

ON HIS NAVY.

WHERE'ER thy Navy ſpreads her canvaſs wings,
Homage to thee, and peace to all ſhe brings:
The French and Spaniard, when thy flags appear,
Forget their hatred, and conſent to fear.
So Jove from Ida did both hoſts ſurvey,
And when he pleas'd to thunder part the fray.
Ships heretofore in ſeas like fiſhes ſped,
The mightieſt ſtill upon the ſmalleſt fed:
Thou on the deep impoſeſt nobler laws,
And by that juſtice haſt remov'd the cauſe
Of thoſe rude tempeſts, which for rapine ſent,
Too oft', alas! involv'd the innocent.
Now ſhall the Ocean, as thy Thames, be free
From both thoſe fates of ſtorms and piracy.
But we moſt happy, who can fear no force
But winged troops, or Pegaſean horſe.
'Tis not ſo hard for greedy foes to ſpoil
Another nation as to touch our ſoil.
Should Nature's ſelf invade the world again,
And o'er the centre ſpread the liquid main,
Thy pow'r were ſafe, and her deſtructive hand
Would but enlarge the bounds of thy command:
Thy dreadful fleet would ſtyle thee Lord of All,
And ride in triumph o'er the drowned ball;
Thoſe tow'rs of oak o'er fertile plains might go,
And viſit mountains where they once did grow.
The world's Reſtorer once could not endure
That finiſh'd Babel ſhould thoſe men ſecure
Whoſe pride deſign'd that fabric to have ſtood
Above the reach of any ſecond flood;
To thee, his choſen, more indulgent, he
Dares truſt ſuch pow'r with ſo much piety.

TO THE QUEEN,

Occaſioned on ſight of

HER MAJESTY'S PICTURE.

WELL fare the hand which to our humble ſight
Preſents that beauty which the dazzling light
Of royal ſplendor hides from weaker eyes,
And all acceſs, ſave by this art, denies.
Here only we have courage to behold
This beam of glory, here we dare unfold
In numbers thus the wonders we conceive:
The gracious image, ſeeming to give leave,
Propitious ſtands, vouchſafing to be ſeen,
And by our Muſe ſaluted Mighty Queen,
In whom th' extremes of pow'r and beauty move,
The Queen of Britain, and the Queen of Love!
As the bright ſun (to which we owe no ſight
Of equal glory to your beauty's light)
Is wiſely plac'd in ſo ſublime a ſeat,
T' extend his light and moderate his heat;
So, happy 'tis you move in ſuch a ſphere,
As your high Majeſty with awful fear
In human breaſts might qualify that fire,
Which, kindled by thoſe eyes, had flamed higher
Than when the ſcorched world like hazard run
By the approach of the ill-guided ſun.
No other nymphs have title to mens' hearts,
But as their meanneſs larger hope imparts:
Your beauty more the fondeſt lover moves
With admiration than his private loves;
With admiration! for a pitch ſo high
(Save ſacred Charles's) never love durſt fly.
Heav'n, that preferr'd a ſceptre to your hand,
Favour'd our freedom more than your command:
Beauty had crown'd you, and you muſt have been
The whole world's miſtreſs, other than a Queen.
All had been rivals, and you might have ſpar'd,
Or kill'd and tyranniz'd, without a guard.

No pow'r atchiev'd, either by arms or birth,
Equals Love's empire both in heav'n and earth.
Such eyes as your's on Jove himſelf have thrown
As bright and fierce a lightning as his own:
Witneſs our Jove, prevented by their flame
In his ſwift paſſage to th' Heſperian dame:
When, like a lion, finding in his way
To ſome intended ſpoil a fairer prey,
The royal youth purſuing the report
Of beauty, found it in the Gallic court:
There public care with private paſſion fought
A doubtful combat in his noble thought:
Should he confeſs his greatneſs and his love,
And the free faith of your great brother * prove;
With his Achates † breaking thro' the cloud
Of that diſguiſe which did their graces ſhroud;
And mixing with thoſe gallants at the ball,
Dance with the ladies, and outſhine them all;
Or on his journey o'er the mountains ride?—
So when the fair Leucothoë he eſpy'd,
To check his ſteeds, impatient Phœbus yearn'd,
Tho' all the world was in his courſe concern'd.
What may hereafter her meridian do,
Whoſe dawning beauty warm'd his boſom ſo?
Not ſo divine a flame, ſince deathleſs gods,
Forbore to viſit the defil'd abodes
Of men, in any mortal breaſt did burn;
Nor ſhall, till Piety and they return.

TO THE

QUEEN-MOTHER OF FRANCE,

UPON HER LANDING.

GREAT Queen of Europe! where thy offspring wears
All the chief crowns; where princes are thy heirs;
As welcome thou to ſea-girt Britain's ſhore,
As erſt Latona (who fair Cynthia bore)
To Delos was: here ſhines a nymph as bright,
By thee diſclos'd with like increaſe of light.

* Lewis XIII. K. of France. † D. of Buckingham.

Why was her joy in Belgia confin'd?
Or why did you ſo much regard the wind?
Scarce could the ocean (tho' enrag'd) have toſt
Thy ſov'reign bark, but where th' obſequious coaſt
Pays tribute to thy bed. Rome's conqu'ring hand
More vanquiſh'd nations under her command
Never reduc'd. Glad Berecynthia ſo
Among her deathleſs progeny did go;
A wreath of tow'rs adorn'd her rev'rend head,
Mother of all that on ambroſia fed.
Thy godlike race muſt ſway the age to come,
As ſhe Olympus peopled with her womb.
Would thoſe commanders of mankind obey
Their honour'd parent, all pretences lay
Down at your royal feet, compoſe their jars,
And on the growing Turk diſcharge theſe wars;
The Chriſtian knights that ſacred tomb ſhould wreſt
From Pagan hands, and triumph o'er the Eaſt:
Our England's Prince, and Gallia's Dolphin, might
Like young Rinaldo and Tancredi fight:
In ſingle combat by their ſwords again
The proud Argantes and fierce Soldan ſlain:
Again might we their valiant deeds recite,
And with your Tuſcan Muſe * exalt the fight.

THE COUNTRY,

TO MY LADY OF CARLISLE.

MADAM, of all the ſacred Muſe inſpir'd,
Orpheus alone could with the woods comply;
Their rude inhabitants his ſong admir'd,
And Nature's ſelf, in thoſe that could not lie:
Your beauty next our ſolitude invades,
And warms us ſhining thro' the thickeſt ſhades.

Nor ought the tribute which the wond'ring court
Pays your fair eyes, prevail with you to ſcorn
The anſwer and conſent to that report
Which, echo-like, the country does return:
Mirrors are taught to flatter, but our ſprings
Preſent th' impartial images of things.

* Taſſo.

A rural judge * diſpos'd of beauty's prize;
A ſimple ſhepherd was preferr'd to Jove;
Down to the mountains, from the partial ſkies,
Came Juno, Pallas, and the Queen of Love,
To plead for that which was ſo juſtly giv'n
To the bright Carliſle of the court of heav'n.

Carliſle! a name which all our woods are taught
Loud as their Amaryllis to reſound:
Carliſle! a name which on the bark is wrought
Of ev'ry tree that's worthy of the wound.
From Phœbus' rage our ſhadows and our ſtreams
May guard us better than from Carliſle's beams.

TO PHYLLIS.

PHYLLIS! 'twas love that injur'd you,
And on that rock your Thyrſis threw,
Who for proud Cælia could have dy'd,
While you no leſs accus'd his pride.
Fond Love his darts at random throws,
And nothing ſprings from what he ſows:
From foes diſcharg'd as often meet
The ſhining points of arrows fleet,
In the wide air creating fire,
As ſouls that join in one deſire.
Love made the lovely Venus burn
In vain, and for the cold youth † mourn,
Who the purſuit of churliſh beaſts
Preferr'd to ſleeping on her breaſts.
Love makes ſo many hearts the prize
Of the bright Carliſle's conqu'ring eyes,
Which ſhe regards no more than they
The tears of leſſer beauties weigh.
So have I ſeen the loſt clouds pour
Into the ſea an uſeleſs ſhow'r,
And the vex'd ſailors curſe the rain,
For which poor ſhepherds pray'd in vain.
Then, Phyllis, ſince our paſſions are
Govern'd by chance, and not the care,

* Paris. † Adonis.

But ſport of Heav'n, which takes delight
To look upon this Parthian fight
Of Love, ſtill flying, or in chaſe,
Never encount'ring face to face,
No more to Love we'll ſacrifice,
But to the beſt of deities;
And let our hearts, which Love disjoin'd,
By his kind mother be combin'd.

TO MY LORD OF NORTHUMBERLAND, UPON THE DEATH OF HIS LADY.

TO this great loſs a ſea of tears is due,
But the whole debt not to be paid by you:
Charge not yourſelf with all, nor render vain
Thoſe ſhow'rs the eyes of us your ſervants rain.
Shall grief contract the largeneſs of that heart
In which nor fear nor anger has a part?
Virtue would bluſh if time ſhould boaſt (which dries,
Her ſole child dead, the tender mother's eyes)
Your mind's relief, where reaſon triumphs ſo
Over all paſſions, that they ne'er could grow
Beyond their limits in your noble breaſt,
To harm another, or impeach your reſt.
This we obſerv'd, delighting to obey
One who did never from his great ſelf ſtray;
Whoſe mild example ſeemed to engage
Th' obſequious ſeas, and teach them not to rage.
The brave Æmilius, his great charge laid down,
(The force of Rome, and fate of Macedon,)
In his loſt ſons did feel the cruel ſtroke
Of changing fortune, and thus highly ſpoke
Before Rome's people: "We did oft' implore,
"That if the Heav'ns had any bad in ſtore
"For your Æmilius, they would pour that ill
"On his own houſe, and let you flouriſh ſtill."
You on the barren ſeas, my Lord, have ſpent
Whole ſprings and ſummers, to the public lent;
Suſpended all the pleaſures of your life,
And ſhorten'd the ſhort joy of ſuch a wife;

For which your country's more obliged than
For many lives of old leſs happy men.
You, that have ſacrific'd ſo great a part
Of youth, and private bliſs, ought to impart
Your ſorrow too, and give your friends a right
As well in your affliction as delight.
Then with Æmilian courage bear this croſs,
Since public perſons only public loſs
Ought to affect. And tho' her form and youth,
Her application to your will and truth,
That noble ſweetneſs, and that humble ſtate,
(All ſnatch'd away by ſuch a haſty fate!)
Might give excuſe to any common breaſt,
With the huge weight of ſo juſt grief oppreſt;
Yet let no portion of your life be ſtain'd
With paſſion, but your character maintain'd
To the laſt act. It is enough her ſtone
May honour'd be with ſuperſcription
Of the ſole lady who had pow'r to move
The great Northumberland to grieve and love.

TO MY LORD ADMIRAL,

ON HIS LATE SICKNESS AND RECOVERY.

WITH joy like ours the Thracian youth invades
Orpheus, returning from th' Elyſian ſhades;
Embrace the hero, and his ſtay implore;
Make it their public ſuit, he would no more
Deſert them ſo, and for his ſpouſe's ſake,
His vaniſh'd love, tempt the Lethean lake.
The ladies, too, the brighteſt of that time,
(Ambitious all his lofty bed to climb,)
Their doubtful hopes with expectation feed,
Who ſhall the fair Eurydice ſucceed:
Eurydice! for whom his num'rous moan
Makes liſt'ning trees and ſavage mountains groan:
Thro' all the air his ſounding ſtrings dilate
Sorrow like that which touch'd our hearts of late.
Your pining ſickneſs, and your reſtleſs pain,
At once the land affecting and the main,

When the glad news that you were Admiral
Scarce thro' the nation ſpread, 'twas fear'd by all
That our great Charles, whoſe wiſdom ſhines in you,
Would be perplexed how to chuſe a new.
So more than private was the joy and grief,
That at the worſt it gave our ſouls relief,
That in our age ſuch ſenſe of virtue liv'd,
They joy'd ſo juſtly, and ſo juſtly griev'd.
Nature (her faireſt lights eclipſed) ſeems
Herſelf to ſuffer in thoſe ſharp extremes;
While not from thine alone thy blood retires,
But from thoſe cheeks which all the world admires.
The ſtem thus threaten'd, and the ſap in thee,
Droop all the branches of that noble tree!
Their beauty they, and we our love ſuſpend;
Nought can our wiſhes, ſave thy health, intend.
As lilies overcharg'd with rain, they bend
Their beauteous heads, and with high heav'n contend;
Fold thee within their ſnowy arms, and cry
He is too faultleſs and too young to die.
So like immortals round about thee they
Sit, that they fright approaching Death away.
Who would not languiſh, by ſo fair a train
To be lamented and reſtor'd again?
Or, thus withheld, what haſty ſoul would go,
Tho' to the bleſt? O'er young Adonis ſo
Fair Venus mourn'd, and with the precious ſhow'r
Of her warm tears cheriſh'd the ſpringing flow'r.
The next ſupport, fair hope of your great name,
And ſecond pillar of that noble frame,
By loſs of thee would no advantage have,
But ſtep by ſtep purſue thee to the grave.
And now relentleſs Fate, about to end
The line which backwards does ſo far extend
That antique ſtock, which ſtill the world ſupplies
With braveſt ſpirits and with brighteſt eyes,
Kind Phœbus, interpoſing, bid me ſay,
Such ſtorms no more ſhall ſhake that houſe; but they,

Like Neptune, and his ſea born niece,* ſhall be
The ſhining glories of the land and ſea;
With courage guard, and beauty warm, our age,
And lovers fill with like poetic rage.

TO VAN DYCK.

RARE Artiſan! whoſe pencil moves
Not our delights alone, but loves;
From thy ſhop of Beauty we
Slaves return that enter'd free.
The heedleſs lover does not know
Whoſe eyes they are that wound him ſo;
But, confounded with thy art,
Inquires her name that has his heart.
Another, who did long refrain,
Feels his old wound bleed freſh again
With dear remembrance of that face,
Where now he reads new hope of grace:
Nor ſcorn nor cruelty does find,
But gladly ſuffers a falſe wind
To blow the aſhes of deſpair
From the reviving brand of care.
Fool! that forgets her ſtubborn look
This ſoftneſs from thy finger took.
Strange! that thy hand ſhould not inſpire
The beauty only, but the fire:
Not the form alone, and grace,
But act and power of a face.
May'ſt thou yet thyſelf as well,
As all the world beſides, excel!
So you th' unfeigned truth rehearſe,
(That I may make it live in verſe,)
Why thou couldſt not at one eſſay,
That face to aftertimes convey,
Which this admires. Was it thy wit
To make her oft' before thee ſit?
Confeſs, and we'll forgive thee this;
For who would not repeat that bliſs?

*Venus.

And frequent ſight of ſuch a dame
Buy with the hazard of his fame?
Yet who can tax thy blameleſs ſkill,
Tho' thy good hand had failed ſtill,
When Nature's ſelf ſo often errs?
She for this many thouſand years
Seems to have practis'd with much care,
To frame the race of women fair;
Yet never could a perfect birth
Produce before to grace the earth,
Which waxed old ere it could ſee
Her that amaz'd thy art and thee.
But now 'tis done, O let me know
Where thoſe immortal colours grow
That could this deathleſs piece compoſe!
In lilies? or the fading roſe?
No; for this theft thou haſt climb'd higher
Than did Prometheus for his fire.

TO MY LORD OF LEICESTER.

NOT that thy trees at Penſhurt groan,
Oppreſſed with their timely load,
And ſeem to make their ſilent moan,
That their great Lord is now abroad:
They to delight his taſte or eye
Would ſpend themſelves in fruit, and die.

Not that thy harmleſs deer repine,
And think themſelves unjuſtly ſlain
By any other hand than thine,
Whoſe arrows they would gladly ſtain;
No, nor thy friends, which hold too dear
That peace with France which keeps thee there.

All theſe are leſs than that great cauſe
Which now exacts your preſence here,
Wherein there meet the divers laws
Of public and domeſtic care,
For one bright nymph our youth contends,
And on your prudent choice depends.

Not the bright ſhield of Thetis' ſon,*
(For which ſuch ſtern debate did riſe,
That the great Ajax Telamon
Refus'd to live without the prize,)
Thoſe Achive peers did more engage
Than ſhe the gallants of our age.

That beam of beauty which begun
To warm us ſo when thou wert here,
Now ſcorches like the raging ſun,
When Sirius does firſt appear.
O fix this flame! and let deſpair
Redeem the reſt from endleſs care.

TO MRS. BRAUGHTON,

SERVANT TO SACHARISSA.

FAIR Fellow-ſervant! may your gentle ear
Prove more propitious to my ſlighted care
Than the bright dame's we ſerve: for her relief
(Vex'd with the long expreſſions of my grief)
Receive theſe plaints; nor will her high diſdain
Forbid my humble Muſe to court her train.

So, in thoſe nations which the ſun adore,
Some modeſt Perſian, or ſome weak-ey'd Moor,
No higher dares advance his dazzled ſight,
Than to ſome gilded cloud, which near the light
Of their aſcending god adorns the Eaſt,
And, graced with his beams, outſhines the reſt.

Thy ſkilful hand contributes to our woe,
And whets thoſe arrows which confound us ſo.
A thouſand Cupids in thoſe curls do ſit
(Thoſe curious nets!) thy ſlender fingers knit.
The Graces put not more exactly on
Th' attire of Venus when the Ball ſhe won,
Than Sachariſſa by thy care is dreſt,
When all our youth prefers her to the reſt.

You the ſoft ſeaſon know when beſt her mind
May be to pity or to love inclin'd:
In ſome well-choſen hour ſupply his fear,
Whoſe hopeleſs love durſt never tempt the ear

* Achilles.

Of that ſtern goddeſs. You, her prieſt, declare
What off'rings may propitiate the fair:
Rich orient pearl, bright ſtones that ne'er decay,
Or poliſh'd lines, which longer laſt than they:
For if I thought ſhe took delight in thoſe,
To where the cheerful Morn does firſt diſcloſe,
(The ſhady Night removing with her beams)
Wing'd with bold love, I'd fly to fetch ſuch gems.
But ſince her eyes, her teeth, her lip, excels
All that is found in mines or fiſhes' ſhells,
Her nobler part as far exceeding theſe,
None but immortal gifts her mind ſhould pleaſe.
The ſhining jewels Greece and Troy beſtow'd
On Sparta's Queen,* her lovely neck did load,
And ſnowy wriſts; but when the town was burn'd,
Thoſe fading glories were to aſhes turn'd:
Her beauty, too, had periſh'd, and her fame,
Had not the Muſe redeem'd them from the flame.

TO MY YOUNG LADY LUCY SIDNEY.

WHY came I ſo untimely forth
Into a world which, wanting thee,
Could entertain us with no worth
Or ſhadow of felicity?
That time ſhould me ſo far remove
From that which I was born to love!

Yet, faireſt Bloſſom! do not ſlight
That age which you may know ſo ſoon:
The roſy Morn reſigns her light
And milder glory to the Noon:
And then what wonders ſhall you do,
Whoſe dawning beauty warms us ſo?

Hope waits upon the flow'ry prime;
And ſummer, tho' it be leſs gay,
Yet is not look'd on as a time
Of declination or decay:
For with a full hand that does bring
All that was promis'd by the ſpring.

* Helen.

TO AMORET.

FAIR! that you may truly know
What you unto Thyrſis owe,
I will tell you how I do
Sachariſſa love and you.
Joy ſalutes me when I ſet
My bleſt eyes on Amoret;
But with wonder I am ſtrook
While I on the other look.
If ſweet Amoret complains,
I have ſenſe of all her pains;
But for Sachariſſa I
Do not only grieve, but die.
All that of myſelf is mine,
Lovely Amoret! is thine:
Sachariſſa's captive fain
Would untie his iron chain,
And thoſe ſcorching beams to ſhun,
To thy gentle ſhadow run.
If the ſoul had free election
To diſpoſe of her affection,
I would not thus long have borne
Haughty Sachariſſa's ſcorn:
But 'tis ſure ſome pow'r above,
Which controls our wills in love!
If not a love, a ſtrong deſire
To create and ſpread that fire
In my breaſt, ſolicits me,
Beauteous Amoret! for thee.
'Tis amazement more than love
Which her radiant eyes do move:
If leſs ſplendour wait on thine,
Yet they ſo benignly ſhine,
I would turn my dazzled ſight
To behold their milder light:
But as hard 'tis to deſtroy
That high flame as to enjoy;
Which how eas'ly I may do,
Heav'n (as eas'ly ſcal'd) does know!

Amoret! as ſweet and good
As the moſt delicious food,
Which but taſted does impart
Life and gladneſs to the heart.
Sachariſſa's beauty's wine,
Which to madneſs doth incline;
Such a liquor as no brain
That is mortal can ſuſtain.
Scarce can I to Heav'n excuſe
The devotion which I uſe
Unto that adored dame;
For 'tis not unlike the ſame
Which I thither ought to ſend;
So that if it could take end,
T'would to Heav'n itſelf be due,
To ſucceed her and not you;
Who already have of me
All that's not idolatry;
Which, tho' not ſo fierce a flame,
Is longer like to be the ſame.
Then ſmile on me, and I will prove
Wonder is ſhorter-liv'd than love.

TO AMORET.

AMORET! the Milky Way
Fram'd of many nameleſs ſtars!
The ſmooth ſtream where none can ſay
He this drop to that prefers!

Amoret! my lovely Foe!
Tell me where thy ſtrength does lie?
Where the pow'r that charms us ſo?
In thy ſoul, or in thy eye?

But that ſnowy neck alone,
Or thy grace in motion ſeen,
No ſuch wonders could be done;
Yet thy waiſt is ſtraight and clean
As Cupid's ſhaft, or Hermes' rod,
And pow'rful, too, as either god.

TO PHYLLIS.

PHYLLIS! why ſhould we delay
Pleaſures ſhorter than the day?
Could we (which we never can)
Stretch our lives beyond their ſpan,
Beauty like a ſhadow flies,
And our youth before us dies.
Or would youth and beauty ſtay,
Love hath wings, and will away.
Love hath ſwifter wings than Time,
Change in love to Heav'n does climb.
Gods, that never change their ſtate,
Vary oft' their love and hate.
Phyllis! to this truth we owe
All the Love betwixt us two.
Let not you and I enquire
What has been our paſt deſire;
On what ſhepherds you have ſmil'd,
Or what nymphs I have beguil'd:
Leave it to the planets too
What we ſhall hereafter do;
For the joys we now may prove,
Take advice of preſent love.

TO MY LORD OF FALKLAND.

BRAVE Holland leads, and with him Falkland goes.
Who hears this told, and does not ſtraight ſuppoſe
We ſend the Graces and the Muſes forth,
To civilize and to inſtruct the North?
Not that theſe ornaments make ſwords leſs ſharp;
Apollo bears as well his bow as harp:—
And tho' he be the patron of that ſpring,
Where, in calm peace, the ſacred virgins ſing,
He courage had to guard th' invaded throne
Of Jove, and caſt th' ambitious giants down.
Ah, noble Friend! with what impatience all
That know thy worth, and know how prodigal
Of thy great ſoul thou art, (longing to twiſt
Bays with that ivy which ſo early kiſs'd

Thy youthful temples) with what horror we
Think on the blind events of war and thee?
To fate expoſing that all-knowing breaſt
Among the throng as cheaply as the reſt;
Where oaks and brambles (if the copſe be burn'd)
Confounded lie, to the ſame aſhes turn'd.

Some happy wind over the ocean blow
This tempeſt yet, which frights our iſland ſo!
Guarded with ſhips, and all the ſea our own,
From Heav'n this miſchief on our heads is thrown.

In a late dream the Genius of this land,
Amaz'd, I ſaw, like the fair Hebrew,* ſtand,
When firſt ſhe felt the twins begin to jar,
And found her womb the ſeat of civil war.
Inclin'd to whoſe relief, and with preſage
Of better fortune for the preſent age,
Heav'n ſends, quoth I, this diſcord for our good,
To warm, perhaps, but not to waſte our blood;
To raiſe our drooping ſpirits, grown the ſcorn
Of our proud neighbours, who ere long ſhall mourn
(Tho' now they joy in our expected harms)
We had occaſion to reſume our arms.

A lion ſo with ſelf-provoking ſmart,
(His rebel tail ſcourging his nobler part,)
Calls up his courage, then begins to roar,
And charge his foes, who thought him mad before.

TO A LADY,

SINGING A SONG OF HIS COMPOSING.

CHLORIS! yourſelf you ſo excel,
When you vouchſafe to breathe my thought,
That, like a ſpirit, with this ſpell
Of my own teaching, I am caught.

That eagle's fate and mine are one,
Which, on the ſhaft that made him die,
Eſpy'd a feather of his own,
Wherewith he wont to ſoar ſo high.

* Rebekah.

Had Echo, with ſo ſweet a grace,
Narciſſus' loud complaints return'd,
Not for reflection of his face,
But of his voice, the boy had burn'd.

TO THE MUTABLE FAIR.

HERE, Cælia! for thy ſake I part
With all that grew ſo near my heart;
The paſſion that I had for thee,
The faith, the love, the conſtancy!
And, that I may ſucceſsful prove,
Transform myſelf to what you love.
Fool that I was! ſo much to prize
Thoſe ſimple virtues you deſpiſe:
Fool! that with ſuch dull arrows ſtrove,
Or hop'd to reach a flying dove:
For you, that are in motion ſtill,
Decline our force, and mock our ſkill;
Who, like Don Quixote, do advance
Againſt a windmill our vain lance.
Now will I wander thro' the air,
Mount, make a ſtoop at ev'ry fair;
And, with a fancy unconfin'd,
(As lawleſs as the ſea or wind,)
Purſue you whereſoe'er you fly,
And with your various thoughts comply.
The formal ſtars do travel ſo,
As we their names and courſes know;
And he that on their changes looks
Would think them govern'd by our books;
But never were the clouds reduc'd
To any art: the motion us'd
By thoſe free vapours are ſo light,
So frequent, that the conquer'd ſight
Deſpairs to find the rules that guide
Thoſe gilded ſhadows as they ſlide;
And therefore of the ſpacious air
Jove's royal conſort had the care;
And by that pow'r did once eſcape,
Declining bold Ixion's rape:

She, with her own reſemblance, grac'd
A ſhining cloud, which he embrac'd.
  Such was that image, ſo it ſmil'd
With ſeeming kindneſs, which beguil'd
Your Thyrſis lately, when he thought
He had his fleeting Cælia caught.
'Twas ſhap'd like her; but for the fair,
He fill'd his arms with yielding air.
  A fate for which he grieves the leſs,
Becauſe the gods had like ſucceſs:
For in their ſtory one, we ſee,
Purſues a nymph, and takes a tree:
A ſecond, with a lover's haſte,
Soon overtakes whom he had chas'd;
But ſhe that did a virgin ſeem,
Poſſeſs'd, appears a wand'ring ſtream.
For his ſuppoſed love, a third
Lays greedy hold upon a bird,
And ſtands amaz'd to find his dear
A wild inhabitant of th' air!
  To theſe old tales ſuch nymphs as you
Give credit, and ſtill make them new;
The am'rous now like wonders find
In the ſwift changes of your mind.
  But, Cælia, if you apprehend
The Muſe of your incenſed friend,
Nor would that he record your blame,
And make it live, repeat the ſame;
Again deceive him, and again,
And then he ſwears he'll not complain:
For ſtill to be deluded ſo,
Is all the pleaſure lovers know;
Who, like good falc'ners, take delight
Not in the quarry, but the flight.

TO A LADY,

FROM WHOM HE RECEIVED A SILVER PEN.

MADAM! intending to have try'd
The ſilver favour which you gave,
In ink the ſhining point I dy'd,
And drench'd it in the ſable wave;
When, griev'd to be ſo foully ſtain'd,
On you it thus to me complain'd.

" Suppoſe you had deſerv'd to take
From her fair hand ſo fair a boon,
Yet how deſerved I to make
So ill a change, who ever won
Immortal praiſe for what I wrote,
Inſtructed by her noble thought?

I, that expreſſed her commands
To mighty lords and princely dames,
Always moſt welcome to their hands,
Proud that I would record their names,
Muſt now be taught an humble ſtyle,
Some meaner beauty to beguile!"

So I, the wronged pen to pleaſe,
Make it my humble thanks expreſs
Unto your Ladyſhip in theſe:
And now 'tis forced to confeſs
That your great ſelf did ne'er endite,
Nor that, to one more noble, write.

TO CHLORIS.

CHLORIS! ſince firſt our calm of peace
Was frighted hence, this good we find,
Your favours with your fears increaſe,
And growing miſchiefs make you kind.

So the fair tree, which ſtill preſerves
Her fruit and ſtate while no wind blows,
In ſtorms from that uprightneſs ſwerves,
And the glad earth about her ſtrows
With treaſure from her yielding boughs.

TO A LADY IN RETIREMENT.

SEES not my love how Time reſumes
The glory which he lent theſe flow'rs;
Tho' none ſhould taſte of their perfumes,
Yet muſt they live but ſome few hours.
Time what we forbear devours!

Had Helen, or the Egyptian Queen,†
Been ne'er ſo thrifty of their graces,
Thoſe beauties muſt at length have been
The ſpoil of Age, which finds out faces
In the moſt retired places.

Should ſome malignant planet bring
A barren drought or ceaſeleſs ſhow'r
Upon the autumn or the ſpring,
And ſpare us neither fruit nor flow'r,
Winter would not ſtay an hour.

Could the reſolve of love's neglect
Preſerve you from the violation
Of coming years, then more reſpect
Were due to ſo divine a faſhion,
Nor would I indulge my paſſion.

TO MR. GEORGE SANDYS,

On his Tranſlation

OF SOME PARTS OF THE BIBLE.

HOW bold a work attempts that pen,
Which would enrich our vulgar tongue
With the high raptures of thoſe men
Who here with the ſame ſpirit ſung,
Wherewith they now aſſiſt the choir
Of angels, who their ſongs admire!

Whatever thoſe inſpired ſouls
Were urged to expreſs, did ſhake
The aged deep, and both the poles;
Their num'rous thunder could awake
Dull Earth, which does with Heav'n conſent
To all they wrote, and all they meant.

† Cleopatra.

Say, ſacred Bard! what could beſtow
Courage on thee to ſoar ſo high?
Tell me, brave Friend! what help'd thee ſo
To ſhake off all mortality?
To light this torch thou haſt climb'd higher
Than he who ſtole celeſtial fire.*

TO MR. HENRY LAWES,

Who had then newly ſet a Song of mine, in the Year 1635.

VERSE makes heroic virtue live,
But you can life to verſes give.
As when in open air we blow
The breath (tho' ſtrain'd) ſounds flat and low,
But if a trumpet take the blaſt,
It lifts it high, and makes it laſt:
So in your airs our numbers dreſt,
Make a ſhrill ſally from the breaſt
Of nymphs, who ſinging what we penn'd,
Our paſſions to themſelves commend;
While love, victorious with thy art,
Governs at once their voice and heart.
You by the help of tune and time
Can make that ſong which was but rhyme.
Noy † pleading, no man doubts the cauſe,
Or queſtions verſes ſet by Lawes.
As a church-window, thick with paint,
Lets in a light but dim and faint;
So others with diviſion hide
The light of ſenſe, the poet's pride;
But you alone may truly boaſt
That not a ſyllable is loſt:
The writer's and the ſetter's ſkill
At once the raviſh'd ears do fill.
Let thoſe which only warble long,
And gargle in their throats a ſong,
Content themſelves with *Ut*, *Re*, *Mi*:
Let words and ſenſe be ſet by thee.

* Prometheus. † The Attorney-General.

TO SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT,

UPON HIS TWO FIRST BOOKS OF GONDIBERT.

Written in France.

THUS the wiſe nightingale that leaves her home,
Her native wood, when ſtorms and winter come,
Purſuing conſtantly the cheerful ſpring,
To foreign groves does her old muſic bring.
The drooping Hebrews baniſh'd, harps unſtrung,
At Babylon upon the willows hung:
Your's ſounds aloud, and tells us you excel
No leſs in courage than in ſinging well,
While unconcern'd you let your country know
They have impoveriſh'd themſelves, not you;
Who with the Muſes' help can mock thoſe fates
Which threaten kingdoms and diſorder ſtates.
So Ovid, when from Cæſar's rage he fled,
The Roman Muſe to Pontus with him led;
Where he ſo ſung, that we thro' Pity's glaſs
See Nero milder than Auguſtus was.
Hereafter ſuch in thy behalf ſhall be
Th' indulgent cenſure of poſterity.
To baniſh thoſe who with ſuch art can ſing,
Is a rude crime which its own curſe doth bring:
Ages to come ſhall ne'er know how they fought,
Nor how to love their preſent youth be taught.
This to thyſelf.—Now to thy matchleſs book,
Wherein thoſe few that can with judgment look,
May find old love in pure freſh language told,
Like new-ſtamp'd coin made out of angel-gold;
Such truth in love as th' antique world did know,
In ſuch a ſtyle as courts may boaſt of now;
Which no bold tales of gods or monſters ſwell,
But human paſſions, ſuch as with us dwell.
Man is thy theme, his virtue or his rage
Drawn to the life in each elab'rate page.
Mars nor Bellona are not named here,
But ſuch a Gondibert as both might fear:
Venus had here, and Hebe, been outſhin'd
By thy bright Birtha and thy Roſalin'd.

Such is thy happy ſkill, and ſuch the odds
Betwixt thy worthies and the Grecian gods!
Whoſe deities in vain had here come down,
Where mortal beauty wears the ſov'reign crown;
Such as of fleſh compos'd, by fleſh and blood,
Tho' not reſiſted, may be underſtood.

TO MY
WORTHY FRIEND MR. WASE,
THE TRANSLATOR OF GRATIUS.

THUS by the muſic we may know
When noble wits a-hunting go
Thro' groves that on Parnaſſus grow.

The Muſes all the chaſe adorn;
My friend on Pegaſus is borne;
And young Apollo winds the horn.

Having old Gratius in the wind,
No pack of critics e'er could find,
Or he know more of his own mind.

Here huntſmen with delight may read
How to chuſe dogs for ſcent or ſpeed,
And how to change or mend the breed.

What arms to uſe, or nets to frame,
Wild beaſts to combat or to tame;
With all the myſt'ries of that game.

But, worthy Friend! the face of war
In ancient times doth differ far
From what our fiery battles are.

Nor is it like, ſince powder known,
That man ſo cruel to his own,
Should ſpare the race of beaſts alone.

No quarter now, but with the gun
Men wait in trees from ſun to ſun,
And all is in a moment done.

And therefore we expect your next
Should be no comment, but a text
To tell how modern beaſts are vext.

Thus would I further yet engage
Your gentle Muſe to court the age
With ſomewhat of your proper rage;
Since none does more to Phœbus owe,
Or in more languages can ſhow
Thoſe arts which you ſo early know.

TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND MR. EVELYN, UPON HIS TRANSLATION OF LUCRETIUS.

LUCRETIUS (with a ſtork-like fate,
Born and tranſlated in a ſtate)
Comes to proclaim, in Engliſh verſe,
No monarch rules the univerſe,
But chance, and atoms, make this All
In order democratical,
Where bodies freely run their courſe,
Without deſign, or fate or force:
And this in ſuch a ſtrain he ſings,
As if his Muſe, with angels' wings,
Had ſoar'd beyond our utmoſt ſphere,
And other worlds diſcover'd there:
For his immortal, boundleſs wit,
To Nature does no bounds permit,
But boldly has remov'd thoſe bars
Of Heav'n and earth, and ſeas and ſtars,
By which they were before ſuppos'd,
By narrow wits, to be enclos'd,
Till his free Muſe threw down the pale,
And did at once diſpark them all.
So vaſt this argument did ſeem,
That the wiſe author did eſteem
The Roman language (which was ſpread
O'er the whole world, in triumph led)
A tongue too narrow to unfold
The wonders which he would have told.
This ſpeaks thy glory, noble Friend!
And Britiſh language does commend;
For here Lucretius whole we find,
His words, his muſic, and his mind.

Thy art has to our country brought
All that he writ, and all he thought.
Ovid tranſlated Virgil too,
Shew'd long ſince what our tongue could do:
Nor Lucan we nor Horace ſpar'd;
Only Lucretius was too hard:
Lucretius, like a fort, did ſtand
Untouch'd, till your victorious hand
Did from his head this garland bear,
Which now upon your own you wear:
A garland! made of ſuch new bays,
And ſought in ſuch untrodden ways,
As no man's temples e'er did crown,
Save this great author's and your own!

TO HIS
WORTHY FRIEND SIR THO. HIGGONS,
Upon his Tranſlation of
THE VENETIAN TRIUMPH.

THE winged Lion's * not ſo fierce in fight,
As Liberi's hand preſents him to our ſight;
Nor would his pencil make him half ſo fierce,
Or roar ſo loud, as Buſinello's verſe:
But your tranſlation does all three excel,
The fight, the piece, and lofty Buſinel.
As their ſmall gallies may not hold compare
With our tall ſhips, whoſe ſails employ more air;
So does th' Italian to your genius veil,
Mov'd with a fuller and a nobler gale.
Thus while your Muſe ſpreads the Venetian ſtory,
You make all Europe emulate her glory:
You make them bluſh weak Venice ſhould defend
The cauſe of Heav'n, while they for words contend;
Shed Chriſtian blood, and pop'lous cities raſe,
Becauſe they're taught to uſe ſome diff'rent phraſe.
If, liſt'ning to your charms, we could our jars
Compoſe, and on the Turk diſcharge theſe wars,
Our Britiſh arms the ſacred tomb might wreſt
From Pagan hands, and triumph o'er the Eaſt;
And then you might our own high deeds recite,
And with great Taſſo celebrate the fight.

* The arms of Venice.

TO A FRIEND,

ON THE DIFFERENT SUCCESS OF THEIR LOVES.

THRICE happy Pair! of whom we cannot know
Which firſt began to love, or loves moſt now:
Fair courſe of paſſion! where two lovers ſtart,
And run together, heart ſtill yok'd with heart:
Succeſsful Youth! whom Love has taught the way
To be victorious in the firſt eſſay.
Sure love's an art beſt practiſed at firſt,
And where th' experienced ſtill proſper worſt!
I with a diff'rent fate purſu'd in vain
The haughty Cælia, till my juſt diſdain
Of her neglect, above that paſſion borne,
Did pride to pride oppoſe, and ſcorn to ſcorn.
Now ſhe relents; but all too late to move
A heart directed to a nobler love.
The ſcales are turn'd, her kindneſs weighs no more
Now than my vows and ſervice did before.
So in ſome well wrought hangings you may ſee
How Hector leads, and how the Grecians flee:
Here the fierce Mars his courage ſo inſpires,
That with bold hands the Argive fleet he fires:
But there, from heav'n the blue-ey'd virgin * falls,
And frighted Troy retires within her walls:
They that are foremoſt in that bloody race
Turn head anon, and give the conqu'rors chaſe.
So like the chances are of love and war,
That they alone in this diſtinguiſh'd are,
In love the victors from the vanquiſh'd fly;
They fly that wound, and they purſue that die.

TO ZELINDA.

FAIREST piece of well-form'd earth!
Urge not thus your haughty birth:
The pow'r which you have o'er us lies
Not in your race, but in your eyes.

* Minerva.

"None but a Prince!"—Alas! that voice
Confines you to a narrow choice.
Should you no honey vow to taſte,
But what the maſter-bees have plac'd
In compaſs of their cells, how ſmall
A portion to your ſhare would fall?
Nor all appear, among thoſe few,
Worthy the ſtock from whence they grew.
The ſap which at the root is bred
In trees, thro' all the boughs is ſpread;
But virtues which in parents ſhine
Make not like progreſs thro' the line.
'Tis not from whom, but where we live:
The place does oft' thoſe graces give.
Great Julius, on the mountains bred,
A flock perhaps, or herd had led.
He that the world ſubdu'd,* had been
But the beſt wreſtler on the green.
'Tis art and knowledge which draw forth
The hidden ſeeds of native worth:
They blow thoſe ſparks, and make them riſe
Into ſuch flames as touch the ſkies.
To the old heroes hence was giv'n
A pedigree which reach'd to heav'n:
Of mortal ſeed they were not held,
Which other mortals ſo excell'd.
And beauty, too, in ſuch exceſs
As your's, Zelinda! claims no leſs.
Smile but on me, and you ſhall ſcorn,
Henceforth, to be of princes born.
I can deſcribe the ſhady grove
Where your lov'd mother ſlept with Jove,
And yet excuſe the faultleſs dame,
Caught with her Spouſe's ſhape and name.
Thy matchleſs form will credit bring
To all the wonders I ſhall ſing.

* Alexander.

TO MY LADY MORTON,

On New-year's Day,

AT THE LOUVRE IN PARIS.

MADAM! new years may well expect to find
Welcome from you, to whom they are ſo kind;
Still as they paſs they court and ſmile on you,
And make your beauty, as themſelves, ſeem new.
To the fair Villars we Dalkeith prefer,
And faireſt Morton now as much to her:
So like the ſun's advance your titles ſhow,
Which as he riſes does the warmer grow.
But thus to ſtyle you Fair, your ſex's praiſe,
Gives you but myrtle, who may challenge bays.
From armed foes to bring a Royal prize,*
Shews your brave heart victorious as your eyes.
If Judith, marching with the general's head,
Can give us paſſion when her ſtory's read,
What may the living do, which brought away,
Tho' a leſs bloody, yet a nobler prey;
Who from our flaming Troy, with a bold hand,
Snatch'd her fair charge, the Princeſs, like a brand?
A brand! preſerv'd to warm ſome prince's heart,
And make whole kingdoms take her brother's † part.
So Venus, from prevailing Greeks, did ſhroud
The hope of Rome,‡ and ſav'd him in a cloud.
This gallant act may cancel all our rage,
Begin a better, and abſolve this age.
Dark ſhades become the portrait of our time;
Here weeps Misfortune, and there triumphs Crime!
Let him that draws it hide the reſt in night;
This portion only may endure the light,
Where the kind nymph, changing her faultleſs ſhape,
Becomes unhandſome, handſomely to 'ſcape,
When thro' the guards, the river, and the ſea,
Faith, Beauty, Wit, and Courage, made their way.
As the brave eagle does with ſorrow ſee
The foreſt waſted, and that lofty tree

* Henrietta Maria, youngeſt daughter to K. Charles I.
† K. Charles II. ‡ Æneas.

WALLER.

Vide Epistle 30. Page 125.

'Tis Innocence and youth which makes
In Chloris fancy such mistakes
To start at love, and play with snakes.

Painted by T. Kirk. Printed for C. Cooke, Paternoster Row, Oct.r 22. 1796. Engraved by W. Ridley.

Which holds her neſt about to be o'erthrown,
Before the feathers of her young are grown,
She will not leave them, nor ſhe cannot ſtay,
But bears them boldly on her wings away:
So fled the dame, and o'er the ocean bore
Her princely burden to the Gallic ſhore.
Born in the ſtorms of war, this Royal Fair,
Produc'd like lightning in tempeſtuous air,
Tho' now ſhe flies her native iſle, (leſs kind,
Leſs ſafe for her than either ſea or wind!)
Shall, when the bloſſom of her beauty's blown,
See her great brother on the Britiſh throne;
Where Peace ſhall ſmile, and no diſpute ariſe,
But which rules moſt, his ſceptre, or her eyes.

TO A FAIR LADY,

PLAYING WITH A SNAKE.

STRANGE! that ſuch horror and ſuch grace
Should dwell together in one place;
A fury's arm, an angel's face!

'Tis innocence and youth which makes
In Chloris' fancy ſuch miſtakes,
To ſtart at love, and play with Snakes.

By this and by her coldneſs barr'd,
Her ſervants have a taſk too hard:
The tyrant has a double guard!

Thrice happy Snake! that in her ſleeve
May boldly creep; we dare not give
Our thoughts ſo unconfin'd a leave.

Contented in that neſt of ſnow
He lies, as he his bliſs did know,
And to the wood no more would go.

Take heed, fair Eve! you do not make
Another tempter of this Snake:
A marble one ſo warm'd would ſpeak.

A PANEGYRIC TO THE LORD PROTECTOR,

On the preſent greatneſs and joint intereſt OF HIS HIGHNESS AND THIS NATION.

WHILE with a ſtrong and yet a gentle hand,
You bridle faction, and our hearts command,
Protect us from ourſelves, and from the foe,
Make us unite, and make us conquer too;

Let partial ſpirits ſtill aloud complain,
Think themſelves injur'd that they cannot reign,
And own no liberty, but where they may
Without controul upon their fellows prey.

Above the waves as Neptune ſhew'd his face,
To chide the winds, and ſave the Trojan race,
So has your Highneſs, rais'd above the reſt,
Storms of ambition toſſing us repreſt.

Your drooping country, torn with Civil hate,
Reſtor'd by you, is made a glorious ſtate;
The ſeat of empire, where the Iriſh come,
And the unwilling Scots, to fetch their doom.

The ſea's our own: and now all nations greet,
With bending ſails, each veſſel of our fleet:
Your pow'r extends as far as winds can blow,
Or ſwelling ſails upon the globe may go.

Heav'n (that hath plac'd this iſland to give law,
To balance Europe, and its ſtates to awe)
In this conjunction doth on Britain ſmile,
The greateſt leader, and the greateſt iſle!

Whether this portion of the world were rent,
By the rude ocean, from the continent,
Or thus created, it was ſure deſign'd
To be the ſacred refuge of mankind.

Hither th' oppreſſed ſhall henceforth reſort,
Juſtice to crave, and ſuccour at your court;
And then your Highneſs, not for ours alone,
But for the world's Protector ſhall be known.

Fame, ſwifter than your winged navy, flies
Thro' ev'ry land that near the ocean lies.
Sounding your name, and telling dreadful news
To all that piracy and rapine uſe.

With ſuch a chief the meaneſt nation bleſt,
Might hope to lift her head above the reſt.
What may be thought impoſſible to do
By us embraced by the ſea and you?

Lords of the world's great waſte, the ocean, we
Whole foreſts ſend to reign upon the ſea.
And ev'ry coaſt may trouble or relieve;
But none can viſit us without your leave.

Angels and we have this prerogative,
That none can at our happy ſeats arrive;
While we deſcend, at pleaſure, to invade
The bad with vengeance, and the good to aid.

Our little world, the image of the great,
Like that amidſt the boundleſs ocean ſet,
Of her own growth hath all that Nature craves,
And all that's rare as tribute from the waves.

As Egypt does not on the clouds rely,
But to the Nile owes more than to the ſky;
So what our earth and what our heav'n denies
Our ever conſtant friend, the ſea, ſupplies.

The taſte of hot Arabia's ſpice we know,
Free from the ſcorching ſun that makes it grow:
Without the worm, in Perſian ſilks we ſhine;
And, without planting, drink of ev'ry vine.

To dig for wealth we weary not our limbs;
Gold, tho' the heavieſt metal, hither ſwims.
Ours is the harveſt where the Indians mow;
We plough the deep, and reap what others ſow.

Things of the nobleſt kind our own ſoil breeds;
Stout are our men, and warlike are our ſteeds.
Rome, tho' her Eagle thro' the world had flown,
Could never make this iſland all her own.

Here the Third Edward, and the Black Prince, too,
France-conqu'ring Henry flouriſh'd, and now you;
For whom we ſtay'd, as did the Grecian ſtate,
Till Alexander came to urge their fate.

When for more worlds the Macedonian cry'd,
He wiſt not Thetis in her lap did hide
Another yet; a world reſerv'd for you,
To make more great than that he did ſubdue.

He ſafely might old troops to battle lead,
Againſt th' unwarlike Perſian and the Mede,
Whoſe haſty flight did, from a bloodleſs field,
More ſpoils than honour to the victor yield.

A race unconquer'd, by their clime made bold,
The Caledonians, arm'd with want and cold,
Have, by a fate indulgent to your fame,
Been from all ages kept for you to tame.

Whom the old Roman wall ſo ill confin'd,
With a new chain of garriſons you bind:
Here foreign gold no more ſhall make them come;
Our Engliſh iron holds them faſt at home.

They, that henceforth muſt be content to know
No warmer region than their hills of ſnow,
May blame the ſun, but muſt extol your grace,
Which in our ſenate hath allow'd them place.

Preferr'd by conqueſt, happily o'erthrown,
Falling they riſe, to be with us made one.
So kind Dictators made, when they came home,
Their vanquiſh'd foes free citizens of Rome.

Like favour find the Iriſh, with like fate
Advanc'd to be a portion of our ſtate;
While by your valour, and your bounteous mind,
Nations, divided by the ſea, are join'd.

Holland, to gain your friendſhip, is content
To be our outguard on the Continent:
She from her fellow-provinces would go,
Rather than hazard to have you her foe.

In our late fight, when cannons did diffuſe,
Preventing poſts, the terrour and the news,
Our neighbour princes trembled at their roar;
But our conjunction makes them tremble more.

Your never-failing ſword made war to ceaſe,
And now you heal us with the acts of peace;
Our minds with bounty and with awe engage,
Invite affection, and reſtrain our rage.

Leſs pleaſure take brave minds in battles won,
Than in reſtoring ſuch as are undone.
Tigers have courage, and the rugged bear,
But man alone can, whom he conquers, ſpare.

To pardon willing, and to puniſh loth,
You ſtrike with one hand, but you heal with both.
Lifting up all that proſtrate lie, you grieve
You cannot make the dead again to live.

When Fate or Error had our age miſled,
And o'er this nation ſuch confuſion ſpread,
The only cure which could from Heav'n come down
Was ſo much pow'r and piety in one!

One! whoſe extraction from an ancient line
Gives hope again that well-born men may ſhine.
The meaneſt in your nature, mild and good,
The noble reſt ſecured in your blood.

Oft' have we wonder'd how you hid in peace
A mind proportion'd to ſuch things as theſe;
How ſuch a ruling ſp'rit you could reſtrain,
And practiſe firſt over yourſelf to reign.

Your private life did a juſt pattern give
How fathers, huſbands, pious ſons, ſhould live.
Born to command, your princely virtues ſlept,
Like humble David's, while the flock he kept:

But when your troubled country call'd you forth,
Your flaming courage and your matchleſs worth,
Dazzling the eyes of all that did pretend,
To fierce contention gave a proſp'rous end.

Still as you riſe, the ſtate exalted too,
Finds no diſtemper while 'tis chang'd by you;
Chang'd like the world's great ſcene! when, without noiſe,
The riſing ſun night's vulgar lights deſtroys.

Had you, ſome ages paſt, this race of glory
Run, with amazement we ſhould read your ſtory;
But living virtue, all atchievements paſt,
Meets envy ſtill to grapple with at laſt.

This Cæſar found; and that ungrateful age,
With loſing him, went back to blood and rage;
Miſtaken Brutus thought to break their yoke,
But cut the bond of union with that ſtroke.

That ſun once ſet, a thouſand meaner ſtars
Gave a dim light to violence and wars;
To ſuch a tempeſt as now threatens all,
Did not your mighty arm prevent the fall.

If Rome's great ſenate could not wield that ſword,
Which of the conquer'd world had made them lord,
What hope had ours, while yet their pow'r was new,
To rule victorious armies, but by you?

You! that had taught them to ſubdue their foes,
Could order teach, and their high ſp'rits compoſe;
To ev'ry duty could their minds engage,
Provoke their courage, and command their rage.

So when a lion ſhakes his dreadful mane,
And angry grows, if he that firſt took pain
To tame his youth approach the haughty beaſt,
He bends to him, but frights away the reſt.

As the vex'd world, to find repoſe, at laſt
Itſelf into Auguſtus' arms did caſt;
So England now does, with like toil oppreſt,
Her weary head upon your boſom reſt.

Then let the Muſes, with ſuch notes as theſe,
Inſtruct us what belongs unto our peace.
Your battles they hereafter ſhall endite,
And draw the image of our Mars in fight:

Tell of towns ſtorm'd, of armies over-run,
And mighty kingdoms by your conduct won:
How, while you thunder'd, clouds of duſt did choke
Contending troops, and ſeas lay hid in ſmoke.

Illuſtrious acts high raptures do infuſe,
And ev'ry conqueror creates a Muſe.
Here, in low ſtrains, your milder deeds we ſing;
But there, my Lord! we'll bays and olive bring
To crown your head; while you in triumph ride
O'er vanquiſh'd nations, and the ſea beſide;
While all your neighbour-princes unto you,
Like Joſeph's ſheaves, pay reverence, and bow.

TO THE KING,

UPON HIS MAJESTY's HAPPY RETURN.

THE riſing ſun complies with our weak ſight,
 Firſt gilds the clouds, then ſhows his globe of light
At ſuch a diſtance from our eyes, as tho'
He knew what harm his haſty beams would do.
 But your full majeſty at once breaks forth
In the meridian of your reign. Your worth,
Your youth, and all the ſplendor of your ſtate,
(Wrapp'd up, till now, in clouds of adverſe fate!)
With ſuch a flood of light invade our eyes,
And our ſpread hearts with ſo great joy ſurpriſe,
That if your grace incline that we ſhould live,
You muſt not, Sir! too haſtily forgive.
Our guilt preſerves us from th' exceſs of joy,
Which ſcatters ſpirits, and would life deſtroy.
All are obnoxious! and this faulty land,
Like fainting Eſther, does before you ſtand,
Watching your ſceptre. The revolting ſea
Trembles to think ſhe did your foes obey.
 Great Britain, like blind Polypheme, of late,
In a wild rage became the ſcorn and hate
Of her proud neighbours, who began to think
She with the weight of her own force would ſink.
But you are come, and all their hopes are vain;
This Giant Iſle has got her eye again.

Now ſhe might ſpare the ocean, and oppoſe
Your conduct to the fierceſt of her foes.
Naked, the Graces guarded you from all
Dangers abroad, and now your thunder ſhall.
Princes that ſaw you diff'rent paſſions prove,
For now they dread the object of their love,
Nor without envy can behold his height,
Whoſe converſation was their late delight.
So Semele, contented with the rape
Of Jove, diſguiſed in a mortal ſhape,
When ſhe beheld his hands with lightning fill'd,
And his bright rays, was with amazement kill'd.
And tho' it be our ſorrow and our crime
To have accepted life ſo long a time
Without you here, yet does this abſence gain
No ſmall advantage to your preſent reign:
For having view'd the perſons and the things,
The councils, ſtate, and ſtrength of Europe's kings,
You know your work; ambition to reſtrain,
And ſet them bounds, as Heav'n does to the main.
We have you now with ruling wiſdom fraught,
Not ſuch as books, but ſuch as practice taught.
So the loſt ſun, while leaſt by us enjoy'd,
Is the whole night for our concerns employ'd:
He ripens ſpices, fruits, and precious gums,
Which from remoteſt regions hither comes.
This ſeat of your's (from th' other world remov'd)
Had Archimedes known, he might have prov'd
His engine's force fix'd here. Your pow'r and ſkill
Make the world's motion wait upon your will.
Much ſuff'ring Monarch! the firſt Engliſh-born
That has the crown of theſe three nations worn!
How has your patience, with the barb'rous rage
Of your own ſoil, contended half an age?
Till (your try'd virtue and your ſacred word,
At laſt preventing your unwilling ſword)
Armies and fleets which kept you out ſo long,
Own'd their great Sov'reign, and redreſs'd his wrong.
When ſtraight the people, by no force compell'd,
Nor longer from their inclination held,

Break forth at once, like powder ſet on fire,
And, with a noble rage, their King require.
So th' injur'd ſea, which from her wonted courſe,
To gain ſome acres, avarice did force,
If the new banks, neglected once, decay,
No longer will from her old channel ſtay;
Raging, the late-got land ſhe overflows,
And all that's built upon't to ruin goes.
Offenders now, the chiefeſt, do begin
To ſtrive for grace, and expiate their ſin:
All winds blow fair that did the world embroil;
Your vipers treacle yield, and ſcorpions oil.
If then ſuch praiſe the Macedonian † got,
For having rudely cut the Gordian knot,
What glory's due to him that could divide
Such ravell'd int'reſts? has the knot unty'd,
And without ſtroke ſo ſmooth a paſſage made,
Where Craft and Malice ſuch impeachments laid?
But while we praiſe you, you aſcribe it all
To His high hand which threw the untouch'd wall
Of ſelf-demoliſh'd Jericho ſo low:
His angels 'twas that did before you go,
Tam'd ſavage hearts, and made affections yield,
Like ears of corn when wind ſalutes the field.
Thus, patience-crown'd, like Job's, your trouble ends,
Having your foes to pardon and your friends:
For tho' your courage were ſo firm a rock,
What private virtue could endure the ſhock?
Like your Great Maſter, you the ſtorm withſtood,
And pity'd thoſe who love with frailty ſhew'd.
Rude Indians, tort'ring all the royal race,
Him with the throne and dear-bought ſceptre grace
That ſuffers beſt. What region could be found,
Where your heroic head had not been crown'd?
The next experience of your mighty mind
Is, how you combat Fortune, now ſhe's kind;
And this way, too, you are victorious found;
She flatters with the ſame ſucceſs ſhe frown'd.

† Alexander.

While to yourſelf ſevere, to others kind,
With pow'r unbounded, and a will confin'd,
Of this vaſt empire you poſſeſs the care,
The ſofter parts fall to the peoples' ſhare.
Safety and equal government are things
Which ſubjects make as happy as their kings.
Faith, Law, and Piety, (that baniſh'd train!)
Juſtice and Truth, with you return again.
The City's trade, and country's eaſy life,
Once more ſhall flouriſh without fraud or ſtrife.
Your reign no leſs aſſures the ploughman's peace,
Than the warm ſun advances his increaſe;
And does the ſhepherds as ſecurely keep,
From all their fears, as they preſerve their ſheep.
But, above all, the Muſe-inſpired train
Triumph, and raiſe their drooping heads again:
Kind Heav'n at once, has, in your perſon, ſent
Their ſacred judge, their guard, and argument.

Nec magis expreſſi vultus per ahenea ſigna,
Quam per vatis opus mores, animique virorum
Clarorum apparent------ *Hor.*

TO THE QUEEN,

UPON HER MAJESTY's BIRTH-DAY,

After her happy Recovery from a dangerous Sickneſs.

FAREWELL the year which threaten'd ſo
The faireſt light the world can ſhow.
Welcome the new! whoſe ev'ry day,
Reſtoring what was ſnatch'd away
By pining ſickneſs from the fair,
That matchleſs beauty does repair
So faſt, that the approaching ſpring
(Which does to flow'ry meadows bring
What the rude winter from them tore)
Shall give her all ſhe had before.
But we recover not ſo faſt
The ſenſe of ſuch a danger paſt:
We that eſteem'd you ſent from heav'n,
A pattern to this iſland giv'n,
To ſhew us what the bleſs'd do there,
And what alive they practis'd here,

When that which we immortal thought,
We ſaw ſo near deſtruction brought,
Felt all which you did then endure,
And tremble yet as not ſecure:
So tho' the ſun victorious be,
And from a dark eclipſe ſet free,
The influence, which we fondly fear,
Afflicts our thoughts the following year.
But that which may relieve our care
Is, that you have a help ſo near
For all the evil you can prove,
The kindneſs of your Royal love:
He that was never known to mourn,
So many kingdoms from him torn,
His tears reſerv'd for you, more dear,
More priz'd, than all thoſe kingdoms were!
For when no healing art prevail'd,
When cordials and elixirs fail'd,
On your pale cheek he dropp'd the ſhow'r,
Reviv'd you like a dying flow'r.

TO THE DUCHESS OF ORLEANS,

When ſhe was taking leave of
THE COURT AT DOVER.

THAT ſun of beauty did among us riſe:
England firſt ſaw the light of your fair eyes:
In Engliſh, too, your early wit was ſhown;
Favour that language, which was then your own,
When, tho' a child, thro' guards you made your way:
What fleet or army could an angel ſtay?
Thrice happy Britain! if ſhe could retain
Whom ſhe firſt bred within her ambient main.
Our late burnt London, in apparel new,
Shook off her aſhes to have treated you:
But we muſt ſee our glory ſnatch'd away,
And with warm tears increaſe the guilty ſea:
No wind can favour us; howe'er it blows,
We muſt be wreck'd, and our dear treaſure loſe!
Sighs will not let us half our ſorrows tell—
Fair, lovely, great, and beſt of nymphs, farewell!

TO MR. CREECH,

ON HIS TRANSLATION OF LUCRETIUS.

WHAT all men wiſh'd, though few could hope to ſee,
We are now bleſt with, and oblig'd by thee.
Thou! from the antient learned Latin ſtore,
Giv'ſt us one author, and we hope for more.
May they enjoy thy thoughts!—Let not the Stage
The idleſt moment of thy hours engage.
Each year that place ſome wondrous monſter breeds,
And the Wits' garden is o'er-run with weeds.
There Farce is Comedy; bombaſt call'd ſtrong;
Soft words, with nothing in them, make a ſong.
'Tis hard to ſay they ſteal them now-a-days;
For ſure the antients never wrote ſuch plays.
Theſe ſcribbling inſects have what they deſerve,
Not plenty, nor the glory for to ſtarve.
That Spenſer knew, that Taſſo felt before;
And Death found ſurly Ben exceeding poor.
Heaven turn the omen from their image here!
May he with joy the well-plac'd laurel wear!
Great Virgil's happier fortune may he find,
And be our Cæſar, like Auguſtus, kind!
  But let not this diſturb thy tuneful head;
Thou writ'ſt for thy delight, and not for bread:
Thou art not curſt to write thy verſe with care;
But art above what other poets fear.
What may we not expect from ſuch a hand,
That has, with books, himſelf at free command?
Thou know'ſt in youth what age has ſought in vain;
And bring'ſt forth ſons without a mother's pain.
So eaſy is thy ſenſe, thy verſe ſo ſweet,
Thy words ſo proper, and thy phraſe ſo fit;
We read, and read again; and ſtill admire
Whence came this youth, and whence this wondrous fire!
  Pardon this rapture, Sir! But who can be
Cold and unmov'd, yet have his thoughts on thee?
Thy goodneſs may my ſeveral faults forgive,
And by your help theſe wretched lines may live.

But if, when view'd by your ſeverer ſight,
They ſeem unworthy to behold the light;
Let them with ſpeed in flames deſerv'd be thrown!
They'll ſend no ſighs, nor murmur out a groan;
But, dying ſilently, your juſtice own.

TO A LADY,

From whom he received the Copy of the Poem entitled, On a Tree cut in Paper, which for many Years had been loſt.

NOTHING lies hid from radiant eyes;
All they ſubdue become their ſpies.
Secrets, as choiceſt jewels, are
Preſented to oblige the fair:
No wonder, then, that a loſt thought
Should there be found where ſouls are caught.
The picture of fair Venus (that
For which men ſay the goddeſs ſat)
Was loſt, till Lely from your book
Again that glorious image took.
If Virtue's ſelf were loſt, we might
From your fair mind new copies write.
All things but one you can reſtore;
The heart you get returns no more.

TO MR. KILLEGREW,

Upon his altering his Play, Pandora, from a Tragedy into a Comedy, becauſe not approved on the Stage.

SIR! you ſhould rather teach our age the way
Of judging well, than thus have chang'd your play.
You had oblig'd us by employing wit
Not to reform Pandora, but the Pit;
For as the nightingale, without the throng
Of other birds, alone attends her ſong,
While the loud daw, his throat diſplaying, draws
The whole aſſembly of his fellow daws;
So muſt the writer whoſe productions ſhould
Take with the vulgar be of vulgar mould;
Whilſt nobler fancies make a flight too high
For common view, and leſſen as they fly.

TO A FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR,

A PERSON OF HONOUR,

Who lately writ a religious Book, entitled, Hiſtorical Applications, and occaſional Meditations, upon ſeveral Subjects.

BOLD is the man that dares engage
For Piety in ſuch an age!
Who can preſume to find a guard
From ſcorn, when Heav'n's ſo little ſpar'd?
Divines are pardon'd; they defend
Altars on which their lives depend;
But the profane impatient are,
When nobler pens make this their care;
For why ſhould theſe let in a beam
Of divine light to trouble them,
And call in doubt their pleaſing thought?
That none believes what we are taught?
High birth and fortune warrant give
That ſuch men write what they believe;
And, feeling firſt what they endite,
New credit give to ancient light.
Amongſt theſe few, our author brings
His well-known pedigree from kings.
This book, the image of his mind,
Will make his name not hard to find:
I wiſh the throng of great and good
Made it leſs eas'ly underſtood!

TO A PERSON OF HONOUR,

Upon his incomparable, incomprehenſible Poem, The Britiſh Princes.

SIR! you've oblig'd the Britiſh nation more
Than all their bards could ever do before,
And at your own charge monuments as hard
As braſs or marble to your fame have rear'd:
For as all warlike nations take delight
To hear how their brave anceſtors could fight,
You have advanc'd to wonder their renown,
And no leſs virtuouſly improv'd your own;
That 'twill be doubtful whether you do write,
Or they have acted at a nobler height.

You of your ancient princes have retriev'd
More than the ages knew in which they liv'd;
Explain'd their cuſtoms and their rights anew,
Better than all their Druids ever knew;
Unriddled thoſe dark oracles as well
As thoſe that made them could themſelves foretel.
For as the Britons long have hop'd, in vain,
Arthur would come to govern them again,
You have fulfill'd that prophecy alone,
And in your poem plac'd him on his throne.
Such magic pow'r has your prodigious pen
To raiſe the dead, and give new life to men,
Make rival princes meet in arms, and love,
Whom diſtant ages did ſo far remove:
For as eternity has neither paſt
Nor future, authors ſay, nor firſt nor laſt,
But is all inſtant, your eternal Muſe
All ages can to any one reduce.
Then why ſhould you, whoſe miracles of art
Can life at pleaſure to the dead impart,
Trouble in vain your better-buſied head,
T' obſerve what times they liv'd in or were dead!
For ſince you have ſuch arbitrary pow'r,
It were defect in judgment to go low'r,
Or ſtoop to things ſo pitifully lewd,
As uſe to take the vulgar latitude:
For no man's fit to read what you have writ,
That holds not ſome proportion with your wit:
As light can no way but by light appear,
He muſt bring ſenſe that underſtands it here.

TO CHLORIS.

CHLORIS! what's eminent, we know
Muſt for ſome cauſe be valu'd ſo;
Things without uſe, tho' they be good,
Are not by us ſo underſtood.
The early roſe, made to diſplay
Her bluſhes to the youthful May,
Doth yield her ſweets, ſince he is fair,
And courts her with a gentle air.

Our ſtars do ſhew their excellence
Not by their light, but influence:
When brighter comets, ſince ſtill known,
Fatal to all, are lik'd by none.
So your admired beauty ſtill
Is, by effects, made good or ill.

TO THE KING.

GREAT Sir! diſdain not in this place to ſtand
Supreme commander both of ſea and land.
Thoſe which inhabit the celeſtial bow'r,
Painters expreſs with emblems of their pow'r;
His club Alcides, Phœbus has his bow,
Jove has his thunder, and your navy you.
But your great providence no colours here
Can repreſent, nor pencil draw that care
Which keeps you waking to ſecure our peace,
The nation's glory, and our trade's increaſe:
You for theſe ends whole days in council ſit,
And the diverſions of your youth forget.
Small were the worth of valour and of force,
If your high wiſdom govern'd not their courſe:
You as the ſoul, as the firſt mover you,
Vigour and life on ev'ry part beſtow:
How to build ſhips, and dreadful ord'nance caſt,
Inſtruct the artiſts, and reward their haſte.
So Jove himſelf, when Typhon heav'n does brave,
Deſcends to viſit Vulcan's ſmoky cave,
Teaching the brawny Cyclops how to frame
His thunder, mix'd with terror, wrath, and flame.
Had the old Greeks diſcover'd your abode,
Crete had not been the cradle of their god:
On that ſmall iſland they had look'd with ſcorn,
And in Great Britain thought the Thund'rer born.

TO THE PRINCE OF ORANGE, 1677.

WELCOME, great Prince, unto this land,
Skill'd in the arts of war and peace;
Your birth does call you to command,
Your nature does incline to peace.

When Holland, by her foes oppreſt,
No longer could ſuſtain their weight;
To a native Prince they thought it beſt
To recommend their dying ſtate.

Your very name did France expel;
Thoſe conquer'd towns, which lately coſt
So little blood, unto you fell
With the ſame eaſe they once were loſt.

'Twas not your force did them defeat;
They neither felt your ſword nor fire;
But ſeemed willing to retreat,
And to your greatneſs did conſpire.

Nor have you ſince ungrateful been,
When at Seneff you did expoſe,
And at Mount Caſſal, your own men,
Whereby you might ſecure your foes.

Let Mæſtricht ſiege enlarge your name,
And your retreat at Charleroy;
Warriors by flying may gain fame,
And Parthian-like their foes deſtroy.

Thus Fabius gain'd repute of old,
When Roman glory gaſping lay;
In council ſlow, in action cold,
His country ſav'd, running away.

What better method could you take?
When you by beauty's charms muſt move,
And muſt at once a progreſs make
I' th' ſtratagems of war and love.

He that a Princeſs' heart would gain,
Muſt learn ſubmiſſively to yield;
The ſtubborn ne'er their ends obtain;
The vanquiſh'd maſters are o' th' field.

Go on, brave Prince, with like ſucceſs,
Still to encreaſe your hop'd renown;
Till to your conduct and addreſs,
Not to your birth, you owe a crown.

Proud Alva with the power of Spain
Could not the noble Dutch enſlave;
And wiſer Parma ſtrove in vain
For to reduce a race ſo brave.

They now thoſe very armies pay
By which they were forc'd to yield to you;
Their ancient birthright they betray,
By their own votes you them ſubdue.

Who can then liberty maintain
When by ſuch arts it is withſtood?
Freedom to Princes is a chain,
To all that ſpring from Royal Blood.

TO THE DUCHESS,

When he preſented
THIS BOOK TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS.

MADAM! I here preſent you with the rage
And with the beauties of a former age,
Wiſhing you may with as great pleaſure view
This, as we take in gazing upon you.
Thus we writ then: your brighter eyes inſpire
A nobler flame, and raiſe our genius higher.
While we your wit and early knowledge fear,
To our productions we become ſevere:
Your matchleſs beauty gives our fancy wing,
Your judgment makes us careful how we ſing.
Lines not compos'd, as heretofore, in haſte,
Poliſh'd like marble, ſhall like marble laſt,
And make you thro' as many ages ſhine
As Taſſo has the heroes of your line.
Tho' other names our wary writers uſe,
You are the ſubject of the Britiſh Muſe:
Dilating miſchief to yourſelf unknown,
Men write, and die of wounds they dare not own.
So the bright ſun burns all our graſs away,
While it means nothing but to give us day.

SONGS.

SONG I.

STAY, Phœbus! ſtay;
The world to which you fly ſo faſt,
Conveying day
From us to them, can pay your haſte
With no ſuch object, nor ſalute your riſe
With no ſuch wonder as De Mornay's eyes.

Well does this prove
The error of thoſe antique books
Which made you move
About the world: her charming looks
Would fix your beams, and make it ever day,
Did not the rolling earth ſnatch her away.

SONG II.

SAY, lovely Dream! where couldſt thou find
Shades to counterfeit that face?
Colours of this glorious kind
Come not from any mortal place.

In heav'n itſelf thou ſure wert dreſt
With that angel-like diſguiſe:
Thus deluded am I bleſt,
And ſee my joy with cloſed eyes.

But, ah! this image is too kind
To be other than a Dream:
Cruel Sachariſſa's mind
Ne'er put on that ſweet extreme!

Fair Dream! if thou intend'ſt me grace,
Change that heav'nly face of thine;
Paint deſpis'd love in thy face,
And make it t' appear like mine.

Pale, wan, and meagre, let it look,
With a pity-moving ſhape,
Such as wander by the brook
Of Lethe, or from graves eſcape.

Then to that matchleſs nymph appear,
In whoſe ſhape thou ſhineſt ſo;
Softly in her ſleeping ear,
With humble words expreſs my woe.

Perhaps from greatneſs, ſtate, and pride,
Thus ſurpriſed ſhe may fall:
Sleep does diſproportion hide,
And, death reſembling, equals all.

SONG III.

PEACE, babbling Muſe!
I dare not ſing what you endite;
Her eyes refuſe
To read the paſſion which they write:
She ſtrikes my lute, but if it ſound,
Threatens to hurl it on the ground:
And I no leſs her anger dread
Than the poor wretch that feigns him dead,
While ſome fierce lion does embrace
His breathleſs corpſe, and lick his face:
Wrapp'd up in ſilent fear he lies,
Torn all in pieces if he cries.

SONG IV.

CHLORIS! farewel; I now muſt go;
For if with thee I longer ſtay,
Thy eyes prevail upon me ſo,
I ſhall prove blind, and loſe my way.

Fame of thy beauty and thy youth,
Among the reſt, me hither brought:
Finding this fame fall ſhort of truth,
Made me ſtay longer than I thought.

For I'm engag'd by word and oath,
A ſervant to another's will;
Yet for thy love I'd forfeit both,
Could I be ſure to keep it ſtill.

But what aſſurance can I take,
When thou, foreknowing this abuſe,
For ſome more worthy lover's ſake,
May'ſt leave me with ſo juſt excuſe?

For thou may'ſt ſay, 'twas not thy fault
That thou didſt thus inconſtant prove,
Being by my example taught
To break thy oath to mend thy love.

No, Chloris! no: I will return,
And raiſe thy ſtory to that height,
That ſtrangers ſhall at diſtance burn,
And ſhe diſtruſt me reprobate.

Then ſhall my love this doubt diſplace,
And gain ſuch truſt, that I may come
And banquet ſometimes on thy face,
But make my conſtant meals at home.

SONG V. TO FLAVIA.

'TIS not your beauty can engage
My weary heart;
The ſun, in all his pride and rage,
Has not that art;
And yet he ſhines as bright as you,
If brightneſs could our ſoul ſubdue.

'Tis not the pretty things you ſay,
Nor thoſe you write,
Which can make Thyrſis' heart your prey:
For that delight,
The graces of a well-taught mind,
In ſome of our own ſex we find.

No, Flavia! 'tis your love I fear;
Love's ſureſt darts,
Thoſe which ſo ſeldom fail him, are
Headed with hearts:
Their very ſhadows make us yield;
Diſſemble well, and win the field.

SONG VI.

BEHOLD the brand of Beauty toſt!
See how the motion does dilate the flame!
Delighted Love his ſpoils does boaſt,
And triumph in this game.
Fire, to no place confin'd,
Is both our wonder and our fear,
Moving the mind,
As lightning hurled thro' the air.

High heav'n the glory does encreaſe
Of all her ſhining lamps this artful way;
The ſun in figures, ſuch as theſe,
Joys with the moon to play:
To the ſweet ſtrains they advance,
Which do reſult from their own ſpheres,
As this nymph's dance
Moves with the numbers which ſhe hears.

SONG VII.

WHILE I liſten to thy voice,
Chloris! I feel my life decay;
That pow'rful noiſe
Calls my fleeting ſoul away.
Oh! ſuppreſs that magic ſound,
Which deſtroys without a wound.

Peace, Chloris! peace! or ſinging die,
That together you and I
To heav'n may go;
For all we know
Of what the bleſſed do above,
Is that they ſing, and that they love.

SONG VIII.

GO, lovely Roſe!
Tell her that waſtes her time and me,
That now ſhe knows,
When I reſemble her to thee,
How ſweet and fair ſhe ſeems to be.

WALLER.

Tell her that's young,
And ſhuns to have her graces ſpy'd,
That hadſt thou ſprung
In deſerts, where no men abide,
Thou muſt have uncommended dy'd.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retir'd;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herſelf to be deſir'd,
And not bluſh ſo to be admir'd.

Then die! that ſhe
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee,
How ſmall a part of time they ſhare
That are ſo wondrous ſweet and fair!

SONG IX.

SUNG BY MRS. KNIGHT, TO HER MAJESTY, ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

THIS happy day two lights are ſeen,
A glorious Saint, a matchleſs Queen;
Both nam'd alike, both crown'd appear,
The ſaint above, th' Infanta here.
May all thoſe years which Catharine
The Martyr did for heav'n reſign,
Be added to the line
Of your bleſt life among us here!
For all the pains that ſhe did feel,
And all the torments of her wheel,
May you as many pleaſures ſhare!
May Heav'n itſelf content
With Catharine the Saint!
Without appearing old,
An hundred times may you,
With eyes as bright as now,
This welcome day behold!

PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

PROLOGUE FOR THE LADY-ACTORS:

SPOKEN BEFORE K. CHARLES II.

AMAZE us not with that majeſtic frown,
But lay aſide the greatneſs of your crown!
And for that look which does your people awe,
When in your throne and robes you give them law,
Lay it by here, and give a gentler ſmile,
Such as we ſee great Jove's in picture, while
He liſtens to Apollo's charming lyre,
Or judges of the ſongs he does inſpire.
Comedians on the ſtage ſhew all their ſkill,
And after do as Love and Fortune will.
We are leſs careful, hid in this diſguiſe;
In our own clothes more ſerious and more wiſe.
Modeſt at home, upon the ſtage more bold,
We ſeem warm lovers, tho' our breaſts be cold:
A fault committed here deſerves no ſcorn,
If we act well the parts to which we're born.

PROLOGUE

TO THE MAID's TRAGEDY.

SCARCE ſhould we have the boldneſs to pretend
So long-renown'd a tragedy to mend,
Had not already ſome deſerv'd your praiſe
With like attempt. Of all our elder plays,
This and Philaſter have the loudeſt fame:
Great are their faults, and glorious is their flame.
In both our Engliſh genius is expreſs'd;
Lofty and bold, but negligently dreſs'd.
Above our neighbours our conceptions are;
But faultleſs writing is th' effect of care.
Our lines reform'd, and not compos'd in haſte,
Poliſh'd like marble, would like marble laſt.
But as the preſent, ſo the laſt age writ:
In both we find like negligence and wit.

Were we but leſs indulgent to our faults,
And patience had to cultivate our thoughts,
Our Muſe would flouriſh, and a nobler rage
Would honour this than did the Grecian ſtage.
Thus ſays our Author, not content to ſee
That others write as careleſsly as he;
Tho' he pretends not to make things complete,
Yet, to pleaſe you, he'd have the poets ſweat.
In this old play, what's new we have expreſt
In rhyming verſe, diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt;
That as the Rhone its haſty way does make
(Not mingling waters) thro' Geneva's lake,
So having here the diff'rent ſtyles in view,
You may compare the former with the new.
If we leſs rudely ſhall the knot untie,
Soften the rigour of the tragedy,
And yet preſerve each perſon's character,
Then to the other this you may prefer.
'Tis left to you; the Boxes and the Pit
Are ſov'reign judges of this ſort of wit.
In other things the knowing artiſt may
Judge better than the people; but a play,
(Made for delight, and for no other uſe,)
If you approve it not, has no excuſe.

EPILOGUE

TO THE MAID's TRAGEDY. SPOKEN BY THE KING.

THE fierce Melantius was content, you ſee,
The King ſhould live; be not more fierce than he:
Too long indulgent to ſo rude a time,
When love was held ſo capital a crime,
That a crown'd head could no compaſſion find,
But dy'd—becauſe the killer had been kind;
Nor is't leſs ſtrange ſuch mighty wits as thoſe
Should uſe a ſtyle in tragedy like proſe.
Well-ſounding verſe, where princes tread the ſtage,
Should ſpeak their virtue, or deſcribe their rage.
By the loud trumpet, which our courage aids,
We learn that ſound, as well as ſenſe, perſuades:

And verſes are the potent charms we uſe,
Heroic thoughts and virtue to infuſe.
When next we act this tragedy again,
Unleſs you like the change, we ſhall be ſlain.
The innocent Aſpaſia's life or death,
Amintor's too, depends upon your breath.
Exceſs of love was heretofore the cauſe;
Now if we die 'tis want of your applauſe.

EPILOGUE

TO THE MAID's TRAGEDY.

Deſigned upon the firſt Alteration of the Play, when the King only was left alive.

ASPASIA bleeding on the ſtage does lie,
To ſhew you ſtill 'tis the Maid's Tragedy.
The fierce Melantius was content, you ſee,
The King ſhould live; be not more fierce than he:
Too long indulgent to ſo rude a time,
When love was held ſo capital a crime,
That a crown'd head could no compaſſion find,
But dy'd—becauſe the killer had been kind!
This better-natur'd Poet had repriev'd
Gentle Amintor too, had he believ'd
The fairer ſex his pardon could approve,
Who to ambition ſacrific'd his love.
Aſpaſia he has ſpar'd; but for her wound
(Neglected love!) there could no ſalve be found.
When next we act this tragedy again,
Unleſs you like the change, I muſt be ſlain.
Exceſs of love was heretofore the cauſe;
Now if I die 'tis want of your applauſe.

EPIGRAMS, EPITAPHS, &c.

Under a Lady's Picture.

SUCH Helen was! and who can blame the boy*
That in ſo bright a flame conſum'd his Troy?
But had like virtue ſhin'd in that fair Greek,
The am'rous ſhepherd had not dar'd to ſeek
Or hope for pity, but with ſilent moan,
And better fate, had periſhed alone.

On a Lady who writ in Praiſe of Mira.

WHILE ſhe pretends to make the graces known
Of matchleſs Mira, ſhe reveals her own:
And when ſhe would another's praiſe endite,
Is by her glaſs inſtructed how to write.

To one married to an old Man.

SINCE thou wouldſt needs (bewitch'd with ſome ill charms!)
Be bury'd in thoſe monumental arms,
All we can wiſh is, may that earth lie light
Upon thy tender limbs! and ſo good night.

An Epigram on a painted Lady with ill Teeth.

WERE men ſo dull they could not ſee
That Lyce painted; ſhould they flee,
Like ſimple birds, into a net
So groſsly woven and ill ſet,
Her own teeth would undo the knot,
And let all go that ſhe had got.
Thoſe teeth fair Lyce muſt not ſhow
If ſhe would bite: her lovers, tho'
Like birds they ſtoop at ſeeming grapes,
Are diſabus'd when firſt ſhe gapes:
The rotten bones diſcover'd there
Shew 'tis a painted ſepulchre.

* Paris.

Epigram upon the Golden Medal.

OUR guard upon the royal ſide!
On the reverſe our beauty's pride!
Here we diſcern the frown and ſmile,
The force and glory of our iſle.
In the rich medal, both ſo like
Immortals ſtand, it ſeems antique;
Carv'd by ſome maſter, when the bold
Greeks made their Jove deſcend in gold,
And Danae wond'ring at that ſhow'r,
Which, falling, ſtorm'd her brazen tow'r:
Britannia there, the fort in vain
Had batter'd been with golden rain:
Thunder itſelf had fail'd to paſs:
Virtue's a ſtronger guard than braſs.

*Written on a Card that her Majeſty * tore at Ombre.*

THE cards you tear in value riſe;
So do the wounded by your eyes.
Who to celeſtial things aſpire,
Are by that paſſion rais'd the higher.

To Mr. Granville, (Lord Lanſdown,) on his Verſes to K. James II.

AN early plant! which ſuch a bloſſom bears,
And ſhews a genius ſo beyond his years;
A judgment! that could make ſo fair a choice;
So high a ſubject to employ his voice;
Still as it grows, how ſweetly will he ſing
The growing greatneſs of our matchleſs King!

Long and ſhort Life.

CIRCLES are prais'd, not that abound
In largeneſs, but th' exactly round:
So life we praiſe that does excel
Not in much time, but acting well.

Tranſlated out of Spaniſh.

THO' we may ſeem importunate,
While your compaſſion we implore,
They whom you make too fortunate,
May with preſumption vex you more.

* Q. Catharine.

Tranſlated out of French.

FADE, Flow'rs! fade, Nature will have it ſo;
'Tis but what we muſt in our autumn do!
And as your leaves lie quiet on the ground,
The loſs alone by thoſe that lov'd them found;
So in the grave ſhall we as quiet lie,
Miſs'd by ſome few that lov'd our company:
But ſome ſo like to thorns and nettles live,
That none for them can, when they periſh, grieve.

Some Verſes of an imperfect Copy deſigned for a Friend, On his Tranſlation of Ovid's Faſti.

ROME's holy days you tell, as if a gueſt
With the old Romans you were wont to feaſt.
Numa's religion, by themſelves believ'd,
Excels the true, only in ſhew receiv'd.
They made the nations round about them bow,
With their Dictators taken from the plough;
Such pow'r has juſtice, faith, and honeſty!
The world was conquer'd by morality.
Seeming devotion does but gild a knave,
That's neither faithful, honeſt, juſt, nor brave;
But where religion does with virtue join,
It makes a hero like an angel ſhine.

* * * * * * * *

On the Statue of King Charles I. at Charing-Croſs, in the Year 1674.

THAT the Firſt Charles does here in triumph ride,
See his ſon reign where he a martyr dy'd,
And people pay that rev'rence as they paſs,
(Which then he wanted!) to the ſacred braſs,
Is not th' effect of gratitude alone,
To which we owe the ſtatue and the ſtone;
But Heav'n this laſting monument has wrought,
That mortals may eternally be taught
Rebellion, tho' ſucceſsful, is but vain,
And kings ſo kill'd riſe conquerors again.
This truth the royal image does proclaim,
Loud as the trumpet of ſurviving Fame.

Pride.

NOT the brave Macedonian youth * alone,
But baſe Caligula, when on the throne,
Boundleſs in pow'r, would make himſelf a god,
As if the world depended on his nod.
The Syrian King † to beaſts was headlong thrown,
Ere to himſelf he could be mortal known.
The meaneſt wretch, if Heav'n ſhould give him line,
Would never ſtop till he were thought divine.
All might within diſcern the ſerpent's pride,
If from ourſelves nothing ourſelves did hide.
Let the proud peacock his gay feathers ſpread,
And woo the female to his painted bed;
Let winds and ſeas together rage and ſwell;
This Nature teaches, and becomes them well.
"Pride was not made for men;" ‡ a conſcious ſenſe
Of guilt, and folly, and their conſequence,
Deſtroys the claim, and to beholders tells,
Here nothing but the ſhape of Manhood dwells.

Epitaph on Sir George Speke.

UNDER this ſtone lies virtue, youth,
Unblemiſh'd probity, and truth:
Juſt unto all relations known,
A worthy patriot, pious ſon;
Whom neighb'ring towns ſo often ſent,
To give their ſenſe in parliament;
With lives and fortunes truſting one
Who ſo diſcreetly us'd his own.
Sober he was, wiſe, temperate,
Contented with an old eſtate,
Which no foul av'rice did increaſe,
Nor wanton luxury make leſs.
While yet but young, his father dy'd,
And left him to an happy guide:
Not Lemuel's mother with more care
Did counſel or inſtruct her heir,
Or teach with more ſucceſs her ſon
The vices of the time to ſhun.

* Alexander. † Nebuchadnezzar. ‡ Eccluſ. chap. x. ver. 18.

An heireſs ſhe; while yet alive,
All that was her's to him did give;
And he juſt gratitude did ſhow
To one that had oblig'd him ſo:
Nothing too much for her he thought,
By whom he was ſo bred and taught.
So (early made that path to tread,
Which did his youth to honour lead)
His ſhort life did a pattern give
How neighbours, huſbands, friends, ſhould live.
The virtues of a private life
Exceed the glorious noiſe and ſtrife
Of battles won: in thoſe we find
The ſolid int'reſt of mankind.
Approv'd by all, and lov'd ſo well,
Tho' young, like fruit that's ripe he fell.

Epitaph on Colonel Charles Cavendiſh.

HERE lies Charles Ca'ndiſh: let the marble ſtone,
That hides his aſhes, make his virtue known.
Beauty and valour did his ſhort life grace,
The grief and glory of his noble race!
Early abroad he did the world ſurvey,
As if he knew he had not long to ſtay:
Saw what great Alexander in the Eaſt
And mighty Julius conquer'd in the Weſt:
Then with a mind as great as theirs he came
To find at home occaſion for his fame;
Where dark confuſion did the nations hide,
And where the juſter was the weaker ſide.
Two loyal brothers took their Sov'reign's part,
Employ'd their wealth, their courage, and their art:
The elder * did whole regiments afford;
The younger brought his conduct and his ſword.
Born to command, a leader he begun,
And on the rebels laſting honour won.
The horſe inſtructed by their gen'ral's worth,
Still made the King victorious in the North.

* William Earl of Devonſhire.

Where Ca'ndiſh fought the royaliſts prevail'd;
Neither his courage nor his judgment fail'd.
The current of his vict'ries found no ſtop,
Till Cromwell came, his party's chiefeſt prop.
Equal ſucceſs had ſet theſe champions high,
And both reſolv'd to conquer or to die.
Virtue with rage, fury with valour ſtrove;
But that muſt fall which is decreed above!
Cromwell with odds of number and of Fate,
Remov'd this bulwark of the church and ſtate;
Which the ſad iſſue of the war declar'd,
And made his taſk to ruin both leſs hard.
So when the bank, neglected, is o'erthrown,
The boundleſs torrent does the country drown.
Thus fell the young, the lovely, and the brave;
Strew bays and flowers upon his honour'd grave!

Epitaph on the Lady Sedley.

HERE lies the learned Savil's heir,
So early wiſe, and laſting fair!
That none, except her years they told,
Thought her a child, or thought her old.
All that her father knew or got,
His art, his wealth, fell to her lot;
And ſhe ſo well improv'd that ſtock,
Both of his knowledge and his flock,
That Wit and Fortune, reconcil'd
In her, upon each other ſmil'd.
While ſhe, to ev'ry well-taught mind,
Was ſo propitiouſly inclin'd,
And gave ſuch title to her ſtore,
That none but th' ignorant were poor,
The Muſes daily found ſupplies,
Both from her hands and from her eyes.
Her bounty did at once engage,
And matchleſs beauty warm their rage.
Such was this dame in calmer days,
Her nation's ornament and praiſe!
But when a ſtorm diſturb'd our reſt,
The port and refuge of th' oppreſt.

This made her fortune underſtood,
And look'd on as ſome public good;
So that (her perſon and her ſtate,
Exempted from the common fate)
In all our Civil fury ſhe
Stood, like a ſacred temple, free.
May here her monument ſtand ſo,
To credit this rude age! and ſhow
To future times, that even we
Some patterns did of virtue ſee;
And one ſublime example had
Of good among ſo many bad.

EPITAPH ON HENRY DUNCH, Eſq.

IN NEWINGTON CHURCH IN OXFORDSHIRE, 1686.

HERE lies the prop and glory of his race,
Who, that no time his memory may deface,
His grateful wife, under this ſpeaking ſtone
His aſhes hid, to make his merit known.
Sprung from an opulent and worthy line,
Whoſe well-us'd fortune made their virtues ſhine,
A rich example his fair life did give,
How others ſhould with their relations live.
A pious ſon, a huſband, and a friend
To neighbours too, his bounty did extend
So far, that they lamented when he died,
As if all to him had been near allied.
His curious youth would men and manners know,
Which made him to the ſouthern nations go,
Nearer the ſun, though they more civil ſeem,
Revenge and luxury have their eſteem;
Which well obſerving, he return'd with more
Value for England than he had before;
Her true religion, and her ſtatutes too,
He practiſed not leſs than ſeek'd to know;
And the whole country griev'd for their ill fate,
To loſe ſo good, ſo juſt a magiſtrate.

To ſhed a tear may readers be inclin'd,
And pray for one he only left behind;
Till ſhe who does inherit his eſtate,
May virtue love like him, and vices hate.

Epitaph to be written under the Latin Inſcription upon the Tomb of the only Son of the Lord Andover.

'TIS fit the Engliſh reader ſhould be told,
In our own language, what this tomb does hold.
'Tis not a noble corpſe alone does lie
Under this ſtone, but a whole family.
His parents' pious care, their name, their joy,
And all their hope, lies bury'd with this boy:
This lovely Youth, for whom we all made moan,
That knew his worth, as he had been our own.
Had there been ſpace and years enough allow'd,
His courage, wit, and breeding, to have ſhow'd,
We had not found, in all the num'rous roll
Of his fam'd anceſtors, a greater ſoul:
His early virtues to that ancient ſtock
Gave as much honour as from thence he took.
Like buds appearing ere the froſts are paſt,
To become man he made ſuch fatal haſte,
And to perfection labour'd ſo to climb,
Preventing ſlow experience and time,
That 'tis no wonder Death our hopes beguil'd.
He's ſeldom old that will not be a child.

Epitaph unfiniſhed.

GREAT Soul! for whom Death will no longer ſtay,
But ſends in haſte to ſnatch our bliſs away.
O cruel Death! to thoſe you take more kind
Than to the wretched mortals left behind!
Here beauty, youth, and noble virtue, ſhin'd,
Free from the clouds of pride that ſhade the mind.
Inſpired verſe may on this marble live,
But can no honour to thy aſhes give—
* * * * * * *

ELEGY,

BY MR. TALBOT,

Occaſioned by reading and tranſcribing Mr. Waller's "Poem of Divine Love" after his Death.

SUCH were the laſt, the ſweeteſt, notes that hung
Upon our dying ſwan's melodious tongue;
Notes, whoſe ſtrong charms the dulleſt ear might move,
And melt the hardeſt heart in flames of love;
Notes, whoſe ſeraphic raptures ſpeak a mind
From human thoughts and earthly droſs refin'd;
So juſt their harmony, ſo high their flight,
With joy I read them, and with wonder write.
Sure, happy Saint, this noble ſong was given
To fit thee for th' approaching joys of Heaven:
Love, wondrous love, whoſe conqueſt was thy theme,
Has taught thy ſoul the airy way to climb;
Love ſnatch'd thee, like Elijah, to the ſky,
In flames that not conſume, but purify:
There, with thy fellow-angels mix'd, and free
From the dull load of dim mortality,
Thou feel'ſt new joys, and feed'ſt thy raviſh'd ſight,
With unexhauſted beams of love and light:
And ſure, bleſs'd ſpirit, to compleat thy bliſs,
In Heaven thou ſing'ſt this ſong, or one like this.

DIVINE POEMS.

OF DIVINE LOVE.

A POEM. IN SIX CANTOS.

Floriferis ut apes in ſaltibus omnia libant;
Sic nos Scripturæ depaſcimur aurea dicta;
Aurea! perpetua ſemper digniſſima vita!------
Nam divinus amor cum cæpit vociferari,
Diffugiunt animi terrores----- Lucretius, lib. iii.
Exul eram, requieſque mihi, non fama, petita eſt,
Mens intenta ſuis ne foret uſque malis:------
Namque ubi mota calent ſacra mea pectora Muſa,
Altior humano ſpiritus ille malo eſt.
Ovid. de Triſt. lib. iv. el. i.

The Arguments.

I. Aſſerting the authority of the Scripture, in which this love is revealed.
II. The preference and love of God to man in the creation.
III. The ſame love more amply declared in our redemption.
IV. How neceſſary this love is to reform mankind, and how excellent in itſelf.
V. Shewing how happy the world would be, if this love were univerſally embraced.
VI. Of preſerving this love in our memory, and how uſeful the contemplation thereof is.

CANTO I.

THE Grecian Muſe has all their gods ſurviv'd,
Nor Jove at us nor Phœbus is arriv'd;
Frail deities! which firſt the poets made,
And then invok'd, to give their fancies aid:
Yet if they ſtill divert us with their rage,
What may be hop'd for in a better age,
When not from Helicon's imagin'd ſpring,
But Sacred Writ, we borrow what we ſing?
This with the fabrick of the world begun,
Elder than light, and ſhall outlaſt the ſun.
Before this oracle, like Dagon, all
The falſe pretenders, Delphos, Ammon, fall:
Long ſince deſpis'd and ſilent they afford
Honour and triumph to th' eternal Word.
As late philoſophy our globe has grac'd,
And rolling earth among the planets plac'd,
So has this Book entitled us to heav'n,
And rules to guide us to that manſion giv'n:

Tells the conditions how our peace was made,
And is our pledge for the great Author's aid.
His pow'r in Nature's ample book we find,
But the leſs volume does expreſs his mind.
This light unknown, bold Epicurus taught
That his bleſt gods vouchſafe us not a thought,
But unconcern'd let all below them ſlide,
As fortune does, or human wiſdom, guide.
Religion thus remov'd, the ſacred yoke,
And band of all ſociety, is broke.
What uſe of oaths, of promiſe, or of teſt,
Where men regard no God but intereſt?
What endleſs war would jealous nations tear,
If none above did witneſs what they ſwear?
Sad fate of unbelievers, and yet juſt,
Among themſelves to find ſo little truſt!
Were Scripture ſilent, Nature would proclaim,
Without a God, our falſehood and our ſhame.
To know our thoughts the object of his eyes,
Is the firſt ſtep tow'rds being good or wiſe;
For tho' with judgment we on things reflect,
Our will determines, not our intellect.
Slaves to their paſſion, reaſon men employ
Only to compaſs what they would enjoy.
His fear to guard us from ourſelves we need,
And Sacred Writ our reaſon does exceed:
For tho' heav'n ſhews the glory of the Lord,
Yet ſomething ſhines more glorious in his Word:
His mercy this, (which all his work excels!)
His tender kindneſs and compaſſion tells:
While we inform'd by that celeſtial Book,
Into the bowels of our Maker look.
Love there reveal'd, (which never ſhall have end,
Nor had beginning,) ſhall our ſong commend;
Deſcribe itſelf, and warm us with that flame
Which firſt from Heav'n, to make us happy, came.

CANTO II.

THE fear of hell, or aiming to be bleſt,
Savours too much of private intereſt.
This mov'd not Moſes, nor the zealous Paul,
Who for their friends abandon'd ſoul and all;
A greater yet from heav'n to hell deſcends,
To ſave and make his enemies his friends.
What line of praiſe can fathom ſuch a love,
Which reach'd the loweſt bottom from above?
The royal prophet*, that extended grace
From heav'n to earth, meaſur'd but half that ſpace.
The law was regnant, and confin'd his thought:
Hell was not conquer'd when that poet wrote:
Heav'n was ſcarce heard of until He came down,
To make the region where love triumphs known.
That early love of creatures yet unmade,
To frame the world th' Almighty did perſuade;
For love it was that firſt created light,
Mov'd on the waters, chas'd away the night
From the rude Chaos, and beſtow'd new grace
On things diſpos'd of to their proper place:
Some to reſt here, and ſome to ſhine above,
Earth, ſea, and heav'n, were all th' effects of love.
And love would be return'd: but there was none
That to themſelves or others yet were known:
The world a palace was without a gueſt,
Till one appears that muſt excel the reſt:
One † like the Author, whoſe capacious mind
Might, by the glorious work, the Maker find;
Might meaſure heav'n, and give each ſtar a name;
With art and courage the rough ocean tame;
Over the globe with ſwelling ſails might go,
And that 'tis round by his experience know;
Make ſtrongeſt beaſts obedient to his will,
And ſerve his uſe the fertile earth to till.
When by his Word God had accompliſh'd all,
Man to create he did a council call:
Employ'd his hand, to give the duſt he took
A graceful figure, and majeſtick look;

* David.

With his own breath convey'd into his breaſt
Life, and a ſoul fit to command the reſt,
Worthy alone to celebrate his name
For ſuch a gift, and tell from whence it came.
Birds ſing his praiſes in a wilder note,
But not with laſting numbers and with thought,
Man's great prerogative! but above all
His grace abounds in his new fav'rite's fall.
If he create, it is a world he makes;
If he be angry, the creation ſhakes:
From his juſt wrath our guilty parents fled;
He curs'd the earth, but bruis'd the ſerpent's head.
Amidſt the ſtorm his bounty did exceed,
In the rich promiſe of the Virgin's ſeed:
Tho' juſtice death, as ſatisfaction, craves,
Love finds a way to pluck us from our graves.

CANTO III.

NOT willing terrour ſhould his image move;
He gives a pattern of eternal love:
His Son deſcends to treat a peace with thoſe
Which were, and muſt have ever been, his foes.
Poor he became, and left his glorious ſeat
To make us humble, and to make us great;
His bus'neſs here was happineſs to give
To thoſe whoſe malice could not let him live.
Legions of angels, which he might have us'd,
(For us reſolv'd to periſh) he refus'd:
While they ſtood ready to prevent his loſs,
Love took him up, and nail'd him to the croſs.
Immortal love! which in his bowels reign'd,
That we might be by ſuch great love conſtrain'd
To make return of love. Upon this pole
Our duty does, and our religion, roll.
To love is to believe, to hope to know;
'Tis an eſſay, a taſte of heav'n below!
He to proud potentates would not be known;
Of thoſe that lov'd him he was hid from none.
Till love appear we live in anxious doubt;
But ſmoke will vaniſh when that flame breaks out:

This is the fire that would conſume our droſs,
Refine, and make us richer by the loſs.
Could we forbear diſpute, and practiſe love,
We ſhould agree as angels do above.
Where love preſides, not vice alone does find
No entrance there, but virtues ſtay behind:
Both faith, and hope, and all the meaner train
Of mortal virtues, at the door remain.
Love only enters as a native there,
For, born in heav'n, it does but ſojourn here.
He that alone would wiſe and mighty be,
Commands that others love as well as he.
Love as he lov'd!—How can we ſoar ſo high?—
He can add wings when he commands to fly.
Nor ſhould we be with this command diſmay'd;
He that examples gives will give his aid;
For he took fleſh, that where his precepts fail,
His practice, as a pattern, may prevail.
His love at once, and dread, inſtruct our thought;
As man he ſuffer'd, and as God he taught.
Will for the deed he takes: we may with eaſe
Obedient be, for if we love we pleaſe.
Weak tho' we are, to love is no hard taſk,
And love for love is all that Heav'n does aſk.
Love! that would all men juſt and temp'rate make,
Kind to themſelves and others for his ſake.
'Tis with our minds as with a fertile ground,
Wanting this love they muſt with weeds abound,
(Unruly paſſions) whoſe effects are worſe
Than thorns and thiſtles ſpringing from the curſe.

CANTO IV.

TO glory man, or miſery, is born,
Of his proud foe the envy, or the ſcorn:
Wretched he is, or happy, in extreme;
Baſe in himſelf, but great in Heav'n's eſteem:
With love, of all created things the beſt;
Without it, more pernicious than the reſt:
For greedy wolves unguarded ſheep devour
But while their hunger laſts, and then give o'er:

Man's boundleſs avarice his wants exceeds,
And on his neighbours round about him feeds.
His pride and vain ambition are ſo vaſt,
That, deluge like, they lay whole nations waſte.
Debauches and exceſs (tho' with leſs noiſe)
As great a portion of mankind deſtroys.
The beaſts and monſters Hercules oppreſt,
Might in that age ſome provinces infeſt:
Theſe more deſtructive monſters are the bane
Of ev'ry age, and in all nations reign;
But ſoon would vaniſh, if the world were bleſs'd
With ſacred love, by which they are repreſs'd.
Impendent death, and guilt that threatens hell,
Are dreadful gueſts, which here with mortals dwell;
And a vex'd conſcience, mingling with their joy
Thoughts of deſpair, does their whole life annoy;
But love appearing, all thoſe terrours fly;
We live contented, and contented die.
They in whoſe breaſt this ſacred love has place,
Death as a paſſage to their joy embrace.
Clouds and thick vapours, which obſcure the day,
The ſun's victorious beams may chaſe away:
Thoſe which our life corrupt and darken, love
(The nobler ſtar!) muſt from the ſoul remove.
Spots are obſerv'd in that which bounds the year;
This brighter ſun moves in a boundleſs ſphere,
Of heav'n the joy, the glory, and the light;
Shines among angels, and admits no night.

CANTO V.

THIS Iron Age (ſo fraudulent and bold!)
Touch'd with this love, would be an Age of Gold:
Not as they feign'd that oaks ſhould honey drop,
Or land neglected bear an unſown crop;
Love would make all things eaſy, ſafe, and cheap;
None for himſelf would either ſow or reap:
Our ready help and mutual love would yield
A nobler harveſt than the richeſt field.
Famine and death, confin'd to certain parts,
Extended are by barrenneſs of hearts.

Some pine for want where others ſurfeit now;
But then we ſhould the uſe of plenty know.
Love would betwixt the rich and needy ſtand,
And ſpread Heav'n's bounty with an equal hand:
At once the givers and receivers bleſs,
Increaſe their joy, and make their ſuff'ring leſs.
Who for himſelf no miracle would make,
Diſpens'd with ſev'ral for the peoples' ſake:
He that, long faſting, would no wonder ſhow,
Made loaves and fiſhes, as they ate them, grow.
Of all his pow'r, which boundleſs was above,
Here he us'd none but to expreſs his love;
And ſuch a love would make our joy exceed,
Not when our own, but other mouths we feed.
Laws would be uſeleſs which rude nature awe;
Love, changing nature, would prevent the law:
Tigers and lions into dens we thruſt,
But milder creatures with their freedom truſt.
Devils are chain'd, and tremble; but the Spouſe
No force but love, nor bond but bounty, knows.
Men (whom we now ſo fierce and dang'rous ſee)
Would guardian angels to each other be:
Such wonders can this mighty love perform,
Vultures to doves, wolves into lambs transform!
Love what Iſaiah propheſy'd can do,
Exalt the vallies, lay the mountains low,
Humble the lofty, the dejected raiſe,
Smooth and make ſtraight our rough and crooked ways.
Love, ſtrong as death, and like it, levels all;
With that poſſeſt, the great in title fall:
Themſelves eſteem but equal to the leaſt,
Whom Heav'n with that high character has bleſt.
This love, the centre of our union, can
Alone beſtow complete repoſe on man;
Tame his wild appetite, make inward peace,
And foreign ſtrife among the nations ceaſe.
No martial trumpet ſhould diſturb ourreſt,
Nor princes arm, tho' to ſubdue the Eaſt,
Where for the tomb ſo many heroes (taught
By thoſe that guided their devotion) fought.

Thrice happy we, could we like ardour have
To gain his love, as they to win his grave!
Love as he lov'd! A love ſo unconfin'd,
With arms extended, would embrace mankind.
Self-love would ceaſe, or be dilated, when
We ſhould behold as many ſelfs as men;
All of one family, in blood ally'd,
His precious blood, that for our ranſom dy'd;

CANTO VI.

THO' the creation (ſo divinely taught!)
Prints ſuch a lively image on our thought,
That the firſt ſpark of new-created light,
From Chaos ſtrook, affects our preſent ſight,
Yet the firſt Chriſtians did eſteem more bleſt
The day of riſing than the day of reſt,
That ev'ry week might new occaſion give
To make his triumph in their mem'ry live.
Then let our Muſe compoſe a ſacred charm
To keep his blood among us ever warm,
And ſinging as the bleſſed do above,
With our laſt breath dilate this flame of love.
But on ſo vaſt a ſubject who can find
Words that may reach th' ideas of his mind?
Our language fails; or, if it could ſupply,
What mortal thought can raiſe itſelf ſo high?
Deſpairing here, we might abandon art,
And only hope to have it in our heart.
But tho' we find this ſacred taſk too hard,
Yet the deſign, th' endeavour, brings reward:
The contemplation does ſuſpend our woe,
And makes a truce with all the ills we know.
As Saul's afflicted ſpirit from the ſound
Of David's harp a preſent ſolace found;
So on this theme while we our Muſe engage,
No wounds are felt of Fortune or of Age,
On Divine Love to meditate is peace,
And makes all care of meaner things to ceaſe.
Amaz'd at once, and comforted, to find
A boundleſs Pow'r ſo infinitely kind,

The ſoul contending to that light to flee
From her dark cell, we practiſe how to die;
Employing thus the poet's winged art,
To reach this love, and grave it in our heart.
Joy ſo complete, ſo ſolid, and ſevere,
Would leave no place for meaner pleaſures there;
Pale they would look, as ſtars that muſt be gone,
When from the Eaſt the riſing ſun comes on.

OF THE FEAR OF GOD,
IN TWO CANTOS.
CANTO I.

THE fear of God is freedom, joy and peace,
And makes all ills that vex us here to ceaſe.
'Tho' the word Fear ſome men may ill endure,
'Tis ſuch a fear as only makes ſecure.
Aſk of no angel to reveal thy fate;
Look in thy heart, the mirror of thy ſtate.
He that invites will not th' invited mock,
Op'ning to all that do in earneſt knock.
Our hopes are all well-grounded on this fear;
All our aſſurance rolls upon that ſphere.
This fear, that drives all other fears away,
Shall be my ſong the morning of our day.
Where that fear is there's nothing to be fear'd,
It brings from heav'n an angel for a guard.
Tranquillity and peace this fear does give;
Hell gapes for thoſe that do without it live.
It is a beam which he on man lets fall
Of light, by which he makes and governs all.
'Tis God alone ſhould not offended be;
But we pleaſe others, as more great than he.
For a good cauſe the ſufferings of man
May well be borne: 'tis more than angels can.
Man, ſince his fall, in no mean ſtation reſts,
Above the angels, or below the beaſts.
He with true joy their hearts does only fill,
That thirſt and hunger to perform his will.
Others, tho' rich, ſhall in this world be vext,
And ſadly live, in terror of the next.

The world's great conqu'ror* would his point purſue,
And wept becauſe he could not find a new;
Which had he done, yet ſtill he would have cry'd,
To make him work until a third he ſpy'd.
Ambition, avarice, will nothing owe
To Heav'n itſelf, unleſs it make them grow.
Tho' richly fed, man's cares does ſtill exceed;
Has but one mouth, yet would a thouſand feed.
In wealth and honour, by ſuch men poſſeſt,
If it increaſe not, there is found no reſt.
All their delight is while their wiſh comes in;
Sad when it ſtops, as there had nothing been.
'Tis ſtrange men ſhould neglect their preſent ſtore,
And take no joy but in purſuing more;
No! tho' arriv'd at all the world can aim;
This is the mark and glory of our frame.
A ſoul capacious of the Deity,
Nothing but he that made can ſatisfy.
A thouſand worlds, if we with him compare,
Leſs than ſo many drops of water are.
Men take no pleaſure but in new deſigns;
And what they hope for what they have outſhines.
Our ſheep and oxen ſeem no more to crave,
With full content feeding on what they have;
Vex not themſelves for an increaſe of ſtore,
But think to-morrow we ſhall give them more.
What we from day to day receive from Heav'n,
They do from us expect it ſhould be giv'n.
We made them not, yet they on us rely,
More than vain men upon the Deity;
More beaſts than they! that will not underſtand
That we are fed from his immediate hand.
Man, that in him has being, moves, and lives;
What can he have or uſe but what he gives?
So that no bread can nouriſhment afford,
Or uſeful be, without his Sacred Word.

* Alexander.

CANTO II.

EARTH praiſes conquerors for ſhedding blood,
Heav'n thoſe that love their foes, and do them good.
It is terreſtrial honour to be crown'd
For ſtrowing men, like ruſhes, on the ground.
True glory 'tis to riſe above them all,
Without th' advantage taken by their fall.
He that in fight diminiſhes mankind,
Does no addition to his ſtature find;
But he that does a noble nature ſhow,
Obliging others, ſtill does higher grow:
For virtue practis'd ſuch an habit gives,
That among men he like an angel lives:
Humbly he doth, and without envy, dwell,
Lov'd and admir'd by thoſe he does excel.
Fools anger ſhew, which politicians hide;
Bleſt with this fear, men let it not abide.
The humble man, when he receives a wrong,
Refers revenge to whom it doth belong:
Nor ſees he reaſon why he ſhould engage,
Or vex his ſpirit, for another's rage.
Plac'd on a rock, vain men he pities, toſt
On raging waves, and in the tempeſt loſt.
The rolling planets, and the glorious ſun,
Still keep that order which they firſt begun:
They their firſt leſſon conſtantly repeat,
Which their Creator as a law did ſet.
Above, below, exactly all obey;
But wretched men have found another way:
Knowledge of good and evil, as at firſt,
(That vain perſuaſion!) keeps them ſtill accurſt!
The Sacred Word refuſing as a guide,
Slaves they become to luxury and pride.
As clocks, remaining in the ſkilful hand
Of ſome great maſter, at the figure ſtand,
But when abroad, neglected they do go,
At random ſtrike, and the falſe hour do ſhow;
So from our Maker wandering, we ſtray,
Like birds that know not to their neſts the way.

In him we dwelt before our exile here,
And may, returning, find contentment there:
True joy may find, perfection of delight,
Behold his face, and ſhun eternal night.
Silence, my Muſe! make not theſe jewels cheap,
Expoſing to the world too large an heap.
Of all we read the Sacred Writ is beſt,
Where great truths are in feweſt words expreſt.
Wreſtling with death, theſe lines I did endite;
No other theme could give my ſoul delight.
O that my youth had thus employ'd my pen!
Or that I now could write as well as then!
But 'tis of grace if ſickneſs, age, and pain,
Are felt as throes, when we are born again:
Timely they come to wean us from this earth,
As pangs that wait upon a ſecond birth.

OF DIVINE POESY.

TWO CANTOS.

Occaſioned upon ſight of the fifty-third chapter of Iſaiah turned into verſe by Mrs. Wharton.

CANTO I.

POETS we prize, when in their verſe we find
Some great employment of a worthy mind.
Angels have been inquiſitive to know
The ſecret which this oracle does ſhow.
What was to come Iſaiah did declare,
Which ſhe deſcribes as if ſhe had been there;
Had ſeen the wounds, which to the reader's view
She draws ſo lively, that they bleed anew.
As ivy thrives which on the oak takes hold,
So with the Prophet's may her lines grow old!
If they ſhould die, who can the world forgive,
(Such pious lines!) when wanton Sappho's live?
Who with his breath his image did inſpire,
Expects it ſhould foment a nobler fire:
Not love which brutes as well as men may know;
But love like his to whom that breath we owe.
Verſe ſo deſign'd, on that high ſubject wrote,
Is the perfection of an ardent thought:

The ſmoke which we from burning incenſe raiſe,
When we complete the ſacrifice of praiſe.
In boundleſs verſe the fancy ſoars too high
For any object but the Deity.
What mortal can with Heav'n pretend to ſhare
In the ſuperlatives of wiſe and fair?
A meaner ſubject when with theſe we grace,
A giant's habit on a dwarf we place.
Sacred ſhould be the product of our Muſe,
Like that ſweet oil, above all private uſe,
On pain of death forbidden to be made,
But when it ſhould be on the altar laid.
Verſe ſhews a rich ineſtimable vein,
When dropp'd from heav'n 'tis thither ſent again.
Of bounty 'tis that he admits our praiſe,
Which does not him, but us, that yield it, raiſe:
For as that angel up to heav'n did riſe,
Borne on the flame of Manoah's ſacrifice;
So, wing'd with praiſe, we penetrate the ſky,
Teach clouds and ſtars to praiſe him as we fly;
The whole creation, (by our fall made groan!)
His praiſe to echo, and ſuſpend their moan.
For that he reigns all creatures ſhould rejoice,
And we with ſongs ſupply their want of voice.
The church triumphant, and the church below,
In ſongs of praiſe their preſent union ſhow;
Their joys are full; our expectation long;
In life we differ, but we join in ſong.
Angels and we, aſſiſted by this art,
May ſing together, tho' we dwell apart.
Thus we reach heav'n, while vainer poems muſt
No higher riſe than winds may lift the duſt.
From that they ſpring; this from his breath that gave,
To the firſt duſt, th' immortal ſoul we have.
His praiſe well ſung (our great endeavour here)
Shakes off the duſt, and makes that breath appear.

CANTO II.

HE that did firſt this way of writing grace*,
Convers'd with the Almighty face to face:
Wonders he did in ſacred verſe unfold,
When he had more than eighty winters told.

* Moſes.

The writer feels no dire effect of age,
Nor verſe that flows from ſo divine a rage.
Eldeſt of poets, he beheld the light,
When firſt it triumph'd o'er eternal night:
Chaos he ſaw, and could diſtinctly tell
How that confuſion into order fell.
As if conſulted with, he has expreſt
The work of the Creator, and his reſt;
How the flood drown'd the firſt offending race,
Which might the figure of our globe deface.
For new-made earth, ſo even and ſo fair,
Leſs equal now, uncertain makes the air;
Surpris'd with heat and unexpected cold,
Early diſtempers make our youth look old;
Our days ſo evil, and ſo few, may tell
That on the ruins of that world we dwell.
Strong as the oaks that nouriſh'd them, and high,
That long-liv'd race did on their force rely,
Neglecting Heav'n; but we of ſhorter date!
Should be more mindful of impendent fate.
To worms that crawl upon this rubbiſh here,
This ſpan of life may yet too long appear:
Enough to humble, and to make us great,
If it prepare us for a nobler ſeat.
Which well obſerving, he, in numerous lines,
Taught wretched man how faſt his life declines:
In whom he dwelt before the world was made,
And may again retire when that ſhall fade.
The laſting Iliads have not liv'd ſo long
As his and Deborah's triumphant ſong.
Delphos unknown, no Muſe could them inſpire,
But that which governs the celeſtial choir.
Heav'n to the pious did this art reveal,
And from their ſtore ſucceeding poets ſteal.
Homer's Scamander for the Trojans fought,
And ſwell'd ſo high, by her old Kiſhon taught,
His river ſcarce could fierce Achilles ſtay;
Her's, more ſucceſsful, ſwept her foes away.
The hoſt of heav'n, his Phœbus and his Mars,
He arms, inſtructed by her fighting ſtars.

She led them all againſt the common foe;
But he (miſled by what he ſaw below!)
The pow'rs above, like wretched men, divides,
And breaks their union into diff'rent ſides.
The nobleſt parts which in his heroes ſhine,
May be but copies of that heroine.
Homer himſelf, and Agamemnon, ſhe
The writer could, and the commander, be.
Truth ſhe relates in a ſublimer ſtrain,
Than all the tales the boldeſt Greeks could feign;
For what ſhe ſung that ſpirit did endite,
Which gave her courage and ſucceſs in fight.
A double garland crowns the matchleſs dame;
From Heav'n her poem and her conqueſt came.
Tho' of the Jews ſhe merit moſt eſteem,
Yet here the Chriſtian has the greater theme:
Her martial ſong deſcribes how Sis'ra fell:
This ſings our triumph over death and hell.
The riſing light employ'd the ſacred breath
Of the bleſt Virgin and Eliſabeth.
In ſongs of joy the angels ſung his birth:
Here how he treated was upon the earth
Trembling we read! th' affliction and the ſcorn,
Which for our guilt ſo patiently was borne!
Conception, birth, and ſuff'ring, all belong,
(Tho' various parts) to one celeſtial ſong;
And ſhe, well uſing ſo divine an art,
Has in this concert ſung the tragick part.
As Hannah's ſeed was vow'd to ſacred uſe,
So here this lady conſecrates her Muſe.
With like reward may Heav'n her bed adorn,
With fruit as fair as by her Muſe is born!

ON THE PARAPHRASE ON THE LORD'S PRAYER,

WRITTEN BY MRS. WHARTON.

SILENCE, ye Winds! liſten, ethereal Lights!
While our Urania ſings what Heav'n endites:
The numbers are the nymph's; but from above
Deſcends the pledge of that eternal love.
Here wretched mortals have not leave alone,
But are inſtructed to approach his throne;

And how can he to miſerable men
Deny requeſts which his own hand did pen?
In the Evangeliſts we find the proſe
Which, paraphras'd by her, a poem grows;
A devout rapture! ſo divine a hymn,
It may become the higheſt ſeraphim!
For they, like her, in that celeſtial choir,
Sing only what the ſpirit does inſpire.
Taught by our Lord and theirs, with us they may
For all but pardon for offences pray.

SOME REFLECTIONS OF HIS
upon the ſeveral
PETITIONS IN THE SAME PRAYER.

I. HIS ſacred name with reverence profound
Should mention'd be, and trembling at the ſound!
It was Jehovah; 'tis our Father now;
So low to us does Heav'n vouchſafe to bow *!
He brought it down that taught us how to pray,
And did ſo dearly for our ranſom pay.

II. *His kingdom come.* For this we pray in vain,
Unleſs he does in our affections reign.
Abſurd it were to wiſh for ſuch a King,
And not obedience to his ſceptre bring,
Whoſe yoke is eaſy, and his burden light,
His ſervice freedom, and his judgments right.

III. *His will be done.* In fact 'tis always done;
But, as in heav'n, it muſt be made our own.
His will ſhould all our inclinations ſway,
Whom Nature and the univerſe obey.
Happy the man! whoſe wiſhes are confin'd
To what has been eternally deſign'd;
Referring all to his paternal care,
To whom more dear than to ourſelves we are.

IV. It is not what our avarice hoards up;
'Tis he that feeds us, and that fills our cup;
Like new-born babes depending on the breaſt,
From day to day we on his bounty feaſt:
Nor ſhould the ſoul expect above a day
To dwell in her frail tenement of clay:
The ſetting ſun ſhould ſeem to bound our race,
And the new days a gift of ſpecial grace.

* Pſalm xviii. 9.

V. *That he ſhould all our treſpaſſes forgive,*
While we in hatred with our neighbours live:
Tho' ſo to pray may ſeem an eaſy taſk,
We curſe ourſelves when thus inclin'd we aſk.
This pray'r to uſe, we ought with equal care
Our ſouls, as to the ſacrament, prepare.
The nobleſt worſhip of the Pow'r above,
Is to extol and imitate his love;
Not to forgive our enemies alone,
But uſe our bounty that they may be won.
VI. *Guard us from all temptations of the foe;*
And thoſe we may in ſeveral ſtations know:
The rich and poor in ſlipp'ry places ſtand.
Give us enough! but with a ſparing hand!
Not ill-perſuading want, nor wanton wealth,
But what proportion'd is to life and health:
For not the dead but living ſing thy praiſe,
Exalt thy kingdom, and thy glory raiſe.

Favete linguis!-------
Virginibus puerisque canto.---Hor.

ON THE FOREGOING DIVINE POEMS.

WHEN we for age could neither read nor write,
The ſubject made us able to endite:
The ſoul, with nobler reſolutions deckt,
The body ſtooping does herſelf erect.
No mortal parts are requiſite to raiſe
Her that, unbody'd, can her Maker praiſe.
The ſeas are quiet when the winds give o'er:
So calm are we when paſſions are no more!
For then we know how vain it was to boaſt
Of fleeting things ſo certain to be loſt.
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptineſs which age deſcries.
The ſoul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light thro' chinks that time has made:
Stronger by weakneſs, wiſer men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home.
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That ſtand upon the threſhold of the new.

------Miratur limen Olympi.---Virg.

CONTENTS.

	Page.
THE Life of the Author,	v.
The Epitaph on his Monument in Beaconsfield Church-yard,	xxxv.
Preface to the Firſt Edition of Mr. Waller's Poems,	2
Preface to the Second Part of Mr. Waller's Poems,	4
Dedication to the Right Hon. Lady Margaret Cavendiſh Harley,	10

MISCELLANIES.

On the Danger his Majeſty (being Prince) eſcaped in the Road at St. Andero,	13
On his Majeſty's receiving the News of the Duke of Buckingham's Death,	17
On the taking of Salle,	18
Upon his Majeſty's repairing of St. Paul's,	19
On the Queen,	21
The Apology of Sleep,	23
Puerperium,	24
The Counteſs of Carliſle in Mourning,	25
In anſwer to one who writ a Libel againſt the Counteſs of Carliſle,	26
On her Chamber,	27
On my Lady Dorothy Sidney's Picture,	*ib.*
At Penſhurſt,	28
On the Lady who can Sleep when ſhe pleaſes,	29
On the Miſreport of her being Painted,	*ib.*
On her paſſing through a Crowd of People,	30
The Story of Phœbus and Daphne applied,	31
Fabula Phœbi et Daphnes,	*ib.*
At Penſhurſt,	32
On the Friendſhip betwixt Sachariſſa and Amoret,	33
A la Malade,	34
Upon the Death of my Lady Rich,	35
On Love,	37
For drinking of Healths,	38
On my Lady Iſabella, playing on the Lute,	39
On Mrs. Arden,	*ib.*
On the Marriage of the Dwarfs,	40
Love's Farewell,	*ib.*
From a Child,	41
On a Girdle,	*ib.*
The Fall,	*ib.*
On Sylvia,	42
The Bud,	43
On the Diſcovery of a Lady's Painting,	*ib.*
On Loving at firſt Sight,	44
The Self-baniſhed,	45
Thyrſis, Galatea,	*ib.*
On the Head of a Stag,	47
The Miſer's Speech. In a Maſk,	*ib.*
Upon Ben Jonſon,	48
On Mr. John Fletcher's Plays,	49
Verſes to Dr. George Rogers, on his taking the Degree of Doctor of Phyſic at Padua,	*ib.*
Chloris and Hylas. Made to a Saraband,	50
In anſwer of Sir John Suckling's Verſes,	51
An Apology for having loved before,	53
The Night-Piece,	54
Part of the Fourth Book of Virgil's Æneis tranſlated,	55
On the Picture of a fair Youth, taken after he was Dead,	58

Page.

On Mrs. Higgons, ... 59
On a Brede of divers Colours, woven by four Ladies, . *ib.*
On a War with Spain, and Fight at Sea, ... 60
Upon the Death of the Lord Protector, ... 63
On St. James's Park, as lately improved by his Majesty, . 64
Of the Invasion and defeat of the Turks, in the Year 1683, 67
On her Majesty, on New Year's Day, 1683, . . 69
On Tea, commended by her Majesty, ... 70
On her Royal Highness, Mother to the Prince of Orange: and of her Portrait, written by the late Duchess of York while she lived with her, ... *ib.*
Upon her Majesty's new Buildings at Somerset-House, . 71
On a Tree cut in Paper, ... 72
On the Lady Mary Princess of Orange, . . . *ib.*
On English Verse, ... 73
Upon the Earl of Roscommon's Translation of Horace, *De Arte Poetica*, and of the use of Poetry, ... 74
Ad Comitem Monumetensem de Bentivoglio suo, . . 76
On the Duke of Monmouth's Expedition into Scotland in the Summer Solstice, ... 77
The triple Combat, ... 78
On an Elegy made by Mrs. Wharton on the Earl of Rochester, 79
Upon our late Loss of the Duke of Cambridge, . . 80
Instructions to a Painter, for the drawing of the Posture and Progress of his Majesty's Forces at Sea, . . *ib.*
A Presage of the Ruin of the Turkish Empire, . . 88
These Verses were writ in the Tasso of her Royal Highness, 90
The Battle of the Summer Islands, in three Cantos, Canto I. *ib.*
Canto II. 92
Canto III. 94

EPISTLES.

To the King on his Navy, ... 97
To the Queen, occasioned upon Sight of her Majesty's Picture, 98
To the Queen-mother of France, upon her landing, . 99
The Country, to my Lady of Carlisle, . . . 100
To Phyllis, ... 101
To my Lord of Northumberland, upon the Death of his Lady, 102
To my Lord Admiral, on his late Sickness and Recovery, . 103
To Van Dyck, ... 105
To my Lord of Leicester, ... 106
To Mrs. Braughton, Servant to Sachariſſa, . . 107
To my young Lady Lucy Sidney, ... 108
To Amoret, ... 109
To ditto, ... 110
To Phyllis, ... 111
To my Lord of Falkland, ... *ib.*
To a Lady, singing a Song of his composing, . . 112
To the mutable Fair, ... 113
To a Lady, from whom he received a Silver Pen, . . 115
To Chloris, ... *ib.*
To a Lady in Retirement, ... 116
To Mr. George Sandys, on his Translation of some Parts of the Bible, ... *ib.*
To Mr. Henry Lawes, who had then newly set a Song of mine, in the Year 1635, ... 117
To Sir William D'Avenant, upon his Two first Books of Gondibert, Written in France, ... 118

Page.

To my worthy Friend Mr. Waſe, the Tranſlator of Gratius, 119
To his worthy Friend Mr. Evelyn, upon his Tranſlation of Lucretius, ... 120
To his worthy Friend Sir Thomas Higgons, upon his Tranſlation of the Venetian Triumph, ... 121
To a Friend, on the different Succeſs of their Loves, . 122
To Zelinda, ... *ib.*
To my Lady Morton, on New Year's Day, at the Louvre in Paris, 124
To a fair Lady, playing with a Snake, . . . 125
A Panegyric to my Lord Protector, of the preſent Greatneſs and joint Intereſt of his Highneſs and this Nation, . . 126
To the King, upon his Majeſty's happy return, . . 131
To the Queen, upon her Majeſty's Birth-Day, after her happy recovery from a dangerous Sickneſs, . . . 134
To the Ducheſs of Orleans, when ſhe was taking Leave of the Court at Dover, ... 135
To Mr. Creech, on his Tranſlation of Lucretius, . . 136
To a Lady, from whom he received the Copy of the Poem, entitled, On a Tree cut in Paper, which for many Years had been loſt, ... 137
To Mr. Killegrew, upon his altering his Play, Pandora, from a Tragedy into a Comedy, becauſe nôt approvèd on the Stage, *ib.*
To a Friend of the Author, a Perſon of Honour, who lately wrote a religious Book, ... 138
To a Perſon of Honour, upon his incomparable, incomprehenſible Poem, entitled, The Britiſh Princes, . . . *ib.*
To Chloris, ... 139
To the King, ... 140
To the Prince of Orange, 1677, ... *ib.*
To the Ducheſs, when he preſented This Book to her Royal Highneſs, ... 142

SONGS.

Stay, Phœbus! ſtay, ... 143
Say, lovely Dream! . . . . . *ib.*
Peace, babbling Muſe! 144
Chloris! farewell, &c. . . . . *ib.*
To Flavia. 'Tis not your Beauty, &c. . . . 145
Behold the B and of Beauty toſt! . . . 146
While I liſten to thy Voice, ... *ib.*
Go, lovely Roſe! . . . . *ib.*
Sung by Mrs. Knight, to her Majeſty, on her Birthday. This happy day, &c. 147

PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

Prologue for the Lady-Actors. Spoken before K. Charles II. 148
Prologue to the Maid's Tragedy, . . . *ib.*
Epilogue to the Maid's Tragedy. Spoken by the King, . 149
Epilogue to the Maid's Tragedy, deſigned upon the firſt Alteration of the Play, when the King was only left alive, . 150

EPIGRAMS, EPITAPHS, AND FRAGMENTS.

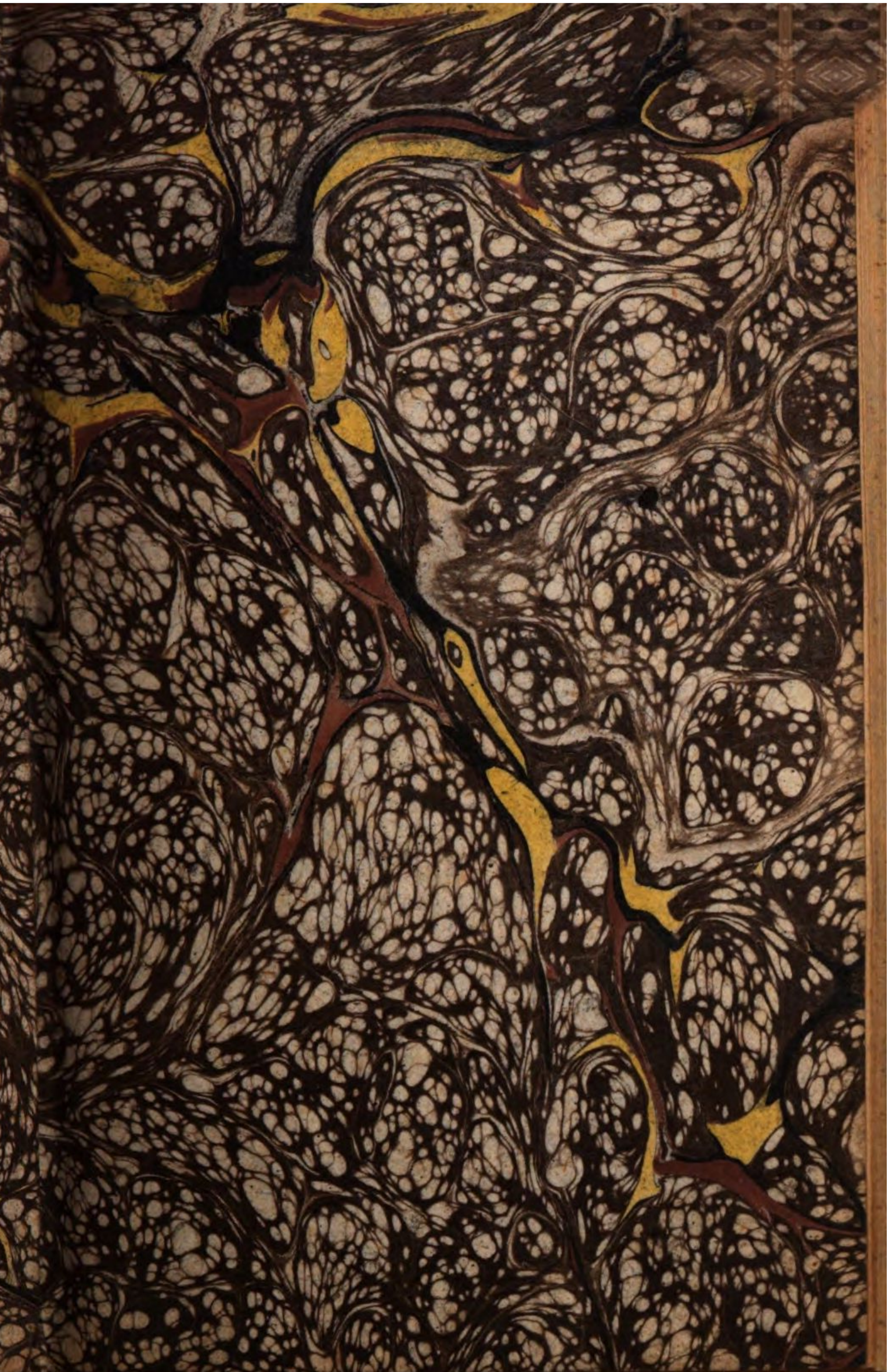
Under a Lady's Picture, ... 151
Of a Lady who writ in Praiſe of Mira, . . . *ib.*
To one married to an Old Man, . . . *ib.*
An Epigram on a painted Lady with ill Teeth, . . *ib.*
Epigram upon the Golden Medal, . . . 152

Page.
Written on a Card that her Majesty tore at Ombre, . 152
To Mr. Granville, (Lord Lansdown) on his Verses to K. James II. ib.
Long and short Life, ... ib.
Translated out of Spanish, ... ib.
Translated out of French, ... 153
Some Verses of an imperfect Copy, designed for a Friend, on his Translation of Ovid's Fasti, ... ib.
On the Statue of K. Charles I. at Charing-Cross, in the Year 1674, ib.
Pride, ... 154
Epitaph on Sir George Speke, ... ib.
Epitaph on Colonel Charles Cavendish, ... 155
Epitaph on the Lady Sedley, ... 156
Epitaph on Henry Dunch, Esq. 157
Epitaph to be written under the Latin Inscription upon the Tomb of the only Son of the Lord Andover, ... 158
Epitaph unfinished, ... ib.
Elegy: by Mr. Talbot. Occasioned by reading and transcribing Mr. Waller's "Poem of Divine Love" after his Death, . 159

DIVINE POEMS.

Of Divine Love. A Poem. In six Cantos.
Canto I. 160
Canto II. 162
Canto III. 163
Canto IV. 164
Canto V. 165
Canto VI. 167
Of the Fear of God. In two Cantos.
Canto I. 168
Canto II. 170
Of Divine Poesy. Two Cantos.
Canto I. 171
Canto II. 172
On the Paraphrase on the Lord's Prayer written by Mrs. Wharton, 174
Some Reflections of his upon the several Petitions in the same Prayer, ... 175
On the foregoing Divine Poems, ... 176

THE END.



BSB Bayerische StaatsBibliothek
MDZ Münchener DigitalisierungsZentrum Digitale Bibliothek

Waller, Edmund

Poetical Works

London [ca. 1750]
P.o.angl. 464
urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10750811-9